October 21, 1933

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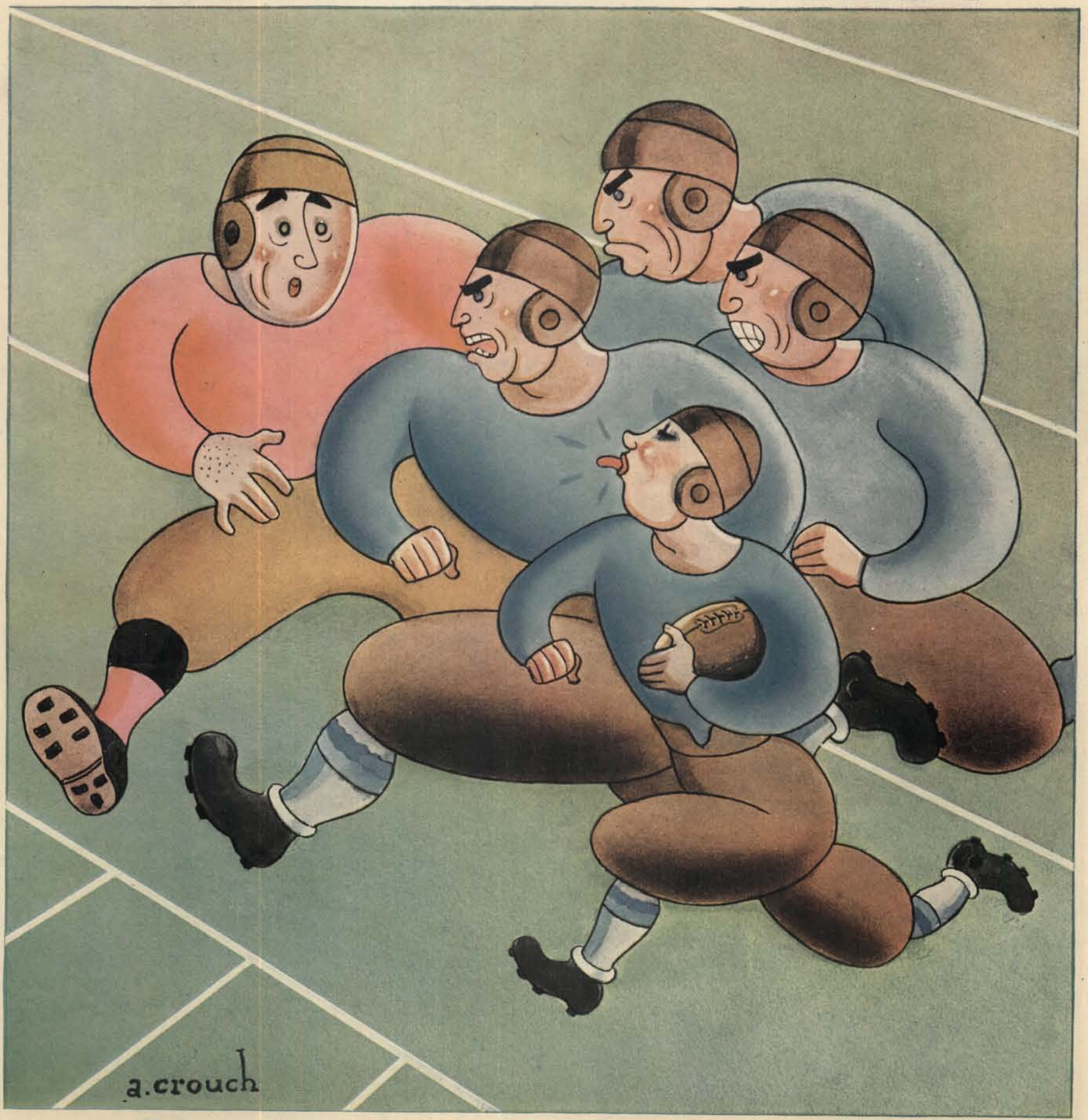
# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY




**Sidney Herschel Small – Arthur Somers Roche**
**Ernest Haycox – Ray Tucker – William G**

MRS R L THOMPSON
514 N WASHINGTON
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Oct. 21, 1933

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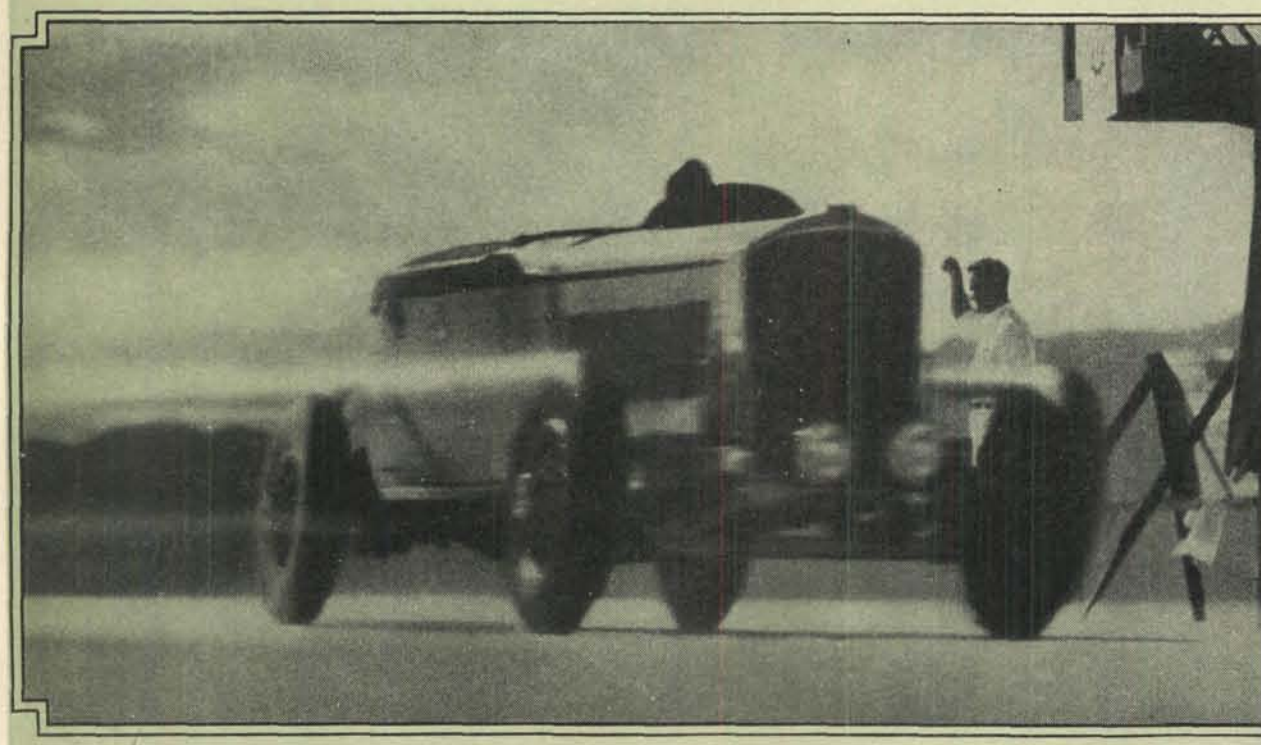
# PENNZOIL AMAZES EXPERTS AS 14 WORLD'S RECORDS FALL!



## NO OIL (NOT EVEN SPECIAL COSTLY RACING OIL) HAS ENABLED A CAR TO GO SO FAR SO FAST!

**14 OFFICIAL AAA TIME WORLD'S RECORDS**

| DISTANCE | OLD RECORD | NEW RECORD |
|---|---|---|
| 200 miles | 118 m. p. h. | 123.88 m. p. h. |
| 500 kilo. | 119.98 | 123.99 |
| 500 miles | 119.24 | 124.04 |
| 1,000 kilo. | 117.01 | 120.15 |
| 1,000 miles | 116.36 | 123.01 |
| 2,000 kilo. | 116.08 | 122.39 |
| 2,000 miles | 112.87 | 117.04 |
| 3,000 kilo. | 113.00 | 116.64 |
| 3,000 miles | 113.13 | 117.98 |
| 4,000 kilo. | 113.07 | 117.47 |
| 3 hours | 120.64 | 124.08 |
| 6 hours | 117.12 | 122.77 |
| 12 hours | 112.82 | 120.5 |
| 24 hours | 113.5 | 117.8 |

*Pennzoil holds records for economy too. And saves you up to 12% on gasoline alone*

**Ab Jenkins uses regular Pennzoil—the same oil you can buy anywhere for *your* car—and averages a split second under 2 miles a minute for 3,000 miles. Breaks all official world's records from 200 miles and up!**

PRACTICALLY every major world speed record has been made by using special racing oils—even for short races. So experts were amazed when Ab Jenkins . . . *using regular Passenger-car Pennzoil* . . . broke every official world's record from 200 to 3,000 miles.

"No passenger-car oil could possibly stand the pace," said one authority after another. That was *before* the race.

But Jenkins replied that Pennzoil's Tough Film would do it, if *any* oil could. And what's more, Jenkins used *a light oil* (S.A.E. 20)—the same oil you can buy for *your* car!

The rest is history . . . no car . . . no oil . . . ever before . . . had gone so far, so fast. World's records fell like rain, in this greatest speed test of all times. In all, 66 major and minor records were broken.

**The Oil that is 3 Times Concentrated***

Think of it! Through the famous Pennzoil Double Refining process, Tough Film Pennzoil is 3 times *concentrated*. *This means that the non-lubricating elements, which form such a large percentage of ordinary oils, are distilled off—*and discarded!* Thus, Pennzoil gives you more lubrication per quart . . . and far greater protection for every running part.

**Saves you 12% on *Gasoline, too***

Using the proper grade of Pennzoil exclusively, you will cut repair bills from 30 to 60%. But that isn't all. Tough Film Pennzoil cuts running costs, too. By eliminating engine drag, you save up to 12% on gasoline alone.

Isn't this the kind of oil you want for *your* car? An oil that gives you so much better lubrication—yet saves you real money all along the line? Then, don't be careless about the kind of oil you get. Make sure you get Pennzoil. Go to any Bonded Pennzoil Dealer.

Get Pennzoil . . . know that you're getting the oil PROVED best for today's modern high speed motors.

It will save you a lot of money in the bargain!

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Executive Offices: Oil City, Pa., Los Angeles, Calif.
British-American Oil Co., Ltd.
Sole Distributors in Ontario and Quebec, Canada

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

REFINERY-SEALED CANS *now available in many territories. Both cans and bulk Pennzoil are* SOLD UNDER BOND *to guard you from substitutes.*
*Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2*

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# DANDRUFF? TRY LISTERINE FOR A WEEK

## Ordinary cases yield in from 1 to 7 days

Most authorities agree that dandruff (seborrhoic dermatitis) is caused by a germ. If this is true, the remarkable speed with which Listerine clears up all but the most stubborn cases of loose dandruff is readily understandable. Because Listerine, as you know, is a quick-acting antiseptic, fatal to germ life.

If you douse the head with Listerine, you immediately feel it "cutting" the dandruff, sterilizing the scalp, waking it up! Literally thousands of people have rid themselves of loose dandruff by the timely use of this effective antiseptic. Some report complete freedom from dandruff after one application. Others find a daily treatment for 5 days necessary.

Applied with a brisk massage, Listerine surrounds the hair follicles. It dissolves flakes and scales and removes them. At once you get relief from itching. Unless your case is chronic (demanding a doctor's care), a very few daily applications will usually end that embarrassing shower of white flakes altogether. And your head will feel clean and comfortable as never before!

*Dandruff leads to thinning hair*

No need to remind you of the consequences of dandruff. It is more than a nuisance and an eyesore. It robs the hair of its life and lustre. Sooner or later the hair begins to fall out, and even baldness may follow.

A few minutes care every day, for a week or less, may save you all that. Simply apply Listerine straight from the bottle. Rub it in. If the hair is excessively dry, add a few drops of castor oil, or olive oil. The results will surprise and delight you!

Remember, healthy hair *cannot* grow in an unhealthy scalp. Use Listerine to get rid of loose dandruff with the same confidence that you use it to kill germs in the mouth and throat! Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

# LISTERINE RELIEVES ITCHING SCALP

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# Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


## Next Week

IF A GUY is looking for trouble on Broadway along toward four o'clock in the morning, anybody will tell you that the right address is nowhere else but Mindy's. Why Mr. Damon Runyon is there at such an hour is very puzzling indeed. But there he is, and also a gang of such influential citizens as Fergus Appleton, the actor; Ambrose Hammer, the scribe, and Cecil Earl, who sometimes thinks he is Mussolini, and sometimes Legs Diamond or some other very tough gorill, and also Miss Florentine Fayette, a tall, black-haired doll, who is so beautiful that she is practically untrue.

And it is indeed fortunate that Mr. Runyon is there because he is in time to see the beginning of the "Broadway Complex," a very romantic story with a great lover in it and a super-murderer — both played by Cecil Earl—and a most astonishing blow-off. It will be much relished by one and all.

OWEN P. WHITE, at Collier's behest, has been touring through the South and the Middle West, listening to the screams of the Blue Eagle and collecting opinions about that tough and energetic bird along a hundred Main Streets. What he found was the most impressive display of national solidarity ever seen in this country in time of peace. In four thousand miles of travel he found not one small business man who did not have faith in the NRA. In his report next week you will see a tremendous massing of national sentiment behind the Recovery Act. It's gathering momentum day by day. Those in its path would be safer someplace else.

IT CAME to Lummy Lambert, too late, that a cow barn is not the ideal spot in which to propose to the most radiant and wonderful girl in the world. That is, it would have been too late if Captain Stephen Warrington had not chosen that moment to barge in. After that Lummy knew it was futile, for Warrington combined all the virtues, graces and talents that are possible in one man. He was perfection incarnate. It gave Lummy a funny feeling. "I've Met You Before," he thought. And so he had. But not in the flesh. In a gay and satisfying short story, Richard Connell explains.

"FORE and Farewell" by Frank Condon is the uplifting story of an artist who aspired to marry into a family of golfers. The Short Short Story is by Corey Ford; the melodrama by William MacHarg; the serials by Roche and Oppenheim and the incidental music by John B. Kennedy, Henry F. Pringle, Ray Tucker and a few other selected stars. The rest is up to you.

## This Week


**October 21, 1933**

*Cover by Arthur Crouch*



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**STANLEY PAUL**
***The College Cougar.*** **The love story of a happy wrestler. Page 10**

**WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD**
***Catching Up with Japan.*** **Action—in the Navy Department, the shipyards and the Pacific Ocean. Page 12**

**ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE**
***Conspiracy, Part V.*** **Doyle Evans enmeshed. Page 14**

**MARIE BEYNON RAY**
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**DUNCAN NORTON-TAYLOR**
***Time for Revenge.*** **A girl who was talked about—and the man who did it. Page 18**

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**ERNEST HAYCOX**
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**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
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***Keep Up with the World.*** **Practice sprints. Page 52**

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***The Poor Ye Have.*** **Page 54**


## Any Week

IT TAKES a lot of literary virtuosity, thinks Miss Harriette Sanders of Atascadero, California, to arouse interest in a heroine clad in "a wear-faded cotton flannel nightgown." Miss Sanders wants to know why creators of such heroines don't do better by their gals. She hasn't heard, obviously, that rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake. However, we do agree with her that it is expecting a lot of a girl to make good after being so introduced to her audience.

MR. A. H. BURG of Lahoma, Oklahoma, thinks something ought to be said about the fact that "Oklahoma spends over $900,000 a year to support Confederate Veterans and their descendants unto the fourth generation, although Oklahoma was neither South nor North during the Civil War and had no part in the conflict." Leaving us with nothing to do except wonder what to say about it.

NOTHING that we can do about this either, but Mr. E. Brasto of Detroit, Michigan, who isn't a lawyer, insists upon worrying about "legal precedents and court procedure after the Silent Revolution we are undergoing has changed everything including the Constitution." Mr. Brasto is afraid there won't be any. Or something.

MR. ALBERT H. CROMBIE of Minneapolis is a lecturer. He writes: "People will soon believe that President Roosevelt's name should begin with a B and it will probably develop that the highly advertised Blue Eagle is nothing but a buzzard." Mr. Crombie doubtless is a wow at his trade. Even our small son laughed at that *one.*

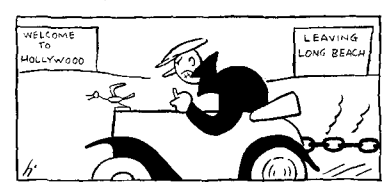
MRS. EMMA KEEGAN of Baltimore, Maryland, explains that she had worked hard all day signing up housewives under the Blue Eagle. As she was reviving herself at the dinner table the telephone rang. One of her signers was calling. The signer demanded that her name be stricken from the rolls. Pretty indignantly, too. Why? Because, snapped the signer, the whole NRA is illegal. But, my dear lady! But Mrs. Keegan simply couldn't dear lady her. The signer had got it from a woman friend who had overheard somebody say so in a street car. And that, Mrs. Keegan was forced to agree, was that.

ON THE other hand, if you know where that is, Mr. Vanny Calfone of St. Petersburg, Florida, admitting that "things have been moving so fast that I have sort of lost track of what has happened to us," thinks that "if all these new ideas for our revival are legal and if even half of them work, somebody in the preceding administration ought to be arrested on a charge of obtaining money from us under false pretenses."

OF COURSE you've heard a lot about the government's appeal to the farmers to plow under parts of their crops, for which sacrifice the government proposed to pay the plowers. But we have it from Roark Bradford (and what a story he sent along with the letter!) that the prospect does not gladden the soul of the cotton planter, who views his expanses of white bolls with much of the tenderness that was Sir Christopher Wren's when he viewed the finished St. Paul's or with emotions similar to those of King Gambrinus when he sampled the first vatful of his noble invention, beer.

"The idea of plowing under cotton," writes Mr. Bradford, "did not appeal to the bottom-land workers. All they could get for doing that would be money and, believe it or not, they aren't particularly interested in money. Money is simply something they have or don't have, but a good cotton crop is something to brag about all winter or to alibi about if it turns out badly. . . ."

"SO," shouts Mr. LeRoy Carman of Los Angeles, California, "Corey Ford's hero in 'Crossed Oars' 'drove steadily, hour after hour' that afternoon from Long Beach to Hollywood. The distance over a 100-foot boulevard between these points is twenty-one miles. Have you any idea what sort of vehicle it was that his hero was driving 'hour after hour'?"




"ANOTHER thing," complains Mr. Ted Flatauer of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, "there are certain things that your readers expect of you. Personally I look in Collier's every week expecting to see these certain obvious subjects present. Do not be too afraid of the commonplace things of life. There is no disgrace in printing the obvious."

YES, Mr. Flatauer; but would we be Collier's?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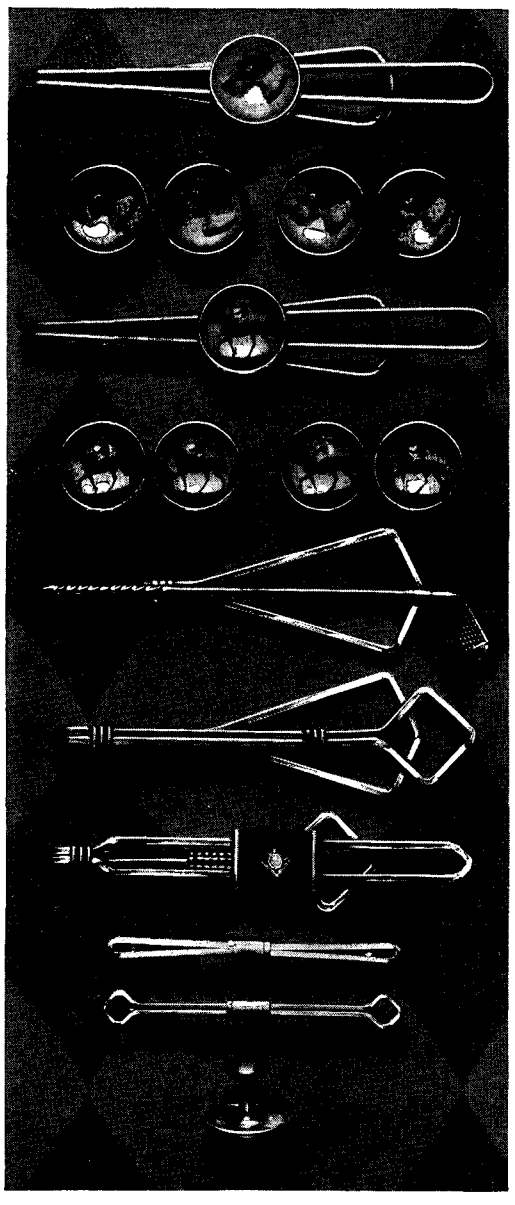

# 're On DRESS PARADE Every Day!

Men, don't forget, you're on dress parade every day of your lives. Wherever you go, whatever you do—other people's eyes are always upon you—sizing you up, taking your measure, judging *you* by the *appearance* you make.

You can't escape this constant, critical appraisal, but you can make sure that your jewelry does you credit. And that's important, for "cheap" jewelry can make even the most expensively dressed man appear shabby, careless and "down at the heel".

Krementz Jewelry has been the choice of smartly dressed men, the world over, for nearly three quarters of a century.

And if you're buying a *gift* for a man, the name "Krementz" will mean as much to *you* as it will to him—for Krementz styles are always up-to-date and in the best of taste and Krementz *quality* is something the recipient of your gift will never have occasion to doubt or question.

Krementz 14Kt rolled gold jewelry contains from *25 to 40 times more gold* than is found on competing lines at comparable prices* and is guaranteed to wear a lifetime.

Why take chances, when Krementz *style* and *quality* costs only a trifle more?

KREMENTZ & CO. - - Newark, N. J.

Do you want to help some man make a success of his "dress parade?" If he's an "outdoor type", we suggest a Krementz hand-painted glass crystal Sport Set in a Lucky Horseshoe gift box at $6.50. Your dealer has other Krementz Gift Sets for Sports, business and evening wear, in attractive gift boxes. See them.

# KREMENTZ GIFT JEWELRY FOR MEN

* An assay made by Ledoux Laboratories, New York City, of a Krementz 14 Kt. rolled gold Collar Holder and Tie Holder retailing for $2.50 and a gold plated Collar Holder and Tie Holder purchased in a leading Fifth Avenue haberdashery store for $2.00, showed that the Krementz Collar Holder and Tie Holder contained *40 times more gold.*

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# Again we say— "Give your home a *real* radio!"

America is hitting its stride again! The American people are beginning to look with a critical eye—and listen with a critical ear—to so-called "bargains" purchased when price was the primary consideration when they bought radios.

Now that the clouds are lifting—PHILCO once more urges those who have endured as best they could the inadequate reproduction of antiquated radios or cheap, "tinny," little makeshift models—to listen to a *real* radio!

Go to the nearest PHILCO dealer—and hear one of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board models—musical instruments that measure up in every particular to those standards of craftsmanship always inseparably linked with the PHILCO name.

Let your own ears tell you how much you have been missing when you tuned in an old radio or an inefficient new one incapable of reproducing the full range of the superb programs the broadcasting stations put on the air.

Hear one of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board models—and discover why we can truthfully say that this is the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument!

**$20 to $600** All prices subject to change without notice

A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTOMOBILE RADIO AT $49.95

(Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. More powerful—more selective—better tone than any auto radio that $49.95 ever bought before!

Other PHILCO Automobile Radios at $59.50 and $89.50—complete and installed.

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

PHILCO

*A musical instrument of quality*

## MODEL 16X—$175

MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction—the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were "present in person".

BROADCAST RECEPTION! All your favorite American programs brought to you with perfect fidelity to the original.

SHORT-WAVE RECEPTION! Exclusive PHILCO Wave Band Switch divided over five separate scales and geared 60 to 1 makes American and foreign short-wave tuning interesting, accurate and almost as easy as the tuning of the standard broadcast band. Efficient reception on all short-wave channels including ultra-short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts!

SUPER CLASS "A" AUDIO SYSTEM (No distortion from whisper to auditorium volume). A PHILCO scientific triumph that means to you—previously unheard of undistorted reception of each note—each inflection of speech—the low cello or the high French horn—the single note or the orchestral finale—all regardless of tone volume.

BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL. Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

SHADOW TUNING—AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL—NEW ELECTRO-DYNAMIC AUDITORIUM SPEAKER—ILLUMINATED STATION RECORDING DIAL—PHILCO HIGH-EFFICIENCY TUBES, Etc.

*Other PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board Models at* **$100—$125—$150**

## MODEL 54C—$30

If you already have a PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board model—and want a "personal" radio for your bedroom—or as an extra set—by all means see and hear the 54C at $30—or the 60B at $27.50—splendid examples of PHILCO'S ability to put superb performance in smaller-sized radios.

The PHILCO 54C is the first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control. Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Operates on A. C. or D. C. Tunes not only the regular broadcast stations, but also all police—some amateur and airplane short-wave stations up to 3300 kilocycles. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet $30. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) $20.

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

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# Farewell to Spring

## By Sidney Herschel Small

***The story of a swift and perilous romance laid in the turbulent China of today***

*Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman*

**For a full minute she stared at what she saw: the brutal Li Yeng, the girl in the arms of a red lama. Then, head high, she said, "This is a house of peace. Go away"**

IT WAS a breathlessly hot afternoon, with the sun already behind the hills; the blank sky was like a silver dome. Past the doorway of Wu Wei Ling's house in the Street of Perfect Peace roared the common noises of a Chinese city.

Beggars were everywhere: blind beggars, burly rascals, emaciated ones, women with babies, grandmothers, but on this afternoon none of them cursed as they passed the doorway of Wu Wei Ling—who was not as charitable as he was wealthy. Instead, they smiled and pointed. Squatted with his rags against the doorway, for all to see, was the foulest beggar of them all.

This beggar, when he lifted an arm to scratch himself, showed beneath his rags the dull red robe of a lama. *Hai-ee!* How Wu Wei Ling was losing face! For, China-fashion, the beggar would remain before the merchant's door until he was paid to remove himself, unless, of course, one of Wu Wei Ling's servants slipped a knife into him as he slept. But the scoundrel had selected a wise time to squat on the porcelain tiles; it was well known that this was the name-day of the Wu family, and that there was to be a feast for the oldest son. Something would need to be done before the guests arrived. No person would enter a place where a beggar, and a priest at that, was reciting an imaginary and uncomplimentary ancestry of the owner.

SOMETHING had to be done, but the ancient night watchman had passed on his first round of the Street of Perfect Peace before a servant opened the door and growled, "*Yau mat peng a.*" Then the beggar—he was a tall man when he stood up, and lean like border men—gathered his tatters together, picked up the mendicant's begging-bowl, and followed the servant inside, to the room where Wu Wei Ling was waiting.

The fat merchant glanced at the red robe underneath the beggar's coat. "How much?" he said tonelessly.

The sum desired was so small that Wu Wei Ling barely refrained from starting. He said, "I will pay half," and reached into a drawer of his desk, taking out a silk purse and carefully selecting those coins which seemed a bit light in weight. When five of them had passed from purse to hand, being a quarter of the amount asked, he looked up. And he looked squarely into the muzzle of a gun.

His paunch began to shake. He whimpered, "*Ai!* Take all of the coins. I meant to give them to you. Do not kill me. I was only joking. I—"

Then, daring to glance higher than the steady gun, he stopped.

The man standing so near him was smiling. Not the thin Oriental smile of vindictive victory, but the broad grin of a white man.

"I did the joking," the man dressed as a red lama said. "Sorry if it was a bad one. But—well, don't you think I can get into the temple of the Dragon King for you, and bring back the Kuan Yin image you want?"

WU SIGHED with gusty relief. He slid his tongue over dry lips before saying, in excellent English, "You would have fooled anyone, Mr. McArthur. I know you now, but only because you smiled. You learned this in the hill country?"

"Three years teaches a man a lot," McArthur agreed. "It's a long time to have worked for nothing," he added, as if this explained the masquerade.

In a way, it did. Ben McArthur had come down from the Tchou Shan hills with data and maps, only to learn that the Southern Star Oil Company was bankrupt, and that Wu Wei Ling had taken the first two years' salary partially to cover the cost of the last caravan sent out with supplies for McArthur's men. The salary for the third year had never been forwarded. Wu had offered the white man his trans-



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portation back to the States, in return for the figures and maps, but this McArthur had refused, since he considered it property belonging to the defunct organization and not his own.

He had come back from the hills full of the desire to go home; it was during the fourth bitter evening at the inn that he heard a swashbuckling young Chinese of good family mention Wu Wei Ling's desire for the porcelain goddess in the temple of the Dragon King. This was the night of the fifth day.

Wu wasted no time; in dealing with white men there was never need of the courteous preliminaries. He said, "You know I wish the Kuan Yin. Do you know why?"

"There is blindness in your eyes?"

"For myself, I would not care," Wu Wei Ling announced sorrowfully. "Tonight, as you may have been informed, is the name-day of my family. There will be a feast, with stuffed pig and roasted duckling, but my heart will be heavy. Wu Yeung, my son, has been afflicted by the gods, despite all of my offerings and prayers. His sight is troubled. Doctors have said nothing can be done, and so, like the Emperors, I desire the ancient Kuan Yin, in order to have the porcelain ground to fine dust and used as sacred medicine. You know the story?"

"The Great Emperor had six Kuan Yins made of porcelain and unknown drugs, in honor of the recovery of his son's sight. One exists, at Yang Ho. Yang Ho's bad country. Bandits. Chinese and Japanese fighting around it. The priests might be glad to sell the image, and when you get it—if I have any luck—you could chip off as much as you need, and present the goddess to a temple here."

"I could, and I will," beamed Wu. "If you bring the image, I will recompense you for every penny you have lost. If you cannot obtain it, I will nevertheless furnish you with passage to the States, and still pay you for your maps . . . No?—not the maps?"

McArthur said, "No maps."

"You leave tonight?"

"And have a gang of bandits stick a knife into me before I'm away from the shadow of the Wall? In the morning. I'll start out with some caravan."

ON THE fourth day out McArthur left the caravan on the Yang Ho plain, shuffling northward through the dust. He was filthy and he was tired, and he looked every bit the part he was playing—that of a red lama. When he begged a bowlful of millet at a farm he learned that the hum of insects he had heard was really the sound of firing, and that the Chinese were in deadly fear of Li Yeng's bandits.

The Great Gate of Yang Ho was closed when he saw it at last; closed, and with a horde of men about it. Head down, muttering and mumbling over his beads, begging-bowl bumping against his thigh, Ben McArthur padded toward the gate, and never looked up until a brawny Chinese jerked at his arm.

"A priest! Pray that these gates fall, or—"

McArthur said calmly, "I see a cart which you have used to climb up—"

"And when we do, the villagers slash off our hands. Pray, lama; have the gods remove the gate!"

"If you will take a piece of the cart and pry off those rusted hinges," the red lama suggested mildly, "there will be no need to trouble the gods."

Li Yeng shrilled, "Ho! Here is a priest of sense!"

When a more valiant villager than his brothers attempted to rise above the protecting wall and discharge his old weapon, Li Yeng himself drilled him through the head. The bandit leader growled, "I hit him too high," and, as bandits tore at the hinges, the bell of the Dragon King temple began to beat with long, golden strokes, and Li Yeng shouted to the lama, "I will make you head priest, and you shall assist the Kuan Yin in making my eyes see better again!"

HERE was a complication which McArthur had no reason for considering; surely it could be turned to his purpose. While he worked away at his beads, head busy, the gate went down with a crash, and Li Yeng's men rushed in through the dust. McArthur went with them. Bandits started toward the nearest houses and shops. At the first bang on door or shutter they were given admission; what else was there to be done? From one of the shops several women were dragged out, and the men of Li Yeng immediately plucked from their victims' heads the silver ornaments and hairpins. A grandmother tried to shield a girl as best she could, wielding a thick stick and bitter curses, but the men merely laughed; and then the old woman began to weep in a quiet and hopeless way, knowing only too well what would follow the plundering.

Grandmother and mother Li Yeng neglected, but placed his hand on the youngest of the women. Terror, more than courage, gave her strength to tear away from the caress; she began to run along the widest curved street of Yang Ho, whimpering and sobbing, with Li Yeng—handicapped by pulling the red lama with him—and a dozen of his cohorts in hot pursuit. A shot fired above her head made her fly the faster. At a crisscrossing of alleys, the foremost bandits rushed along the principal way, but Li Yeng, foxlike, caught sight of something which moved in the purple shadows of a side street, turned to the right, and jerked the man dressed as a red lama after him. The chase began anew.

Past the temple they pelted—the girl, the red lama, and Li Yeng; past the dogs of Fo and the tip-tilted roof and the dragons on the eaves of the bell tower, and clear to the middle of the town, where the quarry ran between two white-painted gate posts and toward a low, gray building. McArthur caught sight of familiar home flowers: pale blue larkspur, the darker hue of Canterbury bells, erect foxglove and bright, sprawling verbena; then the Chinese girl had hurled her panting body against the door, hands clawing at the wood.

Li Yeng had reached her; as he tore her away from the door, the red lama managed to get between them; the door opened while he held her in one arm, sliding his free hand under his robe for his automatic. The porcelain Kuan Yin was forgotten.

MCARTHUR'S hand stiffened about the butt of his gun; his hand stiffened, and so did his entire body. He was seeing the first white girl he had looked at for three years—a girl whose scorn and anger surmounted whatever fears she might have! For a full minute she stared at what she saw; the brutal Li Yeng, the girl in the arms of a red lama, who was bigger, dirtier even than the bandit leader; and then, head high, she said, "This is a house of peace. The girl belongs here. Go away."

Even in Chinese, her voice was low.

The bandit stared at her. He said, "I like you better than this other. Come here, and—"

"It is forbidden," McArthur croaked, tongue thick in his mouth. "If you touch a white woman, Li Yeng, the great Kuan Yin will not look with favor on what you desire, and her image will not help your eyes."

Li Yeng scratched his chin. "Does that rule hold for all women, lama?"

"For all women, Li Yeng."

"*Mah!* Well, it can wait until my eyes are cured. Then I can better appreciate their beauty. However, I am afraid that they will run away, or—"

"I am not going to run away," the white girl said, "nor are you coming into this house. The soldiers will—"

Li Yeng spat and wiped his mouth. "What soldiers?" he demanded practically. "I know that they are fighting to the north, and have no time for me. Be still; I wish to think. You and I, lama, will go to the temple, and take the porcelain Kuan Yin and—no; that will never do. While we are away, those men of mine will come and take what is rightfully mine. . . .

"*Hai!* I have it! *I* will go to the temple and secure the image of the goddess. If you went, the priests would argue, since you are yourself a holy man. You will remain here. When my men arrive, as they will before long, you will tell them—" winking—"that I am inside, and very busy. If they tell you that you lie, and that they saw me going to the temple, you will say, 'If you enter, Li Yeng will cut off your ears,' and, since they know me, they will stay out. Here—this is my image of the robber-god. They will recognize it, and believe what you say."

McArthur took the little silver token; the Chinese girl was at the other's knees, pressing them as if she would never let go. "Oh, Chun Chang," she moaned, "do not let them—"

"No," the white girl promised.

"But, O lama," Li Yeng snarled, "if you do more than pray while I am gone, I will cut off your ears, gods or no gods." With that, patting the carved hilt of his knife, he turned and hurried down the path.

WHAT had the slender Chinese maid called her slim protectress? Chun Chang—Farewell to Spring! To McArthur, knowing his China well, this meant that the white girl was not only a missionary, but one who had taken vows. Who had given up her youth. . . . Farewell to spring, to hope, to love, to everything. . . . What the visitation of the bandits must mean to her, considering this, was horribly apparent to Ben. He wondered why she had done this. . . . She was dressed in white, immaculate, bringing out the smooth tan of her face; her hair was shining, her head desperately high. As McArthur looked at her, the coolest and daintiest person he had ever seen, he saw that her eyes were becoming brighter, and that she was fighting down tears.

Dark, lean face streaked with sweat, robe odorous in the sun, begging-bowl and beads clattering together, the "red lama" reached forward and touched her arm. Reassuringly, gently.

"A priest," the girl said, flinging off

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**"*Aieee!*" breathed the merchant. "It was there! The tale was true." He added unhappily, "And you have found it, and it is yours"**

his hand. Bitterly, choking over the words, "You heard what Li Yeng said. If you—"

She was playing for time, and Ben knew it. Nor was there any time to be wasted. Earnestly, in English, the white man said, "I'm not going to do anything except get you out of here. Now, don't—"

Her eyes widened. Hope filled them, to be replaced with stark fear, for Ben's broad grin, intended to inspire confidence and—as it had with Wu Wei Ling—explain his masquerade without the waste of words, was an awful thing in his stained, dust-coated, grimy face. It made him look diabolical.

"You were educated in a mission," the girl muttered. "Oh, go away! Remember what you were taught! Tell Li Yeng that—oh, anything!"

She was close to breaking-point. Ben said quietly, "He won't listen to me. Chun Chang. Why didn't you get out of here while you could? I can't hocus-pocus Li Yeng again. He'll come back, and—what a beautiful mess!"

She said, "Oh!" And then, "You're a white man!"

"And I wish I had a cigarette," Ben told her.

Her hand was against her cheek. "Please—come inside, and perhaps . . ."

The room was cool. "I stay near the door," Ben said, and squatted down. "You sit way off. That'll do. Good. We've got to talk fast. Li Yeng has something wrong with his eyes. Or so he says. He's at the temple, after the old Kuan Yin. I came for it myself. It's not important now. We've got to fool Li Yeng somehow. That's the only way to get you out of this. . . ."

BEN had talked until she sat quietly. She said, "He has a dust infection. I can cure it. He'll be grateful, and—"

"Not him. I know him too well, even if we just met. He's a treacherous dog." The white man unclenched his hand, in which he held the little silver facsimile of the god of thieves. A paunched idol, with ugly face and outstretched, clawing talons. A slow grin moved McArthur's lips. "I've got an idea. It might work. When our playmate returns—" Ben paused; his voice became lower, deeper, as he heard the footsteps. . . . "*Om mani padme hum*—O jewel in the lotus—great god of the Sixth Mountain, I pray that the sight of the powerful Li Yeng become as that of the hawk of heaven, and . . ."

Li Yeng strode across the soft matting, leaned his rifle against the table, and said, "I am glad that I return to find you praying, lama. Here is the Kuan Yin. Priests had all fled, except one arguing ape." The bloody testimony of what had happened was on the stock of the gun. "Grind up the Kuan Yin, lama, so that I may better see these maids I intend to enjoy. Get to work!"

Ben stood up slowly. He took the magnificent white porcelain image, and said soberly, "As you command, Li Yeng. I will use the most sacred portion of the Kuan Yin, which is the third hand—"

The bandit seized the image. "Am I a man of so little importance that you would take but one hand to cure my eyes?" he bellowed. With a swift gesture he slapped the Kuan Yin to the table, so that it broke into five or six parts. "For Li Yeng, the entire goddess must be rubbed to powder. Make haste, lama."

Sweeping the pieces of porcelain into his begging bowl, McArthur said, "Squat down, Li Yeng. So." He began to grind porcelain against the bowl. "Close your honorable eyes, Li Yeng."

Li Yeng shut his eyes.

McArthur tucked the long wide sleeve of his red robe above his elbow. Then his terrific uppercut, swung from the side, lifted Li Yeng from the floor, and sent his body crashing against the matting.

"How's that for a knockout?" Ben grinned. "Let's tie him."

The Chinese girl whimpered in her corner; the girl in white brought her nursing bag; together, they bound Li Yeng securely. Ben dragged him out of the room, and shoved him out of sight beneath a bed.

"That's that," McArthur said. He put the fragments of the Kuan Yin in the bag. "Might as well take 'em along."

"But—"

"Don't argue. It's our only chance. We can't stay here."

"Wai Lo—the girl. She—they'll . . ."

"Anybody else?"

The nurse shook her head; she found a cape for herself, a coat for the Chinese girl. "Dr. Andrews went south. She's been gone a day. The hospital's empty. I'm ready."

Ben asked, "Afraid?"

"Yes. Terribly."

"Me too. Let's go. . . ."

THEY slept that night in a grove of mulberry trees, after McArthur had begged a bowl of rice from a farm; Wai Lo curled up like a cat, but the white girl sat for a long time with her hands locked about her knees.

"They'll burn the hospital," she said.

"Afraid so. Don't think about it."

"I can't help it. I've been there a year. With Dr. Andrews. We had a terrible time. No money to do things."

"Just be glad you got away," Ben said.

She slept at last, on the thick, dry grass; in sleep, one hand was under her head. Her dreams, if she dreamed, were fearful, for again and again she turned, until at last her other hand, extended, found the white man's arm. After that she slept quietly.

It was a full hour before McArthur covered her fingers with his own. The night was old when he touched the back of her hand with his lips. The first white girl he had seen in three years. The prettiest he'd ever seen in all his life. They'd get to Wu's city together. He'd take his pay; he had the entire Kuan Yin, although it was broken. Then they'd go down to Shanghai. . . .

The structure of his dream broke down suddenly. Chun Chang! That was what the Chinese girl had called her. Chun Chang. Farewell to Spring. The name given Chinese nuns who had renounced the world. Why, she wouldn't want to go anywhere with him! Once he had managed to get her to Wu's town, she'd vanish—probably to some place worse than Yang Ho. . . .

WHEN he awoke, at the first ray of the sun, the girl was already moving about; she said, "I went to pieces last night, Mr. ——"

"McArthur." Then, abruptly, "Shall I call you Chun Chang, or—"

"My name is Meade," she said, "but you can call me Chun Chang—everyone does. And—well, it's my name."

They made much better time than the caravan had; the girl was tireless, and when they stopped to rest it was because Wai Lo was exhausted. More than once McArthur carried her. Because there was nothing else to do, man and white girl talked—Ben's years in the hill country; her own, nursing. About herself, she said little or nothing, nor did Ben question her.

They were in sight of Wu's own city when McArthur said, "You'll go down to Shanghai? I'm going; we might go together." Like that. Casual.

"I think I'll go on down to Shanghai. But you needn't bother," she said. "I'll go in a few days. You'll want to get started as soon as you can, after Wu Wei Ling has paid you."

Ben said, "I haven't asked, because it isn't any of my business, but you've

*(Continued on page 30)*

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# The College Cougar

## By Stanley Paul

***Out on an Idaho potato farm there lives a happy wrestler. Doris is with him. And why not? Doris managed the plot***

THE big mystery of the wrestling game is why didn't Hopping Herbie the Hornet answer the bell for the second fall in the bout which he and I had in N. Y. for the fair and square championship of the world; when already he had the first fall won from me?

This is a mystery which is talked about wherever there are wrestlers and managers. It is also talked about by sports writers. There are two people who know what happened and that is all. One is Doris, the big Boston blonde. The other is I. And I am so sick of picking up some newspaper and reading: "Here is what really happened to Hopping Herbie the Hornet" that I will tell the whole thing right, and there will be no more bolony going around about it.

It is some little while ago that this all takes place and it begins in Boston. There are three wrestling spots for what you might call big dough. They are Boston, Chicago and N. Y. The choice spot is N. Y., and the champion there at the time I am telling you about is Chenski, the Wild Russian. I am then the champ around Boston and there is a champ out in Chicago, but that is so far away that no one worries about it. Now the customers in each place think that their champ is the real McCoy because wrestling at that time is such a low-brow sport that the papers do not carry much of what takes place in other cities. I am hailed in Boston as Skull Darnegan the Terrible Tad, which makes things aces for me and my manager, Snivel Hart. It is a sweet racket.

That is, it is sweet for quite some time. Then the college boys begin to come into the game and things begin to go sour. I am not blaming this on the college boys, as they are full of dives and butts which the customers like to see; but it is because they are in the game that the newspapers begin to pay some attention to it and that is where our trouble starts. One of the morning rags lets a young reporter loose on me and he follows me all around and pretty soon he is yipping that I am a fake, and that I am meeting the same guy under different names for the championship all over New England, and that this guy is not able to throw a bag of wool down even if it is pushed for him. The other papers take up the yell and pretty soon we are in a bad way, as the honest matches which we put on are not so much fun for the customers to watch.

THINGS go on like this for quite a while. I mix once or twice with a college boy but there is not much money and no action in that, although once in a while I let one of them get a fall on me to please the customers, and I am about ready to go over and challenge Chenski in N. Y. for the sake of a workout, when things begin to happen.

Chenski is on one of his parties and is trying to show a Broadway babe how good a champ, who is full of panther sweat, can drive a twelve-cylinder car, when he turns it over on top of himself and the car crashes the back of his neck with a two-ton rabbit punch and Chenski is all through for anything but weaving baskets.

That throws everything wide open. The N. Y. papers begin to thump for a match between me and the Chicago champ to see who is the real goods to take Chenski's place. The Boston papers take it up and say that now is my chance to square myself with the public by going down to N. Y. and taking on this Chicago champ honest and see who is the real champ of the both of us, instead of me throwing a broken-down old wrestler all over New England under twenty different and horrible sounding names.

"Who," I ask Snivel, "is the world's champ out in Chicago today?"

"A college guy," Snivel replies. "He is known as Hopping Herbie the Hornet, and is full of trick jumps and butts like all the college boys and gets his name from the fact that he is in the air more than he is on the mat. He will not say what college he is from, but his manager told the boys he was from Custer College, which no one has been able to locate, and the sports writers all call him the College Cougar."

I laugh because I have seen so many clucks trying to cash in on this college-boy stuff.

"What do *you* think?" I ask Snivel.

"I think," says Snivel, "that I will take a run down to N. Y. and see Jeff Tuke, the promoter."

SNIVEL is gone for a week and when he comes back he is all smiles.

"Skull," he says, "it is on the griddle. Tuke grabs the match and will ballyhoo the pants off it. The Hornet comes East next week and we meet him to sign. Now Tuke says N. Y. is nuts on college-boy wrestlers, so instead of throwing one in the ring at a time we will throw two. You are the other one and will be billed as the University Uhlan."

"What university did I go to?" I asks.

"That is not important," says Snivel, "but if it should be I will think one up for you."

All of which is O. K. by me, so I find myself the next week in N. Y. It is Tuesday and we are up in the office of Jeff Tuke, the promoter, waiting for this Herbie Hornet to show up and sign. All of a sudden the door opens and in come two guys wheeling a low truck with a three-hundred-pound sandbag on it. Walking behind them is the biggest blond bozo I ever seen outside of a bad dream. He has got inches on me in height and reach and has a chest on him like the front of a granite quarry. He is dead-pan with a face like a he-doll and his hair is all yellow and wavy. He has no marks on that handsome smush at all, which is strange. He is followed by a fly-looking gent in a derby, who walks up to the desk and sticks his mitt at Snivel. It is Skipe Bonomo, the Hornet's manager.

"As I live and breathe," Bonomo says, "my old pal. And you, Mr. Tuke—"

But no one is paying any attention to him as we are all looking at this blond baboon who has now pulled the sandbag off of the truck and has a scissors on it on the floor. That doll face of his has gone vicious and all of a sudden he snarls and heaves the sandbag up in his arms and runs across the floor with it and crashes it against the wall. So help me, I thought he'd go through to the street. The office shakes and some pictures fall off the wall.

"For gosh sakes!" says Tuke getting out of his chair, but no one hears him as we are now watching the next act. The big blond has backed off and is bobbing and weaving like a pug and then he leaves his feet and dives at the bag through the air. His head goes in with a chunk, right up to his shoulders, and one end busts and sand pours out on the floor.

"NOW, Herbie," says Bonomo, "that's enough for now. You know," he says to us, "I can't keep him out of training a minute. Herbie," he says, "come over and meet the boys."

Herbie growls and bites several large chunks out of the carpet which is on Tuke's floor, but finally he stops and gets up; brushes himself off and comes over to the desk.

"How do you do, gentlemen?" he says.

I went tight all over at the sound of his voice. It was smooth and velvety and went with him like cream with a tiger. Bonomo does the introductions all around. I shake with Herbie and a knuckle cracks, he gives my mitt such a crusher.

Tuke says: "Let's get this over with, boys. It's simple. I take thirty per cent; you boys take seventy. Yours is split fifty-fifty. Right?"

"Right," we all say, and sign.

Most always you can pass a few kind words with any wrestler when you are signing as there is nothing to be sore about when reporters ain't around. So I says:

"What college did you go to, Mr. Hornet?"

"Hopper," he corrects me. "I am not saying what college I went to, as my college is sacred to me. I was only there for the football season, but that makes no difference. I would not let it be known what college I am from while I am a wrestler, because wrestling is a dirty game, and while I am in it I am even dirtier. I got ideals. What university did you go to?" he comes back at me.

"The same as you," I says with a grin, but I don't like the look that comes into his eyes, so I say quick: "Ideals is a bad thing to have in this game. If you got those, then why are you in it?"

"Because," says Herbie, "it is one way of making money, and college men with brains are a drug on the market. When I have made enough money I will leave the game and buy a potato farm in Idaho. That is another one of my ideals."

"Well," I says, watching him toss a swivel chair up to the ceiling and letting it bounce off his chest on the way down, "I wish you luck."

"THANK you," says Herbie, picking up one of them small steel letter files and crushing it between his forearm and biceps. "There's just one thing, Mr. Darnegan: I do not like to maim a man, so when I am ready to fracture your spine I will stop long enough to give you a chance to say uncle. In my match last month with Horrible Horrigan, Mr. Horrigan was stubborn. I had to pull out three of his upper teeth with my fingers and break his clavicle before he would say uncle. In fact, he would say uncle only when I grabbed the clavicle and threatened to tear it loose and throw it to the customers. I hope you will not be like that."

I knew I was supposed to make big talk right back at this bozo but somehow I couldn't put my heart in it.

"No," I says, "I won't."

Well, a few mornings after that, while we are in training, I say to Snivel: "What is your real opinion of this Hornet guy?"

"Well," says Snivel, "there is a lot of talk about how they have to rebuild his camp every night on account of the way

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he takes it apart every day. But that is just a lot of talk."

"Snivel," I say, "how about fixing this thing up?"

Now that is a new one for me to be thinking of because most always I am the one which needs to be fixed.

"Well," says Snivel, "I been thinking of that, Skull. The main thing is to get this guy out of the way. If you lose to him you will not be able to even go back to Boston to wrestle, unless you will take a twenty for a grunt in the prelims. If you win, however, you will be the world's champ and can wrestle anywhere for big sugar."

"See what you can do," I says.

Snivel is back in a couple of hours.

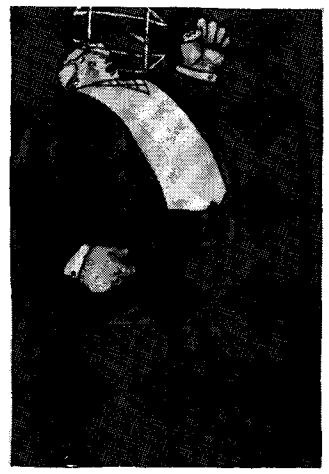
"It is no go," he announces. "What is more, Hopping Herbie is very sore at us for thinking he would take a dive."

"How high did you go?" I ask.

"I went seventy-five twenty-five," says Snivel.

"Cripes," I says. "He could buy three potato farms with that."

"Yeah," says Snivel, "I pointed that out to him. But he says he would rather buy one potato with honest-earned dough than a whole farm with sugar earned from a dive. Then he reached up and pulled a chandelier down and wrapped it around his arm for a bracelet and sent his regards to you."



"That's bad," I says.

"Don't worry," says Snivel. "I will think of something."

"Well, hurry up and do it," I says, rolling over on the bed and feeling very unhappy as something tells me I am going to get stung by this Hornet.

Then Snivel gets up and goes to the phone.

"Who are you calling?" I ask.

"Long distance," he says. "I am gonna get Doris down here from Boston."

Now all of a sudden I see which way Snivel's mind is working, and I am very pleased by his wonderful idea. Doris is just the person to help us in our spot. Doris is a large, old-fashioned girl of around two hundred pounds, but she is nevertheless cute and likes money as well as the next one. She is not in the least ignorant of wrestlers and how they work. And, as I happen to know that Doris is trying to get enough so she can settle down in the country somewhere without worry, I say to myself that for a consideration maybe Doris will know some way to appeal to what this Hopping Herbie uses for his better nature and thereby save me from being torn limb from limb.

WELL, Snivel gets her on the phone and sells her the jump down, which she agrees to take if he will wire the car fare, and the next day she is in N. Y. with us. Snivel lays out the whole set-up for her and shows her what a spot we are in, and that she is the babe who can pull us out.

"And if I do," she asks, "what do I get?"

Snivel says: "I will give you an agreement that cuts you in fifty-fifty on Skull's first bout after he is champ, which ought to be good."

"It ought to be," Doris admits. "So write it up."

During the next few days the ballyhoo breaks loose, and the bout looks like a sell-out even with a five dollar top, and Snivel and I are plenty sore to think we have got to take an even split, but console ourselves by thinking of the takes we will have when I am the champ, providing Doris is making the grade with Herbie.

Which she is. How we know is she calls us up and says:

"I have met Herbie. You neglected to tell me that he is one good-looking baby."

"Nuts!" says Snivel. "Are you building him up for a dive?"

"I'll call you again," says Doris, and hangs up.

More time goes by and the bout is only three days away. Snivel and I are picking the mattress to pieces, we are so nervous, and I am not even making believe I am training. Then Doris shows up at my camp.

"Boys," she says, "I have put it on the ice for you."

"Yeah?" we both say.

"Yeah," she says. "Here is how it comes about. I have been spending a great deal of time in Hopping Herbie the Hornet's company, which he does not seem to hate, and I am at work on him all the time from this ideals angle. I am telling him that an intelligent gentleman like himself should get out of this dirty wrestling racket any way he could. And if he has a chance to get out and clean up big at the same time he may still be a gentleman but he is no longer intelligent unless he does it."

"So?" says Snivel.

"SO," DORIS goes on, "I then let on that I, too, have ideals about such things as potatoes and chickens and things like that from the country, only I do not say that mine would have to be on a platter under gravy. That seems to make quite a hit with Hopping Herbie the Hornet, because before I know it he is asking me if I would consider being Mrs. Hopping Herbie."

"That's a laugh," says Snivel.

"Yeah," says Doris, "isn't it! And I do not say whether I would consider it or not but I am careful not to say no, and he says: 'Dot'—that is what he is now calling me—'Dot,' he says, 'I have decided to take this dive. With the whole purse—'"

"With the what!" yells Snivel.

"With the whole purse," says Doris. "This guy has got ideals, ain't he?"

"What ideals!" says Snivel.

"Shall I go on?" asks Doris.

"You will anyway," Snivel says. "So what?"

"So there is your proposition," says

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"So there is your proposition," says Doris. "The whole purse and Herbie retires to a potato farm in Idaho." "Is this on the level?" asks Snivel

*Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff*

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# Catching Up with Japan

## By William G. Shepherd

***Why is our Atlantic Fleet spending its second year in the Pacific? It's not a strategic maneuver to let the gobs enjoy the beach at Waikiki. The Fleet is there because our Navy Department has been turning anxious eyes on Japan. Her navy, theoretically smaller than ours, is not actually weaker. She's been building to the treaty limit; we have not. But we're going to. Here Mr. Shepherd shows you how and why***

THE press room of the Navy Department! That's where the reporters all rushed that morning a few weeks ago. This writer rushed there with them.

The day had started off quietly enough. The town was full of businessmen code-makers. General Johnson's NRA office was holding the spotlight and the white marble Department of Commerce building was the center of the nation. Over at the White House the President, who had just returned from a trip on the 2,000-ton Nourmahal, was presumably again taking up the job of national recovery.

At 11:30 that morning he was to see the newspaper correspondents as usual, two hundred or more of them; famous writers, cub reporters, women news gatherers, reporters from every corner of the nation.

But something unexpected had happened in little Cuba late the previous evening. The army had risen and had overthrown De Cespedes, Cuba's new president. The morning papers had only meager news about it, so the Washington public, including officialdom itself, was not greatly disturbed. But newspaper men don't wait to read newspapers to know what's happening. It wasn't until deep in the forenoon that the public of Washington knew what the newspapers had not yet printed.

*The situation in Cuba was very threatening. Cuban officers had been kicked out of the army. The privates were on the loose. There was no government in Cuba. Americans were in danger.*

The news spotlight in Washington shifted from the Department of Commerce to the Navy Department. Reporters covering industrial recovery were not bothered by telephone calls from their editors. But every reporter in Washington who had ever "covered" the Navy building suddenly found himself under orders to "see what the Navy is going to do about Cuba."

And that's why there was the rush to Commander J. H. Ingram's room in the long, low, rambling Navy building—the press rooms, where there are telephones and typewriters for reporters and where all questions are answered for the press. The question this morning was:

"Going to send any battleships to Cuba?"

### Headlines in the Making

Lieutenant Mentz of the Navy's press staff is trying to answer this question. He has the unique authority of being able to call up the highest and mightiest officials in the Navy with requests for such information as is proper for the press to have. He can call up Secretary of the Navy Swanson, himself, for instance, and say:

"The reporters are here asking whether we are sending any marines to Cuba."

We didn't hear him call up Secretary Swanson, but we did hear him telephone to half a score other Navy officials. He couldn't get Admiral William H. Shandley, chief of naval operations, though we heard him try it repeatedly. He even left his desk and went to Shandley's office, but Shandley was suspiciously busy. No wonder. He was at the White House, though we didn't know it at the time.

Abruptly a reporter came out of a telephone booth, to which he had been called by his office.

"What does it mean," he asked Lieutenant Mentz, "when three hundred marines in Philadelphia are ordered to go to Quantico, in marching equipment? What does that mean? Going on a Boy Scout hike? My paper says the Philly marines are packing up now."

"I'll find out for you as soon as I *can*," replies the officer.

He telephones to some official who is supposed to know about marines.

"Yes," he replies, as he hangs up the receiver. "The Philadelphia marines have been ordered to go to Quantico." And then he adds more news: "And about three hundred marines here in Washington have been given the same orders." Reporters dash to the telephones.

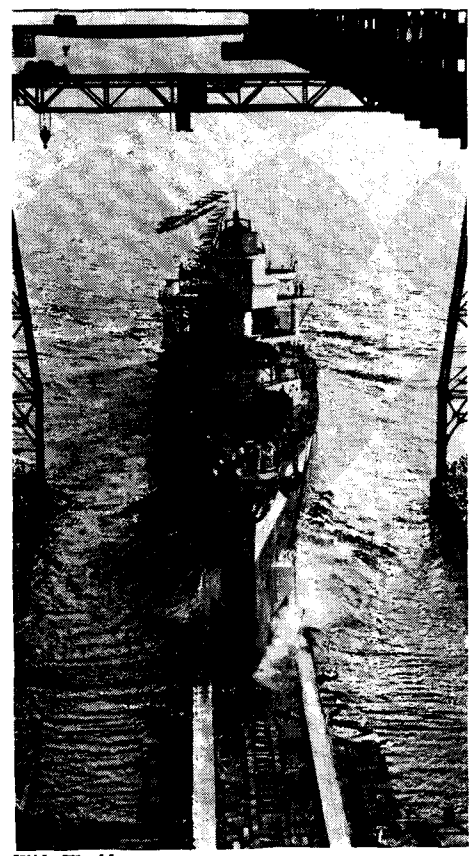
Now news is being born. Within a few minutes, in every corner of the nation, page-wide headlines will be yelling in hundreds of cities the news that the marines are getting ready to go to Cuba—if necessary.

The hour of 11:30 has not quite arrived, the zero hour when the President, at the White House, will talk to the press. Then there *will* be news.

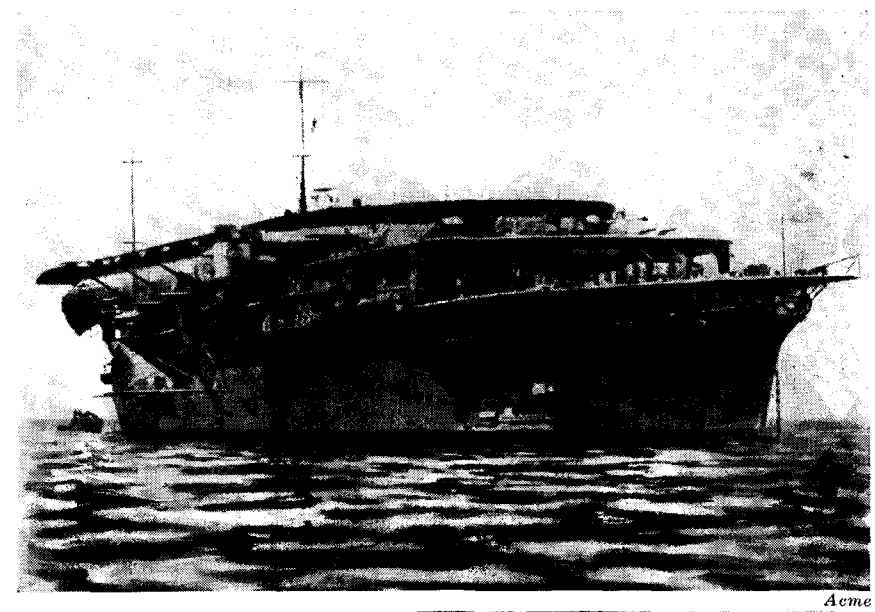
A milling crowd of journalists! The lobby of the White House offices hums with the greetings of perhaps three hundred news seekers. Eleven-thirty comes! The crowd pours into the President's office.

Within ten minutes it pours out. The President has answered the question. Yes, it may be necessary to send troops to Cuba to protect American interests there. No intervention! Cuba's government is her own affair. But lives must be protected, if Cuba has no government.

Quick! Back to that press room in the Navy building. The next move is the Navy's. It's answering a fire alarm. The Navy's going to get on the job. When do the battleships leave? Which ships will take the marines?



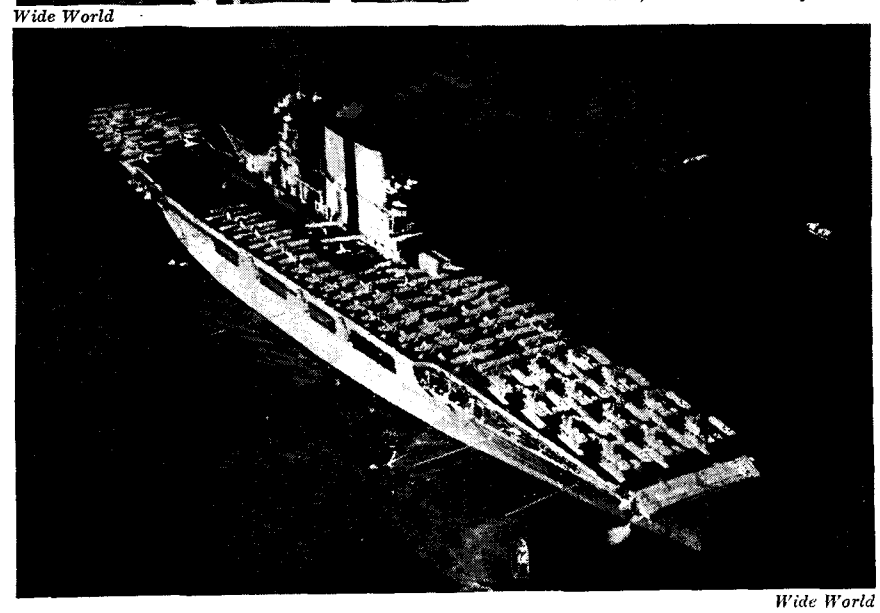
*Wide World*



*Acme*

**Hornets' nest, 28,000 tons. The Japanese aircraft carrier Kaga carries 60 fighting planes on her well-defended decks**

**Ship of State, 1933 fashion. The U. S. S. Minneapolis, 13th treaty cruiser in the 10,000-ton class, leaves the ways**



*Wide World*

**The U. S. S. Saratoga, converted battleship, now serving with her sister ship, the Lexington, as an airplane carrier**

*Acme*

**Maneuver. Japanese reservists make rescues under bombing conditions**

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Acme

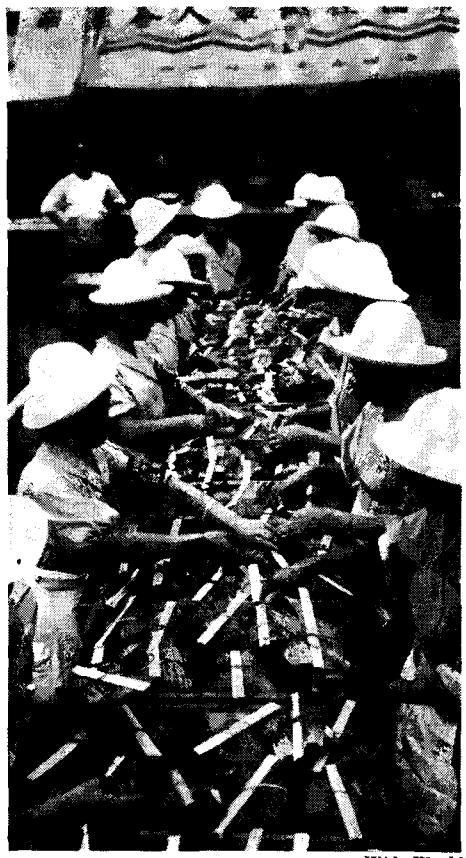
Wide World

**Night attack. Anti-aircraft squad on a Tokyo roof prepared for anything that might be in the air**

**A demonstration by a Japanese first-aid corps during recent large-scale maneuvers. Emperor Hirohito looks on**

Acme

**Gas bomb defense maneuvers. Japanese patriots show how to use chemicals to neutralize poison gas in Tokyo streets**



Wide World

**Lunch kits for volunteers who played at fighting**

What battleships are going to Cuba? How many of them? When do they start? But here we come to a sickening moment. You didn't read about that moment in the newspaper stories, under the black headlines.

"What ships?" Lieutenant Mentz began to telephone around again. A very able young lady in his office began to get out papers from various cabinets. "What ships?"

Little by little over the phone the names of boats were officially mentioned as being in the plans for the possible dash to Cuba. The Navy was hunting its files, straining its reports of operations and scanning the Atlantic for boats to send to Cuba. The Navy was digging up whatever it could find. In the first quick search it found eight! That's all. But they were *not* Navy boats. They were Coast Guard cutters; Coast Guard destroyers, old boats of the Navy which had in part been turned over to the Coast Guard as "rum-chasers." Seven officers and eighty-eight enlisted men is the crew of a Coast Guard destroyer; the boats are only 315 feet long. In a pinch they can land about forty men apiece; 320 in all.

Where are those great, mighty battleships of ours, with their fourteen- or sixteen-inch guns, that can carry a couple of thousand men, with a bunch of marines thrown in? The reporters asked a hundred questions.

Aren't any huge battleships or heavy cruisers going to Cuban waters? The Navy's replies are hesitant. Well, there's the cruiser Indianapolis. She's new! Ten thousand tons! Big guns—eight-inch. Fast. She could go. She could carry maybe a thousand fighting men, badly crowded.

### Where, Oh Where, is the Navy?

But what about our Navy giants? The big fellows you hear about that cost $40,000,000? Our great floating fortresses? The 30,000-tonners? Would they be too big to send to Cuba? Not at all. Well, why not send them? Why these borrowed Coast Guard "rum-chaser" destroyers? Those two worthy iceberg hunters of the Coast Guard, the Yamacraw and the Gresham?

Well, there's one great big battleship that might be sent. Sixteen-inch guns. She's the Mississippi. She's old but she has just been modernized, at a cost of $10,000,000. Yes, she'll go. The reporters learn this before the afternoon is well along. Good old Mississippi! And there's the cruiser Richmond. Cruisers aren't 30,000-tonners. No! Not by any means. Only 10,000-tonners. But they're pretty big! The Richmond is only 7,000 tons. Six-inch guns.

So by late in the afternoon, we know the Navy story. A flock of small destroyers and three larger ships for Cuba is the Navy's quota. Let it go down in black and white that the much-touted "fleet" which our Navy sent to Cuba was a pretty tatterdemalion patchwork of boats, "dugouts," "crocks" and "over-ages"—used cars, although more ships followed, much later.

"Weren't you Navy men scratching around pretty lively for ships?" I asked a Navy official who holds a responsible position, later in the day. I had witnessed right at the heart of things the extraordinary sight of the Navy meeting a sudden and most unexpected fire alarm.

"Well, you can put it that way," he said rather grimly.

"Caught rather short of ships, all of a sudden?" I asked.

"Well, that's the way it might look to a careful observer. You see the trouble is that the Atlantic fleet of the American Navy is in the Pacific Ocean. It's spending its second year there."

Why were we caught in this Cuban crisis with all our nation's fleet over on the Pacific side? We have more than 350 ships and boats there, I hear, out of our total of 372.

The uncertainties of international relations in the Orient are the answer, of course. But the influence of Japan's great navy stuck out like a booming skyscraper in a mist during the smoke of that Cuban fire scare.

Japan has the third largest navy in the world today. The British Empire comes first; the United States second.

Navies are supposed to be limited in size by two different treaties: the treaty of Washington respecting large ships, and the later treaty of London respecting smaller ships and submarines.

We Americans were glad enough to be limited. What's more, we gladly and voluntarily kept ourselves far under the limit. We have kept ourselves 200,000 tons short of what we might have laid down before December 31, 1936; our total allowance, under the treaties, is a little over 1,000,000 tons.

The British Empire, too, kept itself short, by 197,600 tons, out of one and one-fifth millions due to be laid down by December 31, 1936, though it is now building up to full treaty strength.

But to Japan, every ton granted to her by the treaties she signed, to be laid down before that limiting December day three years from now, seemed as precious gold.

*She's used them up, now, three years in advance.*

### Japan's Big Little Navy

That is, she's used nearly all of them. She has 600 tons left to lay down! That means one little boat one third the size of the Nourmahal, on which the President arrived in Washington on that exciting day of the Cuban fire alarm.

But already Naval Minister Mineo Osumi has declared through the press that the treaty which gives five units of power to America, five units to the British Empire and three units to Japan must be changed. He declared that Japan will insist at the next international conference that she be allowed to have more ships above present treaty arrangements; how many more he did not say. Now I grant that naval figures may be alarming; the Navy, desiring more ships, wishes them so. But the truth is that Japan's navy, make no mistake, is incredibly stronger, comparatively, than mere figures can show.

It approaches the American Navy in real strength. It's like this: She has 756,242 tons in existence and 129,428 tons projected or already building, a total of 885,670. But they're *good* tons, *new* tons, in the form of new and modern ships. Only 102,853 tons of them are over age; that is, over twenty years old.

But our American tonnage is different. Some of it is ancient. It has white hair and whiskers; goes on crutches. Remember the Mississippi, the ship we came across the day of that Cuban scare. A modernized old ship.

We have over three times as much over-age tonnage as Japan. Our figures go like this: Out of 1,038,660 tons, there are 330,110 tons that are over age.

This gives us 708,550 tons that are under age and only fairly new.

Japan has 653,389 tons in her existing navy that are under age and, for the most part, as human beings might go, in the football-playing stage of life.

Hoping you like figures better than I do, you may do the subtraction yourself. Japan has today only 55,161 tons less of under-age fighting ships than we have.

That's all technically speaking. But let's put it down in number of ships, so that we, as laymen, can get a layman's picture.

Japan has 220 completed ships. The

*(Continued on page 36)*

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# Conspiracy

## By Arthur Somers Roche

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHILE dining with a beautiful girl at Paul Lanson's restaurant in Paris, Big Mike Pelletiere, Broadway racketeer, is knifed to death. Doyle Evans, of the American Embassy, witnesses the murder. Two years later, in New York, he meets Phyllis Benedict who, after disappearing when a child, had been found by her fabulously wealthy father, working as "Minnie Ganston" in the office of Johnson Fay, an importer. He recognizes her as the girl who had been with Big Mike when he died!

That night in his apartment Evans has a visitor: a woman whom, he is sure, he has never seen before. She tells him it was she he *had seen at Lanson's; then,* leaving the apartment, she joins a waiting man: Johnson Fay. "Well," she exclaims, "he swallowed it. So we'll get old Benedict's millions after all!"

Evans does not believe the girl's story. But, fascinated by Phyllis Benedict's charm and beauty, he finds himself falling in love with her. Then Degas, a French detective whom Evans has known for years, appears on the scene, calls on Evans, informs him that Paul Lanson is now in New York, running a speakeasy; that Paul had seen Big Mike's girl in New York; and that she is guilty of an "enormous crime." As Paul is managing an illegal business, he does not care to consult the New York police in the matter.

Sick with fear, for he knows that Phyllis Benedict is the girl Lanson had seen, Evans agrees to accompany Degas to Lanson's place, to learn the identity of the woman. But they never interview Paul Lanson. Before they arrive, he is murdered, bombed to death! . . . With Degas, Evans goes to a play. Leaving the theater, he is amazed to see Phyllis Benedict (who had told him she was to be out of town) with a man: Johnson Fay. He speaks to her, introduces Degas. Then, accompanied by the detective, he goes to the Ambassador for an after-theater supper. En route, in a taxicab, they notice that they are being followed by another car.

Degas is obviously worried. "My friend," he says, "you are in great peril. Those three men over there"—he points to a table near the door—"they have just come in. A woman was with them. She pointed you out and left."

"Well," says Evans, "what of it?" The Frenchman leans over the table. "You will soon know," he whispers. "Go out and have a look at that woman. She is, I believe, the one who called on you."

Evans rises and strolls nonchalantly toward the door.

### V

CARELESSLY Evans glanced at the three men at the table by the exit. As carelessly, they surveyed him. If the rarely wrong intuitions of Degas were correct these three men had followed Evans and the Frenchman here; in their minds was murder. Yet they were three well-dressed men, without an apparent purpose in the Ambassador save the natural and obvious one of pleasure.

But Degas was not the only intuitive person in the world. Evans felt a queer tingling along his spine. The three men were *too* casual, too indifferent to his close presence. It was hard to analyze this unconcern, but it was something that Evans felt. Nevertheless, he passed through the door without incident.

He wondered, with sudden doubt, how he would conduct himself in the event of an attack by these men. Then he laughed inwardly at his own speculations. Degas was a melodramatic Gaul, to whom intrigue and mystery were the fundamentals of living. Because a gang killing had occurred this afternoon, Degas was eager to read danger in the most placid events. Then he stifled this inward mirth. Degas might be melodramatic, but he, Evans, was an ass if he permitted his knowledge of Degas' character to cloud his own judgment. And his own judgment told him that, while Degas might be mistaken in a particular, he would be right in the general. The three men sitting at the table might be harmless, but that would not prove that the killers of Paul would cease their murderous activities with the death of the maître d'hôtel.

Anyway, it would be well to suspend judgment on these three men until he discovered who the woman was who had led them here. If that woman proved to be the girl who had called on him last night, then the apparent innocuousness of the three men would have no more meaning than the temporary placidity of as many rattlesnakes.

THE main dining-room of the Ambassador Café is separated from the long, narrow entrance hall by windows. One may look over the guests inside before making entrance. Doyle glanced down this narrow hall. At the right was another corridor leading to the telephone booths and to dressing-rooms. He looked down this corridor, walked past the booths. In one of them stood a dashing brunette.

"Yes, darling, I wanted to ring you up before I went to bed. I'm so sleepy, darling, and I can't wait until I see you tomorrow."

Thus the lady made certain that the gullible gentleman at the other end of the wire would not telephone her at her apartment and discover that she was out. Evans grinned. The girl in the booth hung up, caught his grin, and smiled wickedly at him.

He retraced his steps to the entrance hall. A checkboy accosted him.

"Looking for anything, Mr. Evans?"

Evans scrutinized the boy. Questioning employees, placing himself in the position of the male flirt looking for conquest, was distasteful to him. The boy would doubtless misunderstand. Yet what difference did it make?

"Why, yes," he said. "I thought a lady came in just now—I mean, that she was in the hall here. With the three gentlemen who are at the table near the door."

The checkboy had been asked questions before. He didn't look toward the restaurant.

"Yes, Mr. Evans. She came in with them, stopped at the first window, looked in, said something to them, and went out."

The boy's face was expressionless.

**Degas slid from his chair, motioning Evans to follow. In a half crouch that kept the icy lion between them and the door they started for the window**

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**Reason and emotion fought a battle in Evans' brain. Reason told him that she lied. Certainly the girl who could do the thing that she had done would not hesitate about uttering a lie**

*Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum*

"Was she—er—blonde?" asked Evans.

The boy nodded.

"Yellowish hair—light yellow, Mr. Evans."

Evans gave him a coin. The identification was fairly convincing. But there were thousands of women with light yellow hair in New York. If he could see her. . . . If the three men meditated immediate violence it was quite possible—quite probable—that the girl waited outside to assist them in their escape. He went through the outer doors and descended the few steps to where stood the starter.

The checkboy looked after him. Out of the corner of his mouth he gave confidences to the man at the cigar stand.

"Never guessed that Evans guy was on the make. The one man I've seen around town that seemed—you know—kinda decent. And here a frail blows in with some other guys, spots him—I figure it that way—and lams. And he gets an eyeful of her, and ain't certain, and dashes out here to see if his sweetie has really been two-timing him. Well," he spoke with wisdom beyond his years, "all sweeties two-time. That's why they're sweeties."

"A LADY just leave?" Evans, outside, asked the starter.

Again he felt cheap.

The starter nodded.

"Well, a lot of them have left, Mr. Evans."

"Yellow-haired, just came in with three men?" said Evans.

The starter nodded again.

"Yeah, I kinda wondered she didn't stay longer. I figured—she seemed in a hurry—she'd spotted somebody she didn't want to see her—" He stopped abruptly; why rub salt on the wounds of a lover who always gave generous tips? "Well, she went off," he finished lamely.

He shrugged his shoulders as Evans reëntered the restaurant. One never could tell. Only, if a swell like Doyle Evans went on the chase, he could have picked something better than a cheap little nobody.

The three men at the table by the door looked up as Evans passed them. This second observation of them made him less inclined to treat Degas' alarm as a vagary of a melodramatic nature. They were not quite the type that frequents so conservative a place as the Ambassador. Something more flamboyant, something more on the order of the usual night club, would more likely appeal to their tastes. They were well-dressed, as he had noted before, and apparently inoffensive, but had he encountered them companioned by the late Mr. Pelletiere he would not have been surprised. Something too competent, something too brittle about their ease as they sat at the table, suggested a familiarity with a side of life outside the pleasantly normal.

But perhaps his nerves were on edge, he told himself. But in the very moment he found this reassurance he reminded himself that the recent companion of these men might have been his caller of last night. True, she could have been any one of the city's thousands of blondes, but she *might* have been the pretended girl of Lanson's.

"Well?" said Degas as he sat down.

Evans shrugged.

"The lady has departed. But she was blonde, Degas."

The Frenchman thrust another absurd cigarette into the mass of his beard. The puff of smoke that followed reminded Evans of the first signs of a brush fire.

"Blonde, eh? And peered in here seeking your face. My good friend Doyle, it did not occur to you to follow my suggestion and telephone the police?"

"I don't *know* that it was she," said Evans.

"TRUE," conceded Degas. "And to ask for help when we cannot explain why we are endangered—it galls the Degas pride to do so. It is not so good that Degas, who can protect himself anywhere, should run to your New York police and confess his fears. If we knew why we feared—ah, then, no matter of pride would be involved. Evans, have you ever witnessed a murder? Have you ever seen killers getting themselves ready? But of course not. But I, Degas, have witnessed these things. And there is, essentially, no difference between our Apache and your gangster. Different methods but the same results. I, Degas, I *feel* things. I am not a coward, you would think? If Degas says, 'Run,' you would agree that Degas has reason, not terror, behind his request?"

"You want to run now?" asked Evans.

"Not run, perhaps, but — escape. Doyle, my friend, why was Paul bombed? Why did not his murderers use a revolver? Because they were in a hurry, because they wished to take no chances whatsoever. A revolver shot may miss, may wound only; but a bomb destroys, obliterates. Suppose these present alarms of Degas are not foolish, but are justified? Will these men so anxious to kill me—or you—or us—take any chance of missing? Paul wrote that the crime was monstrous. Today, in fear—so I believe—that he would tell me of that crime, a bomb was thrown. Paul was killed, and it was sheer good fortune that a dozen others were not slain. Suppose these men here throw a bomb—what then? These innocent people—your American gangster, Evans, permits nothing to stand in his way. Your police records are filled with accounts of innocent bystanders—children, *babies*—killed by gangsters in their wars. Evans, you were permitted to leave this room once. Such permission might not be accorded again. But behind us is a window opening on a terrace; three feet below that terrace are taxicabs."

HE SNAPPED his fingers and the head waiter came instantly. Degas placed a bill of large denomination on the table; he spoke rapidly in French, too rapidly for Evans, with his fair understanding of the language, to follow him wholly. The headwaiter moved away.

"You understood? No? That so superb ice there." Degas nodded toward a masterpiece of decorative dessert. A great lion, molded of ice, stood on a table, surrounded by mountains of strawberries. The headwaiter pushed the table toward Degas and Evans. As it reached them, it obscured them, as they sat, from the view of the three men at the far table by the door.

Degas slid instantly from his chair, motioning Evans to follow. In a half crouch that kept the icy lion between them and the restaurant door, they

*(Continued on page 50)*

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Warren S. O'Brien

**Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt stage their own back-to-the-soil movement. And apparently they enjoy it**

# Chef's Rôle

## By Marie Beynon Ray

***Seasoning? It's a gift, they used to say down South, tilting the brandy over the sweet potato pudding. A distinguished graduate of the pinch-of-this, pinch-of-that school, Alfred Lunt (Broadway's own) here introduces some of his culinary children***

*Vandamm Studio*

**The Lunts prefer their own cuisine to that of any restaurant**

ONE recent evening Noel Coward, dropping into the Lunt-Fontanne apartment, found Alfred moody, unapproachable. Sunk in gloom, he uttered scarcely a word, sat biting his nails.

"He's a young man, to be going to pieces like this," Coward muttered to Miss Fontanne. "What's eating him?"

"He's giving a dinner party—a week from tonight," she whispered back.

"Good Lord! A week from tonight! And he's like this already?"

"He'll pull through. I've known him worse than this. Just don't notice him."

There you have Alfred Lunt in the rôle of cook—a man unnerved, headed toward mental collapse. He knows but one damnation deeper than a first night—a first course. True, his dinners are famous—he has a reputation to sustain.

Alfred Lunt is, without question, one of the first amateur male cooks in the country—and it's doubtful if many women equal him. At his famous small dinner and supper parties, he is not merely the host—indeed, he is scarcely at all the host; he is the chef, the meat cook, the pastry cook, the cook's helper. He is the artist whose genius has gone into the soufflé you eat. He is a soul in torment, hanging on your opinion of a sauce.

Of the two—dinner and supper parties—it is probably the latter that are the more sought after, for at midnight the reigning cook in the Lunt domicile has repaired to a well-earned rest and Alfred has the kitchen to himself. There, with three or four cronies gathered cozily in the adjoining living-room—Robert Edmund Jones, Alexander Woollcott, Carl van Vechten and Edna Ferber perhaps—the spirit of creation is most likely to descend upon him and shortly he will emerge bearing a dish which is making its first appearance on any stage.

### Guest-of-Honor Specialties

Lunt acquired his uncanny skill back in the days when, on five dollars a week, he was endeavoring to keep body and soul together—and six clean shirts a week on his back. The only way that could be accomplished was by cooking his own meals over a student lamp in a third floor back. His hand has never lost its cunning; never will, for cooking is an enthusiasm of his which will never grow old.

Many of his midnight improvisations have been inspired by the guests of the evening—someone especially to be honored. There was, for example, the opening night of Reunion in Vienna, when who but the author, Robert Sherwood, should be commemorated? For him, Lunt, in a fine frenzy of creation, triumphantly produced that justly celebrated dish, *côtelettes Sherwood*, based on tenderloins of lamb chops, mushrooms, rice and bacon.

There was another evening—that when Alexander Woollcott made his first appearance on any stage (a "fat" part in Brief Moment) which Lunt fittingly applauded in a rich dish named *Fraises Alexander*. This consists of a mold of French ice cream in a coating of raspberry ice over which is poured a sauce of fresh crushed strawberries, sugar, grated orange peel and cointreau. A substitute which Woollcott can sometimes be induced to accept is French vanilla ice cream around which are placed whole strawberries—perfect, perfect berries—and over which is poured a sauce made from fresh stewed raspberries. This is a trick Lunt learned from Lily Langtry in the days when he toured with her in vaudeville.

### What to Do with an Egg

There's plenty of variety and sometimes considerable substance to the Lunts' after-the-theater suppers, for up to that time they've had only a "brunch" (a breakfast-lunch) and a very light dinner before the play.

Rich food for those who like it, but Mr. Lunt's own taste runs in quite another direction. Nor is there always the time after the theater for elaborate preparations. Often something must be bunched together in a hurry from whatever happens to be in the ice-box—and here true genius comes out.

Eggs—there are always eggs in every ice-box. What to do with an egg? Mr. Lunt has had many inspirations. If there's a little ketchup handy, just douse it on scrambled eggs and mix in. Or take some caviar and mix into the scrambled eggs. This gives that certain something—very fascinating. Or again, around your scrambled eggs lay down a barrage of tomatoes and onions quickly boiled together, peppered and salted, and just more than slightly flavored with Madeira wine.

If your fancy runs to an omelet, fold in mushrooms or tomatoes or Parmesan cheese, or onions well cooked in butter but not really browned.

Now for a cheese dish, so excellent with beer. Line a buttered baking dish with slices of crustless bread cut like lady fingers, the top of the bread extending about one inch above the dish. Beat two eggs, add a cup of cream, a

*(Continued on page 43)*

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# Dogging Big Game

## By Howard S. Reed

*as told to*

## W. B. Courtney

***Only one man ever trained a pack of dogs to hunt tigers—and live to bark about it. That man is Howard Reed, the famous wild-game collector. His pack, assembled and trained in the West, has wandered with him across Siberia, China and Siam. They hold all travel records for American dogs and have become cosmopolitan and slightly blasé in their outlook. But on the trail they are four-footed furies—a hunter's friends and defenders***

A CHOICE few of the veteran air-mail flyers on the western divisions of the Transcontinental know their country so well, I am told, that after flying for hours in fog or storm, unable to see beyond their wing tips, they can from one glimpse of a single fence post through a momentary opening in the mist tell you exactly where you are, who owns the land on which the post stands and what was the maiden name of his mother-in-law's first husband's second cousin.

Such acuteness does not seem exaggerated or preposterous to me, for I believe it to be a reasonable and inevitable seizure by the human beings' superior mental faculties of an instinct that is common in wild animals which roam the open wilderness spaces of the earth—the veldt of Africa, the barrens within the Arctic Circle, the tundras of Siberia, the prairies of the United States. The sparseness of the vegetation, the vacancy of the landscape near and far, the meagerness of details, present a thin and easily memorized scene whereon an intrusion is readily perceived by its denizens. You must know this, and know, further, enough of wild animal psychology to understand their curiosity with regard to any change in the familiar daily picture of their running grounds, if you are to make a livelihood from big-game collecting—as I have done for thirty-five years.

Out West long, long ago we hunted antelope by "flagging" them. One recent season I made an expedition—wholly alone, without natives or dogs to help—through the desolate and forbidding country on the Bering Sea coast of the Alaskan Peninsula after Barren Ground caribou specimens for American museums. Things did not go so well; there was something amiss, although I could not put my finger on it. I did not have much luck in getting close enough to single out desirable representatives of the nomad herds until I recalled our old system on antelopes.

### Trapped by Curiosity

Then I lay flat on the mossy tundra—undiscernible to the cautious animals. Next I tied a large white handkerchief to the end of my rifle barrel and held it upright in the wind.

That puzzling newcomer to their landscape fairly burned up the caribous with curiosity. The nosiest nellies minced forward quickly for a better look, and gossiped with their ears and tails; the elder statesmen and Republicans came up with less dispatch, but presently I was able to make a thorough inventory and select those animals which were of greatest scientific and biological interest. I prepared the skins and left them to be picked up later; then walked on to look over the country beyond the next ridge. In spite of this success my spirits did not perk up; I felt depressed, out of sorts, incompetent.

I saw a trapper's camp and reckoned that perhaps a good talk with someone—anyone—was what I needed. But as I approached the cabin I had my answer—in the form of a rollicking little bullet of golden-brown joyousness and friendliness; a young Airedale who jumped all over me and barked a welcome, and with his ridiculous stump of a tail wiggled away all the loneliness I had endured during the past month.

### Bobbie's First Bear

That was it! I missed my dogs. No outdoor man is complete without them. Experience has given me an eye that knows a likely hunting dog when it sees one; so the moment the trapper came out to greet me I asked him if he wanted to sell that Airedale.

Why, you would have thought I asked him to take a knife and snip off a piece of his own heart for me!

The next day I witnessed something which justified my snap judgment.

We loafed on a rock, contemplating a fine view of that restless old woman among Alaska's volcanoes, Mount Katmai, with her gray bonnet of ash smoke and gas clouds, when the trapper suddenly pointed out a dark blotch moving slowly against the snow high on a ridge which faced us across the valley. "Gosh, that's a big bear," he said, "and I took my rifle apart this mornin' to strengthen the mainspring, and I ain't yet finished a-settin' it together again."

I immediately got up to fetch my rifle, and offered to do the honors, but he said: "Ruther you wouldn't, pardner. I've been hankering fer a bear, so

*(Continued on page 44)*

**This was the bitterest fight I had ever witnessed, and I stood awed, bewildered by the flashing turmoil of color, snarls and growls**

*Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt*

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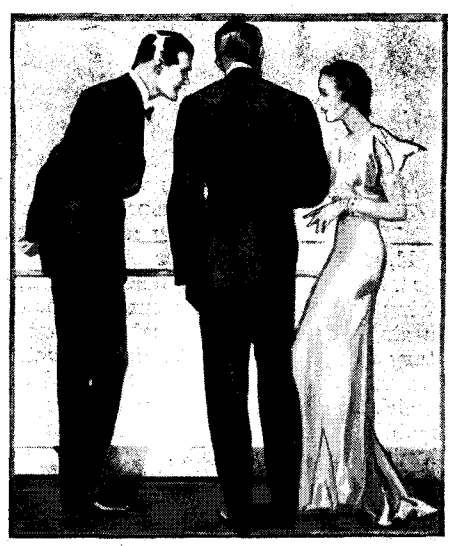
# Time for Revenge

## By Duncan Norton-Taylor

***They met on a great ocean liner: Frances Ruger, the beautiful, and the man who had labeled her "notorious." The voyage was eventful***



*Illustrated by Carl Mueller*

IT WAS half an hour before sailing time. People were filing up the long gangplanks behind porters laden with luggage. Two women worked their way through the congestion into one of the A deck passageways and followed their porter into a cabin.

The first woman, in a dark tailored suit, sank down on the edge of the bed without even a glance of appraisal at the room. The second woman looked around perfunctorily, though it was apparent that she herself was not sailing, for she said, "You've a nice cabin. This is a nice cabin." She had a clipped, English accent.

"Don't bother to wait, Kathy."

"I won't. Farewells are so stupid." The English girl, Kathy, did not go, however. She stood stiffly by the door.

There was silence. The hazy August morning light of the Solent streamed across the face of the girl on the bed. She was a brunette, extraordinarily beautiful, with high cheekbones and upward curving eyes the color of blue smoke. Her eyes were the focal point of her beauty; now they were taut and her face was pale. She leaned back on her arms, a cigarette between her lips, smiling.

"Your father's ideas were plain enough," she said sardonically. "He was convinced I am an American after a title—besides being a notorious woman."

The English girl was miserably silent.

"So now I'm going home," the other added, "—unveiled."

"That's so silly, Frances!"

The girl on the bed shrugged. "Tell me something. Kathy, why did Wiley Sanford interfere?"

"He's very fond of Jack—"

"So he wouldn't have Jack throw himself away on me."

"I didn't mean it that way."

"I know you didn't." Frances Ruger stood up and walked around the cabin, her eyes now harassed. "I didn't encourage Jack. He asked me to marry him. What did Wiley Sanford say? Oh, I know what he said—what he would say—'Jack, don't make a fool of yourself over this notorious woman.'"

KATHLEEN MARLEY scowled. She was fresh-faced and plain. "Jack acted like a cad."

"Oh, I wanted to go home anyhow. I'm homesick." The girl's voice trembled. "I'm just incredibly bitter. I hate Wiley Sanford. I've never seen him but I hate him. Not because he interfered—Jack and I never would have been happy. I hate him because he made me want to go home and hide. I hate him because he was right, although he never guessed my motive."

"I don't understand," Kathy said unhappily. "Your motive—"

"You wouldn't understand. You're stable. You've got roots in. I wanted to marry Jack because he's like that too. This Sanford—this dear friend of your family—saved Jack from a self-centered woman who only knew what she wanted. So now I'll run and hide."

She laughed suddenly. Her moods were as swiftly changing as clouds in a wind-swept sky. "I'm a congenital exhibitionist, Kathy. I'm spectacular or I'm bored to death. Jack would have divorced me in a week, in horror. He's such a lamb and I'm such a goat."

Kathy looked bewildered. "You're twenty-two—"

"I'm bad. It makes me old."

"Oh—" Kathy laughed uneasily. "You're being idiotic."

A querulous, insistent voice came to them. "All ashore that's going ashore. All ashore. . . ."

"I've got to go."

"Goodby, Kathy darling."

Frances put her arms around the English girl and kissed her.

Kathy turned as she went out the door, her face woebegone. "Cheerio."

"Cheerio."

The door closed. Frances pulled off her hat, shook her hair, and sat down in a chair with her face in her hands. Presently a bass whistle reverberated through the liner and she stood up and savagely threw a damp, wadded handkerchief on the bed.

ON THE sun deck a man leaned on the rail watching Southampton fading away down the Solent. He looked as though he had just said to himself, "That's done"; he was sailing back, with the exacting and tiring business that had brought him to England a month ago finished and behind him. He took out a tobacco pouch and filled his pipe meticulously, enjoying the thought that there were six days before him in which to do nothing more exacting than that.

He turned and strolled aft, a large man, assured and casual. He was young, with a swarthy complexion and dark eyes, a strongly molded and rather predatory face that was a little strained with fatigue. At one end of the lounge the deck steward was assigning chairs and the man attached himself to the small queue of passengers. When it was his turn he said, "On the sunny side somewhere—on the upper promenade."

The deck steward made a mark on his chart.

"What name, sir?"

"Wiley Sanford," said the man, and departed for the upper promenade with his receipt.

Wiley had every intention of spending the entire trip across in solid idleness. There had been no surcease of work in London, and when he got back to New York there would be half a dozen cases pending. He sprawled in his deck chair, the sun in his face, feeling satisfied and pleased with himself. He spent one day that way, all told. Then he rose, irritated, and stalked down to the smokeroom.

There he sat in vexation over a rye highball. Darn it, Jack Marley would never have been happy with that girl. He should marry a girl like his sister, sober and sweet, April in England, a low-heeled-walking-shoe, apple-cheeked girl. As Wiley had explained to Kathy, "When she goes home she'll be photographed sailing up New York harbor with her legs crossed to show her elegant silken knees, if you see what I mean."

"I don't," Kathy said.

"My dear Kathy, you mean you won't."

In genteel fury, Kathy called him a Yankee busybody.

A Yankee busybody. Wiley thought that one over now. When he had landed in London he had heard that Jack Marley was away. His father had sent him to Spain on some trumped-up business or other. The old man explained it to Wiley. "I'll get him away from her for a time but if he comes back and still thinks he loves her. . . . Have you met the lady, Wiley?" Wiley never had, but he knew of her. At the old man's solicitation he wrote a letter to Jack. It's taste, he told Jack, and then forgot the affair and plunged into the work that had brought him to England. Jack had cabled that he would stay away long enough to think it over. Englishmen were always anxious about taste. The last Wiley had heard, Frances Ruger was sailing, or had sailed, for home.

Down in the smokeroom he scowled into his rye. Michael Ruger, her father, had made a spectacular fortune in oil, had lost it and made another. Frances within a year had been married to and divorced from some playboy—a gentleman steeplechase rider, if his memory could be trusted—the following year had been married to an English playwright, and one month later had been discovered by reporters on a liner about to sail for Europe. "Are you going to England with him to live?" they had asked her. Wiley had read the verbatim report in the newspaper. "No," she had replied. "I'm going to Paris to get a divorce." The Rugers were always sensational. . . . Wiley's scowl deepened. At that time, in the midst of his absorbing business, he had had a vague and annoying feeling of self-righteousness. Now, with nothing else on his mind, his good deed came home to roost. A Yankee busybody. He squirmed. It had spoiled his serene trip home.

HE SIPPED his drink. A man sat down at the table with him and began to chat. He was a horny-handed, lonesome passenger, a lumberman from Tacoma with a complaint. "It was iron for wood and steel for iron and now aluminum for steel," he grumbled into a mate to Wiley's highball.

"Life's like that," said Wiley.

The lumberman looked up suspiciously, noticed that his companion's eyes were focussed intently somewhere else, turned around, and said, "Ah!"

She had on a red gown that revealed her smooth back. She was leaning against a table on the other side of the Elizabethan smokeroom, looking up at a man with pudgy features and grandiloquent gestures. The woman was curiously beautiful.

"Who is she?" Wiley asked.

"I don't know who she is. She hasn't been in here before." The lumberman became interested. "What do you suppose she is—Italian?"

"Austrian or Czech. She's heady. See the man with her?—he's drunk with her."

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"Austrian girls are nice," vouchsafed the lumberman.

The two men sat in silence, eying the girl, and finally the lumberman returned to his drink. "Reforestation," he said—"when I started in business now . . ."

He talked on, until he realized suddenly that his companion was standing up. "I'll see you again," Wiley said.

The lumberman looked sour and watched the tall, assured young man stroll across the smokeroom. The girl in red and the pudgy man had left.

Wiley followed them at a discreet distance along a passageway and to the upper promenade deck and the lounge. He felt an exhilaration that was not from the highball and he had almost forgotten his annoyance; he'd invite Jack over to stay with him so he could woo Frances Ruger and go to the devil. That disposed of that.

THEY were dancing in the lounge. He watched the girl and her pompous escort waltz out onto the floor. The latter irritated Wiley. He had a proprietary air, a heavy chin and fleshy, round arms that filled the sleeves of his dinner jacket like sausages. Wiley recognized him as Arthur Newman, a well-known corporation lawyer in New York. They presently joined a group on the other side of the lounge. Wiley watched the girl. She moved as though she were conscious of her stimulating beauty and yet unconcerned, almost insolent. Her body, long-limbed, was sleek, restless, challenging.

The precocious son of an American millionaire, a youngster with whom Wiley had played some deck tennis, was talking to her. Wiley waited his opportunity. It came during the next dance. The son of the millionaire was left alone and Wiley approached him.

"Do you know that girl?" he asked.

"I don't know her name."

"You were talking to her."

"We were introduced but the name was indistinct. I didn't get it."

"Introduce me then and make the name indistinct."

"I'll have to make both names indistinct," said the young man, bridling. "I don't know yours."

"Quite all right."

A moment later he was bowing to her. She had eyes the color of blue smoke, guarded eyes that looked as though she might have regarded the world bitterly but chose to regard it amusedly. The millionaire's son had strolled off. Frances surveyed this man with cool interest.

"I'm sorry," Wiley said, "but what did he say your name was?"

She hesitated, and then said as though she did not care whether he believed her or not, "Smith. I didn't catch yours either."

"Jones," he replied imperturbably. He decided it was a game. He decided also she was not Austrian or Czech but American.

She inquired, "Oh, really?"

"No, of course not. But yours isn't Smith."

"It might be, there are quite a few Smiths. But it isn't. What will you do, scout around until you find out?"

"No," he said seriously. "We'll agree on Smith and Jones."

"It's like a grab bag, you can't tell what you're getting."

"But you won't be satisfied. Woman's curiosity—"

"Don't flatter yourself," she said

*(Continued on page 32)*

**He glanced down anxiously into her face, which was turned up to him. She was deathly white and her eyes were closed. They fluttered open**

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# The Man without Nerves

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

*The Story Thus Far:*

SAM JESSON, respected resident of Sandyways, Sussex, is found dead—shot through the heart. To the amazement of everyone, his banker, James Huitt, testifies at the coroner's inquest that he had died almost penniless.

Jesson's friends—Lord Milhaven, Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson, Roland Martin, Huitt and others—accept the verdict of suicide. But not "Mr. Tyssen," a young stranger who, taking lodgings in the village, assumes the rôle of an amateur sleuth.

Mysterious episodes follow Tyssen's arrival. Lord Milhaven gives a dinner in honor of Sir Julian Bott, a noted financier. Huitt, a revolver in his pocket, is present. That same evening, Anthony Sarson, Timothy Sarson's son, and Andrew Cresset's daughter, Sybil, return from a dance together. Near the bungalow of Madame de Sayal, a beautiful recluse, they encounter a motorist, who, drawing a revolver, roughly orders them to move on.

Half an hour later, Anthony steals cautiously up to the bungalow. A man is standing near by in the darkness. "*Come in, quickly!*" someone whispers; and Anthony is gently pulled into the bungalow. There Madame de Sayal confronts him, tells him he is in peril, gives him a revolver (one cartridge in which has been used) and begs him to leave. He slips out and something—he is not certain what—happens. When he comes to, he is unharmed and again in the bungalow. Before he leaves he promises to say nothing of his adventure.

The village, he soons learns, is in a turmoil. Someone—a stranger, clad in evening clothes—has been murdered—shot through the heart. Questioned by the police, Anthony says he had fallen, struck his head, lain unconscious for hours. Whereupon Inspector Penny of Scotland Yard, who presently arrives, orders him watched. For the spot where he claims to have fallen is within a few yards of the spot where the dead man had been found! . . . Who is the murdered stranger? Huitt answers the question: *Sir Julian Bott!* Well aware that he is under suspicion, Anthony hides the revolver which Madame de Sayal had given him. It promptly disappears! . . . The following morning, Huitt, Cresset, Sarson and Martin start for London in what they refer to as their "Club Car." At a tiny village, the train suddenly stops. The station master dashes up. "Any gentleman here," he asks, "by the name of Timothy Sarson?"

### VII

THE wine merchant leaned forward.

"That," he announced, "is my name."

The station master paused to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"Will you kindly come along with me, sir?" he begged. "Quick as possible. I've had to flag the train by reason of a message from Sandywayes. If you'd be kind enough to hurry, sir, and might I ask you whether it's the truth that you're a director of the company?"

Tall and imposing in dress and stature, Mr. Timothy Sarson stepped out onto the miserable little plank platform, on which he certainly presented a singularly inappropriate appearance. The station master breathed a sigh of relief. If ever there was a man who by appearance and manner seemed worthy of being a director of the Great Southern Railway Company, here indeed he stood.

"There's a young gent on a motorcycle, sir. He's beat the train and a rare state of sweat and dust he's in. Will you kindly speak to him and get back into your seat? A doing like this has never happened before, and I'm feared that I may have done wrong. This way, sir."

There was not even a shed attached to the bare planks at Hellsby Halt. Leaning against the paling by which he had clambered from the road was a tall, uncouth-looking man, disfigured by motoring accouterments. Nevertheless, Timothy Sarson recognized him.

"Mr. Tyssen!" he exclaimed. "How on earth did you get here? What do you want?"

"A message from Anthony, sir," the young man pronounced, with the air of one who has only during the last few seconds recovered his breath. "He thought you ought to know. He was just off to Lewes—going to play cricket for the Gentlemen of Sussex against the M. C. C., when that fellow Penny came along."

"He stopped him?" Mr. Sarson gasped.

"He did indeed, sir," Tyssen assented. "He warned Anthony that until further notice he was not to cross the railway line."

"My God!" Mr. Sarson murmured. "My son. Tell me, Tyssen. Speak out. Do you think they really believe that Anthony killed Sir Julian Bott?"

"I WOULDN'T go so far as that," the young man replied, "but one has got to be brutal about this—there's no one else so likely. You know what the police are. They don't want to make an arrest too soon. On the other hand they don't want to let anyone they suspect out of their sight. I've a bit of experience of this, sir, from my story writing. If Anthony had been a regular criminal they'd have framed something up on him and put him where he was safe for a week or so. They can't do that with Anthony, but they've put tabs on him, and if he won't stay where he's put they'll risk the arrest."

"What am I to do?" Timothy Sarson asked helplessly.

"He told me to try and catch you and let you know the situation. He didn't want to use the telephone there. What he thought was that you might get a good lawyer onto the job."

"Anything else?"

"Simply he wanted me to let you know. Er—it was Miss Pauline, too, who was anxious for you to be told at once."

"You are very kind," the other declared. "I will send a lawyer down. I will return myself by the early train. Try and reassure Anthony. Unless I am very much deceived he need have no fear."

Tyssen lifted his goggles. His was not a prepossessing face but at least it was an honest one.

"Mr. Sarson," he said, "your son has been a little indiscreet. No worse than that, believe me. We'll see that he doesn't suffer for it."

The little station master absolutely dragged his passenger away and pushed him into the railway carriage. The guard, who had been waving his flag furiously, blew his whistle. The train started. Tyssen turned his motorcycle around and, with a volume of foul smoke from his exhaust and a hideous noise, started on his return journey.

"MR. TIMOTHY SARSON to see Mr. Huitt. Urgent."

The bank manager glanced at the scrawl on the slip of paper which had just been brought in, and sighed. It was three o'clock on that very busy afternoon when every bank in London was concerning itself with the affairs of the Windsor Trust and the Julian Bott companies, and Mr. Huitt also had affairs of his own to attend to. Nevertheless the announcement was one which he could not ignore.

"You can show Mr. Sarson in at once," he directed.

Mr. Timothy Sarson followed close upon his announcement. The change in him during the last few days was pathetic. A healthy, upstanding man, fifty-eight or fifty-nine years old, he had been almost a first-class athlete in his youth, was still a low handicap golfer, a highly esteemed shot and, when he chose to play, Mr. Huitt's equal at tennis. At the moment, however, he looked like a broken-down man. Not only were there new lines of distress in his fresh-complexioned face, but he had a dazed appearance as though he had just received some utterly incomprehensible shock.

"Sit down, Sarson," the bank manager invited. "Now tell me all about this wild telephoning. You have been down home, of course?"

Mr. Sarson accepted a chair into which he sank a little wearily.

"It's all quite true," he confided. "They've actually warned Anthony not to leave the neighborhood. It's that fellow Penny's doing."

"Do you know what sort of evidence they have?" Mr. Huitt inquired. "It all sounds to me quite absurd."

Timothy Sarson began his story drearily.

"They seem to have found out, by nosing around, that Anthony sometimes used to go mooning at night outside that woman Madame de Sayal's grounds, but no one has actually seen him with her, and he assures me that up till the last forty-eight hours he has never exchanged more than a sentence with her. The trouble of it is that he stayed out all that wretched night, came back in his dress clothes at one o'clock in the broad sunlight, and told some asinine story about having fallen from a gate and having been unconscious for several hours."

"I've heard about that," Mr. Huitt murmured. "It did seem a little improbable."

"No one in his senses would believe such a thing," Sarson went on dejectedly. "Even the little doctor, who is a personal friend, declared that Tony's story as to how he came by his concussion is almost impossible. Then there's something else about a revolver which they haven't mentioned, but which Anthony told me about, which is a perfectly rotten business."

"HAVE you seen Anthony yourself?" "I took Temperly down by the eleven-thirty. I left him there with Anthony."

"Well, then, there's nothing more to be done for the present," Huitt declared decisively. "You've done the only thing that could be done—put Anthony into the hands of a first-class lawyer. So long as he tells him the truth he ought to get out of it all right. If you're going back by the usual train we might have a little further talk on the way down."

"Yes, I suppose I shall go home," Timothy Sarson groaned. "There's nothing more I can do up here. . . . By the way, Huitt, I didn't come in on banking business, but your folks outside are not oversmart today. You will have to get after them."

"What is wrong?" the bank manager asked, with a slight contraction of the lips.

"I saw Mr. Plumer standing at his desk as I came in, and I asked him to tell me the amount of my balance. He

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came back in a few moments and told me—where's that piece of paper?"—Mr. Sarson went on feeling in his waistcoat pocket—"here it is—six hundred and seventy-two pounds, eighteen shillings."

Mr. Huitt looked gravely astonished.

"That, I happen to know, is a very serious error, Mr. Sarson," he said. "I glanced at your account myself only the day before yesterday, and the size of your balance, with the bank rate at its present figure, rather appalled me."

"I knew that it was quite a large one," Mr. Sarson admitted. "We have a great deal of wine coming in with sight drafts attached to the bills of lading, a situation for which my cashier always makes full provision."

The bank manager rose to his feet.

"If you do not mind waiting for five minutes," he remarked, "I will put this matter right at once."

He handed his visitor the morning paper and left the room. Sarson, too nervous to remain for long in one position, moved restlessly about in his chair. He glanced at the clock—a very fine, dignified affair with the name of a famous maker on the dial, a clock which was fully in keeping with its austere but seemly surroundings. Only three minutes gone. He rose to his feet and began to walk up and down the office. He stopped to look at two very beautiful prints which hung on the color-washed walls, he read and verified the date upon two separate calendars. He walked up and down again, once more, his feet sinking noiselessly into the heavily piled carpet. He reached his chair, but he did not at once sit down. He found himself studying with absurd but unreasonable interest the various impedimenta upon the bank manager's desk.

It was indeed a model of neatness. There was scarcely a single document or letter visible. Three baskets labeled "Letters for Personal Attention," "Departmental Letters" and "Letters for Consideration" were fairly well filled, and the contents of each kept tidy and in good order by heavy paper weights. Upon the spotless blotter in front of the bank manager's empty chair was one object and one object only—a photograph turned upside down and secured in its place by another paper weight.

Mr. Timothy Sarson glanced drearily at the clock. It seemed incredible that only five minutes had passed since he had been left alone. Once more his eyes wandered over the various objects distributed on that faultlessly tidy table. They rested on the photograph and remained there. An absurd inclination suddenly took possession of the unnerved man. He wanted to lean over, remove the paper weight and look at the photograph! The idea of Mr. Huitt, whose lack of human weaknesses seemed to his neighbors to have reduced him to a complete and perfect piece of mechanism, having a photograph upon his desk at all seemed ridiculous. What sort of a photograph was it? The picture of a woman? Timothy Sarson, for the first time during the day, smiled. The idea was a trifle too ridiculous. A photograph of himself? Why?

IN GUARDED personal conversation Mr. Huitt had frequently declared that he had no living relatives or close connections of any sort. Whose photograph then was he likely to possess? For twelve years he had lived his simple tabulated life in touch all the time with the members of the "Club Car" and his few other neighbors in the Oasis, a perfectly attuned piece of human machinery. Of human feelings, as they are generally understood, Mr. Huitt had never given any indication. His judgments upon all matters were readily accepted because they were not only so accurate but because they were obviously unbiased by any personal prejudices. That he should like anyone well enough to care to have a photograph of him seemed to Sarson an idea little short of ludicrous.

He found himself leaning farther over the table. The inclination to look at that photograph was becoming irresistible. The meanness of schoolboy days was returning to the elderly wine merchant. He deliberately listened. The only sounds to be heard inside the building were the tapping of many typewriters and a faint murmur of distant voices. Mr. Sarson yielded to that irresistible inclination. He leaned over, removed the paper weight, lifted the photograph and looked at it. . . . He looked at it and he looked at it again. Slowly his full red lips parted, his eyes became almost fixed in their stare. He seemed incapable of replacing it. He felt that he must go on looking.

He failed to hear the door open behind him. It was the sound of Mr. Huitt's thin, but this time portentous, voice which brought him to himself:

"When you have quite satisfied your curiosity, Mr. Sarson, perhaps you would not mind replacing that picture."

Mr. Timothy Sarson did as he was bidden and collapsed into his chair with the feeling that he had made an utter fool of himself. The bank manager continued his quiet progress toward his accustomed place. He took up the photograph and laid it once more face downward upon his blotter, replaced the paper weight and consulted a slip of paper which he was carrying.

"The figures which were handed to you were entirely erroneous, Mr. Sarson," he announced. "Your balance three minutes ago was twenty-nine thousand, four hundred and seventy-two pounds, thirteen shillings and fourpence, subject to a few days' interest which at the moment we are not able to determine owing to uncertainty as regards the bank rate."

"Thank you very much," his client mumbled.

"MY ASSISTANT cashier," the bank manager continued, "begged me to present to you his most abject apologies for the figures he gave to Mr. Plumer. You and I are not subject to these human weaknesses," Huitt went on, with something that was very much like the suggestion of a sneer in his tone, "but as an excuse, if it can be accepted as an excuse, the man explained that he has been sitting up all night with his wife, who is ill, and he confused you for one moment with a Mr. Harwood, a builder and contractor, who is not unlike you in person. The figures he handed you were Mr. Harwood's.

"I am entirely in your hands in this matter, Mr. Sarson. If you consider that an error which was quite inexcusable and which may have caused you a few minutes' anxiety can be expiated only by dismissal, my clerk shall receive a month's notice today. If, on the other hand, you are content to accept his explanation of the unfortunate incident—"

"For God's sake, don't go on like that, man!" Sarson broke in, with a note of unusual and unexpected passion in his tone. "God help me, why should I want the young fellow to get the sack—especially if he is in trouble at home? A perfectly natural mistake, Huitt. I don't care a bit. I accept the young man's apologies."

"You are very kind, and I am sure he will be most grateful," Mr. Huitt said. "He is, as a matter of fact, an employee whom we think well of. You, too, Sarson," his friend went on, looking at him keenly through those oval-shaped spectacles, "are in what might be called trouble at home. You are, without a doubt, unnerved. Nevertheless, I am curious. Do you mind telling me exactly what induced you to examine a private belonging of my own lying in security upon my desk?"

"OH, FOR heaven's sake, don't be so formal!" Timothy Sarson, who was at most times the acme of formality himself, burst out. "Can't you understand? I scarcely know what I am doing. I walked round this room while you were outside, like a caged tiger. I glared at the clocks, I looked at your prints, I admired your neatness, I drank in the atmosphere of this severe, orthodox spider's parlor and then I saw that photograph. I could not think what in hell you were doing with a photograph. I looked at it again, and the next thing I knew I was holding it up and you came in. Now, let's deal with the matter from a different point of view."

"Let us deal with the matter from a different point of view," Huitt repeated with crisp exactitude. "Are you inviting me to a conference upon my belongings?"

"If you don't want me to make a scene and smash all your beautiful furniture, throw your neatly arranged

(Continued on page 48)

*Illustrated by George Howe*

**Timothy Sarson almost shouted: "Talk to me as man to man! That's the photograph of the woman who probably holds my son's life in her hands"**

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# Odd Chance

*A romance of the West, in which Martin O'Lane tries a daring experiment with the heart of a man*

## By Ernest Haycox

THE long, wet winter came to a climax with this—a furious release of water from a curdled black sky that sealed Pistol Gap within the close walls of the canyon. Such little afternoon as had been, now faded utterly and the lanterns and lamps of the town made brilliant, star-pointed patches all down the building rows. Rain formed in solid sheets against the walls, fell from eaves in twisted, glistening ropes and turned an already softened street to a river of mud. There was no safe crossing except at the Cattlemen's Rest, where planking had been laid. Traversing this insecure bridge, Martin O'Lane reached the saloon's porch and reflected he never had seen such a torrential downpour.

Going on into the saloon, he pushed his way through the jam with the added thought that Pistol Gap had about reached saturation point in winter population as well. It literally roared with its prospectors and trappers, its laid-off cowhands and its ranchers' families. There was a full-blooded pulse to the place, an electric excitement; in here the room hummed like a mill, the tobacco smoke rolled densely. When he got to the far corner table he found it preempted, as usual, by his own particular friends—Doc Nance, Theobald Smith of Y Cross, and Henry Dutcher, who owned the Blue Hills stage line. Martin O'Lane shook the water from his coat and sat down.

A smallish man, near forty, he was one of those indomitable, soft-spoken types credited with a dangerous temper. The sense of it was on his face—a sharply cut face never breaking far from a kind of disciplined gravity. Black, vigorous eyes suggested a rough-and-tumble will lying behind that gravity; he had, men knew, literally fought his way up from nothing to complete control of that Consolidation mine ten miles back in the hills, which year after year sent its steady shifts into the earth. Many people were afraid of him. But his speech now, as always, was very even, very courteous.

"The marshal," he observed, "has his work cut out for him tonight."

"Get a drink into you," said Doc Nance. "This is good pneumonia weather."

"Then some poker," added Theobald Smith.

A VERY tall and hearty-fronted fellow plowed his way through the crowd and stopped beside Martin O'Lane. "This," he said scowling, "is beyond me. I got to have help. The stage came in and left a woman. Come and see her, Martin."

The grouped men looked up, skeptically interested. O'Lane said: "What about her?"

"She's a pretty thing," said the hotel man. "Not a day over twenty-one."

"You shouldn't need any help there," chuckled Doc Nance.

"She wants," muttered the hotel man, "to find Tom Gatewood."

The others changed expressions immediately. Theobald Smith leaned back from the table and stared at Dutcher, who softly whistled. Doc Nance's lips came together. Martin O'Lane said: "Relative—sister?"

"She's from the East. Judge she's somebody he once made a promise to."

"And she's come to collect it," mused O'Lane.

"That," said Doc Nance, more and more unfavorable, "is one hell of a note."

"I thought so," answered the hotel man. "*I'm* not going to break the bad news. You talk to her, Martin."

Martin O'Lane laid his palms flat on the table, his gesture of passing a poor hand. "What could I do?"

IT WAS Doc Nance, so long trained to human emergency, who made the first decision. "We'll have to find young Gatewood, who is probably draped over the Red Front bar. You go see the girl, Martin, while we do this other chore. Tell her the boy is out on a trip but will soon be back. It'll give us time to get him fixed up."

Martin O'Lane slowly shook his head. "You're only prolonging certain disappointment. She might as well take the jolt now."

Nance stirred his whisky with a forefinger and his eyes, very tired and very kind, were half closed. "Maybe," he admitted. "Maybe so. Yet I have seen some hopeless cases work out."

Martin O'Lane got up, showing his dissent. "Why should I do this? You boys are too damned sentimental."

MARTIN O'LANE tapped on the door. He heard a woman's voice answer eagerly. When he entered he saw —before anything else—the fading of a strong, fine smile. She had been hoping, he realized, for Gatewood's quick arrival. The smile took its accompanying expectancy away and a slow apprehension began forming on the clear, nicely featured face. Martin O'Lane closed the door behind him, oddly unsure of himself. She was slim and rather tall. Her eyes, deep gray, were trying to hold courage against a great uncertainty. She had done little more than take off her hat; hadn't yet opened her bags. At once Martin O'Lane, not an impressionable man, felt the patience and the wistfulness of her character; and, self-contained as he was, he felt somehow allied to her cause.

"Something is wrong?" asked the girl. "Tom—"

"No, not at all," said O'Lane. "Young Gatewood does a lot of riding in the hills. He's out now. But he should be back tonight or in the morning." The courteous talk went evenly on. "He is expecting you?"

"No. It is the last thing in the world he expects."

"When he comes in I'll see him," said Martin O'Lane. He turned away, yet could not quite shake off his curiosity; and he asked, "Didn't he write you directions?"

The girl was reading him without much trouble. He felt that. She stood with her chin up and her mouth quietly pursed. After a while she surprised him by her quiet candor: "My last letter from him is a year old."

"I had no intention of prying," said Martin O'Lane quickly.

"There is no reason why I shouldn't tell you something you wanted to know. My name," she added irrelevantly, "is Ruth Long."

Martin O'Lane left the room with a sense of dissatisfaction and slight guilt. His own code was severe; he neither lied to others nor to himself and never softened his convictions. This piece of business was close to being unscrupulous. There was a strong, splendid girl—and what right had he to impose such a shady

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*Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops*

**She said, with a singing quietness, "I had to come, Tom"**

kindness upon her? More and more irritated, he climbed to the hotel's third floor, walked the length of the hall and went into his own room. Theobald Smith alone was there.

"Nance's got him in the bathroom. He was in the Red Front all right. In the usual shape. You found the girl?"

Martin O'Lane said "Yes" shortly and sat down. Presently Doc Nance came in, coat off and sleeves rolled up. There was an absorbed professional look about him. "Will he make it?" asked O'Lane.

"If I can't sober a drunk I'll turn in my license."

"It ain't one night's spree," observed Theobald Smith. "He's got a year's start. What's the girl look like, Martin?"

"Like any man would want his daughter to look."

Henry Dutcher entered with a pitcher and three cans of tomatoes which he opened and poured; and he handed Doc Nance a druggist's box. All this Martin O'Lane observed with a strict face and was about to speak when he heard young Tom Gatewood come down from the bathroom. Turning about, he was a little surprised. A cold bath and a shave had erased much of the ragged frowsiness of this man who had been no better than a bar-room bum for so long. Cleaned, Tom Gatewood once again resembled the youth who had first come to Pistol Gap.

Physically there was nothing wrong, Martin O'Lane thought. The boy was a good six feet, really impressive. He had an arched chest, a square jaw and the smoky-blue eyes that ought to belong to a fighter. He was even good-looking. The trouble, then, was mental. Somewhere along the line Tom Gatewood had gone crosswise with the fast, hard life of a man's country; he stood there in the doorway, sober enough now but looking down on the older ones with a dull, lackluster puzzlement. The fine sparkle of youth and hope was entirely missing. Martin O'Lane, who hated weakness because he had never known it, passed a silent, severe judgment.

Doc Nance handed young Gatewood a pair of white pills, then the pitcher of tomatoes. "Get it down," he said. After Gatewood obeyed, he added: "In about five minutes you'll feel caught up with yourself."

GATEWOOD slowly shook his head, finding difficulty with his tongue, as if it had suffered from disuse.

"I don't know," said Gatewood, utterly and wearily indifferent, "why you're doing this. But you're wasting your time."

"Listen carefully," spoke Doc Nance. "You ride the hills a great deal. That's why you've been away from Pistol Gap. You're tired because of the long journeyin' through the rain. The wind has made your eyes bloodshot. Remember that."

"What of it?" said young Tom Gatewood. He walked slowly around the room, with Doc Nance's critical eyes on him, and came before them again. Nance spoke to Martin O'Lane with a quiet satisfaction:

"He's yours now."

"You're not telling him?"

"No," said Doc Nance.

Martin O'Lane looked at his friends, obviously dissatisfied, and then went down the hall. Gatewood walked beside him, without question, without interest. At the girl's door Martin O'Lane muttered, "Straighten up your shoulders!" and knocked lightly. When the girl's voice struck through the wooden panel an odd and startled look swept over young Gatewood's face and Martin O'Lane, thinking, "He's in for a rough time," opened the door. But he was not able to avoid hearing what he actually didn't want to hear. The girl said, with a singing quietness, "I had to come, Tom." And there emerged from the young man a strange half-sob of breathing. Bitterly discontented, Martin O'Lane went on up the stairs and back to the room. The other three watched him questioningly.

"Why didn't you tell him?" Martin O'Lane demanded of Doc Nance.

"He'd of gone to her hangdog. This way the shock might stiffen him up."

Martin O'Lane ranged the room, more and more irritable. "She said she hadn't heard from him in over a year."

"That means," said Doc Nance gently, "she knew he was in trouble. She had to come. God bless women."

Martin O'Lane stopped his striding, looked severely down. "You're a soft-hearted fool. It won't work. He's weak clean through and if she doesn't discover that now she will when it's too late. We are doing her no kindness."

"I have known of some strange changes in men," murmured Nance, half to himself.

But Martin O'Lane was forming judgment on the basis of his own rough and rather bitter career. "A sound log echoes when you hit it. A rotten log doesn't. That boy is dead inside. You can't change the laws of nature. The fit survive, the others don't."

NANCE looked up quickly, pointing a stubby finger. "The laws of nature are sometimes cruel, which is why men change 'em. I'm not at all interested in the surviving fit. My only care is to correct the unfit. You're talkin' through your hat."

"Your first thought," argued Martin O'Lane, "is to ease pain. You're trying to do it now. But it won't work. Better to let her know the boy is a weakling."

"You willing to go tell her?"

Martin O'Lane turned, morosely circled the room. "No," he admitted.

"There you are."

"But if he messes up her life we're the ones to blame."

"I have seen some strange cures."

"How," wondered Theobald Smith, "did Gatewood get that way? He's big enough to stand on his own feet."

Nance seemed to have that very question in his head, for he replied in the manner of one summing up a problem: "He came here two years ago. I remember it. He went to work on a ranch. There was a bad gunfight which he got involved in. He didn't know anything about shootin' and I guess he had to crawl out or be killed. That put a bad dent in his pride. Then he took to prospectin'—thinkin' to make that fortune he come here for. Same old story. He didn't find it. The rest anybody can understand. The girl was waitin' and he couldn't make the grade. He took to drinkin'. I remember one more fight—with fists—when he came out second best. What you see of Tom Gatewood tonight is the surrender of a youngster who got bad breaks all along the line."

"There is no excuse for weakness," insisted Martin O'Lane.

Nance showed a slow, comprehending smile. "Not in your philosophy."

THE talk dragged and they sat like men waiting for important events to come. Martin O'Lane, more restless than the others, cruised the floor, his darkly cut face gone cold. Outside, the furious rain pounded roof and wall; all the street lights made a blurred radiance through the fogged window panes; the street was a solid silver sheet. Henry Dutcher, very sparing with his words, broke the silence:

"You got something more to worry about, Martin. Prayin' Bill is in town."

"No?" said Theobald Smith, jerking up his head.

Martin O'Lane turned from the window. "Was he alone?"

"Guess so," said Dutcher.

Theobald Smith looked at O'Lane. "He's not here for pleasure."

O'Lane shrugged his square, stiff shoulders. The door opened and all of them turned to stare at Tom Gatewood standing there. In that isolated moment Martin O'Lane felt a faint pity. It was a tragic thing for a ruined man to face the brighter past so unexpectedly. The effect of it lay on Gatewood's face. He was stone sober, his smoky eyes a-work with emotion. His mouth made a straight line across a colorless skin.

"I'm not thanking you," he said in a flat, flat voice, "for what you figured a kindness. You've made a liar out of me. Nance, I can't do it!"

*(Continued on page 41)*

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"He must be very nice—your father," she said. "Too bad his son takes things so hard"

# Lady's Luck

**A Short Short Story complete on this page**

## By John Wadsworth Paine

MISS TREMAINE! Miss Tremaine! Curtain going up in two minutes." The call boy's voice was urgent. It was his business to sound urgent. Privately he was feeling sad. After a record run, Riches Are Hers, one of the hits of the season, was closing. The curtain was going up on the last act of the last performance; he might never have the chance to call Juliet Tremaine again; he might never again see her small, imperious figure sweep down the corridor wearing glamour like a visible garment.

Inside the dressing-room Juliet Tremaine straightened herself on the couch and smiled tenderly at the young man seated on a hassock beside her.

"But I can't marry you, my dear," she said. "We belong to different worlds. Perhaps the two worlds touch here, at this moment. They won't stay that way. They'll carry us apart. So far apart we couldn't even talk."

Beneath the perfect lines of his dinner jacket the young man's shoulders stirred uneasily, as if baffled by an obstacle at which they could not hurl themselves. His blue eyes, sober for the moment, sought her laughing brown ones.

"It should be a challenge," he said. "You've conquered one world. Try another; it's already three quarters yours."

Juliet Tremaine laughed. "Your gallantry is spoiling your judgment. No part of your world is mine, or ever would be. I'd lose at the start. Picture your family's delight if you told them you were going to marry an actress!"

"I have," he replied promptly. "Dad came to the show last night. When it was over he looked at me and shook his head. 'You can't do it,' he said. 'No brat of mine could. But if you should, Harry, my boy, a long line of Donalsons would be proud of you.' "

*"Curtain going up. Curtain going up. Miss Tremaine!"*

Juliet Tremaine bent over and ran her fingers softly through Donalson's curly hair. "He must be nice—your father," she said. "Too bad his son takes things so hard."

Donalson seized her hand as she got to her feet. "Won't you?" he begged. "Won't you please say yes?"

"I never make decisions between acts," she said. "Wait for me."

At the door Prudence, the mulatto maid, stood ready with a rabbit's foot on a silver tray. Juliet lifted it and held it for an instant between her palms. "Pru," she murmured, "we'll have to read the signs."

Prudence's eyes, full of worship, followed her mistress down the corridor and then came back to Harry Donalson. In them he thought he could discern a faint look of defiance.

"Prudence," he said, "what did Miss Tremaine mean by reading the signs?"

"Jus' signs an' omens," the girl replied. Her eyes were now definitely hostile.

DONALSON became impressive. "Prudence," he said, "I have asked your mistress to marry me. If she agrees, you can be sure of a permanent position."

"Thank you, suh." Prudence spoke without conviction.

Donalson took a twenty-dollar bill from his wallet and held it in his hand.

"You don't think she will," he said. "Tell me why you don't."

Prudence's eyes fastened upon the money and clung there covetously. She shifted her weight. "It's dem signs," she said. "Dey's always wrong."

Donalson handed her the bill. "Tell me about them," he commanded.

Prudence pocketed the money hastily and glanced up at a horseshoe hanging on the wall. It was a huge piece of iron, carefully gilded and suspended from a nail by a bright red ribbon.

"Dey was a contrac'," she explained grudgingly, "an' Miss Juliet, she was jus' about goin' to write her name onto hit. Den dis iron fell an' Miss Juliet, she say she couldn' sign after dat. So nex' day de man bring a contrac' twicet as big. So Miss Juliet she say, 'Pru, dat my lucky horseshoe. Dat horseshoe say no fo' me.' "

"Let me get this straight," Donalson interposed. "Whenever Miss Tremaine wants to say no and can't bear to do it, she says yes and then the horseshoe falls. Is that it?"

Prudence nodded.

"How does it work?" he demanded, producing another bill. "What makes it fall?"

Prudence's description became glib. "Hit res' on a nail," she explained. "An' dat nail go thu de wall. When anybody git to pressin' Miss Juliet, I jus' joggle agin' de nail." She smiled with pride. "Miss Juliet, she so kin'-hearted she jus' can' say no."

Once more Donalson reached for his wallet. Prudence's eyes followed his hand as if hypnotized. Finally they broke away and she spread her fingers in front of her face.

"No, suh!" she cried. "I won' even look at dat money. I'se talk too much an' I'se gonna do like Miss Juliet say. I'se gonna joggle agin' dat nail."

"You don't want your mistress to get married, do you?" Donalson accused.

"No, suh," the girl replied. Her face curved into a candid grin. "Heap mo' gayety here," she explained.

Donalson stared at her for a moment with narrowed eyes and, as if convinced that the limit of her corruptibility had been reached, he put back his wallet. "All right, Prudence," he said. "Thanks."

When she was gone he started toward the horseshoe, hesitated; then resolutely turned his back and sat down.

REPEATED volleys of applause from the house aroused him before Juliet came in. A faint heightening of color in her cheeks and the added brilliance of her eyes alone attested her consciousness of triumph. He met her at the door.

"Now, now! This instant!" he cried. "Say you'll marry me."

Behind his back the horseshoe swung gently in the draft from the open door. Juliet stood on the threshold, silent, as if listening.

Faintly, from beyond the wall, came the sound of a tap.

"You admit you love me," he pleaded. "How can you hesitate?"

She smiled at him, teasingly. "You're impetuous," she said. "You must learn to be calm."

The narrow room reverberated with a sudden thud, as if someone had struck the wall with a chair. Donalson recoiled and glanced behind him.

Juliet reached up and took his face in her hands. "Don't worry about the horseshoe," she whispered. "I ruined two pairs of slippers driving in a new nail—this afternoon. But," she added, smiling, "you mustn't tell Prudence that I double-crossed her."

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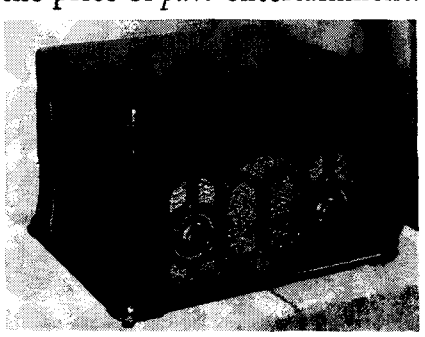

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WHEN Smith Wildman Brookhart fanned the Senate air as an Iowa Progressive, the Republican Old Guard disowned him and constantly assailed him as a "cowhide radical." His fantastic economic theories, including his daily demand for recognition of Soviet Russia, gave shooting pains to such high priests of conservatism and constitutionalism as Reed Smoot, David A. Reed and Charles Evans Hughes.

The late Albert B. Cummins, whom he defeated, characterized him as an "economic illiterate," and Warren G. Harding's father regretted his election in 1922 because "we have enough radicals and mischief-makers at Washington without sending another one there." Equally conservative Democrats often agreed.

Mr. Brookhart may now do a little gloating himself. His appointment as economic adviser engaged in seeking new markets with the Soviet—and other nations on the side—shows how times and thoughts have changed. Although he presides over nothing more than a drab Department of Agriculture office, sparsely furnished with a desk, two tables, a wooden file cabinet, a few chairs and a hatrack, he boasts that he is "the only government official who has recognized Russia."

He has regular meetings with Boris Skvirsky, the erstwhile Siberian exile now serving as the unrecognized Soviet ambassador at Washington. But, what is more significant, he receives daily letters and visits from great corporations which want him to get them trade with Russia. He loads them down with copies of the Soviet Union Review, a magazine published by Comrade Skvirsky, and sprinkles them with eulogies of the accomplishments of the first Five-Year Plan. Unlike those Senate days, he is listened to respectfully—and hopefully—by those who once looked to Messrs. Smoot, Reed and Hughes as the sources of all economic wisdom.

Times have changed, too, for Mr. Skvirsky, who is officially head of the Russian Information Bureau. Almost isolated for a large part of his ten years' stay at the capital, he now receives frequent visits—from publicists, professors, economists, minor officials and journalists—in his red-brick, ivy-grown house on Massachusetts Avenue. Except for getting out reports and publications on Russia, he has lived as a recluse, sending home data on American conditions and sentiment as any titled diplomat is supposed to do. He used to meet hostility on the rare occasions when he traveled outside Washington, but he found cordiality and friendly interest when he undertook a speaking tour as far west as California last year.

Stocky and black-eyed, he sits in his book-walled library and discusses the Soviet experiment emotionally but sanely. It still has far to go, he admits with an eloquent gesture that combines the patience of Tolstoy and the drive of Stalin.

### A Hand-Wave at Moscow

Although some officials feel that Mr. Brookhart is a bit too evangelistic, his appointment is a generous gesture toward Moscow. It is a far step from the time when Bainbridge Colby, in 1920, warned American investors and business men that there was no certainty whether their concessions would be safe under any régime which succeeded the "Bolsheviks"; from the time when the correct Mr. Hughes set up unctuous conditions for recognition; from the day when American representatives at the 1932 Geneva disarmament conference refused to endanger their morals by having tea with Max Litvinoff, Soviet Foreign Affairs Commissar.

Ray Moley, former Assistant Secretary of State, had a half-hour talk with M. Litvinoff at the recent London parley, and Mr. Brookhart would swap all his marksmanship medals—he is a crack shot and veteran of two wars, though a pacifist—for a talk with the Soviet statesman. The former senator never won honors as a diplomat, but he knows that "money talks" in diplomacy as well as in Wall Street. So he thinks that his Russo-American "fantasies" may be coming true, as do more restrained men.

Nobody, for instance, ever called Jesse H. Jones a "radical" in economics or politics. A Houston Democrat, this tall, handsome Southerner was named by ex-President Hoover as a member of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and he is now its chairman. Although a hard-headed business man, owning hotels, oil concerns, insurance companies, a newspaper and cotton plantations, he has a touch of the gambler in him. He brought the 1928 Democratic convention to Houston—the first to be held in the South since before the Civil War. Everybody laughed at him when he suggested it, but he did it by raising the ante on all rival bidders.

He is trying the same tactics now in a move to regain lost markets in Russia and win a potentially enormous trade in the future. He thinks that Russia is a good gamble. While Mr. Brookhart looks ahead to recognition as a further aid to trade, Mr. Jones talks exports, credits and future possibilities with Peter A. Bogdanov, the blond Russian who heads the Amtorg Trading Corporation in this country.

The two arranged for the first sale of $4,000,000 worth of cotton to Amtorg, with the R. F. C. underwriting half of the sum for the American seller. Though it was the first direct Washington-Moscow deal in fifteen years, it was only a feeler designed to discover what the popular reaction would be. Since nobody stormed the White House—with the exception of letters from certain super-patriotic groups—by the time this is published the R. F. C. may have agreed to extend credits to the extent of $50,000,000, the government to assume as much as 75 per cent of the burden over a three- to five-year period.

The Roosevelt Administration, in short, wants to regain a foothold in the Russian market. From 1923 to 1932 the Soviet imported $610,000,000 worth of goods from the United States, giving us a favorable balance of $482,000,000. Our exports to Russia totaled $111,000,000 in 1930 and $103,000,000 in 1931, but dropped to $12,600,000 in 1932, and will almost vanish this year. The decrease was due to lack of credits, Russia's deliberate curtailment, and to barriers erected by the Hoover Administration at the behest of powerful industrial and political interests.

### Back to Common-Sense Relations

As the drop came just when European competitors were extending long-time credits, it turned the Soviet trade in other directions. So the present plan to finance and facilitate trading relations is an attempt to remain in the world race for imports to the Soviet. Should their experiment succeed and Russia become an important factor in world markets, the present investment may bring large returns. Anyway, Mr. Jones is willing to lay a large wager of your money and mine on the side of success.

Therein lies the real significance of Mr. Jones' action. It means that the Roosevelt Administration is betting real and big money on the success and permanence of a government which previous administrations have reviled and outlawed. If it does not presage eventual recognition—and many insist it does—it shows that the present Administration is willing to take a new and square look at the Soviet, and to arrange a friendly and common-sense basis of mutual relations. Changed circumstances affecting world debts, world trade and world politics have apparently convinced officialdom, moving faster now than ever before, that friendly relations are desirable and necessary, especially as the United States is the only great power to withhold recognition.

So far the diplomats are keeping out of this plot discreetly and deliberately.

*(Continued on page 40)*

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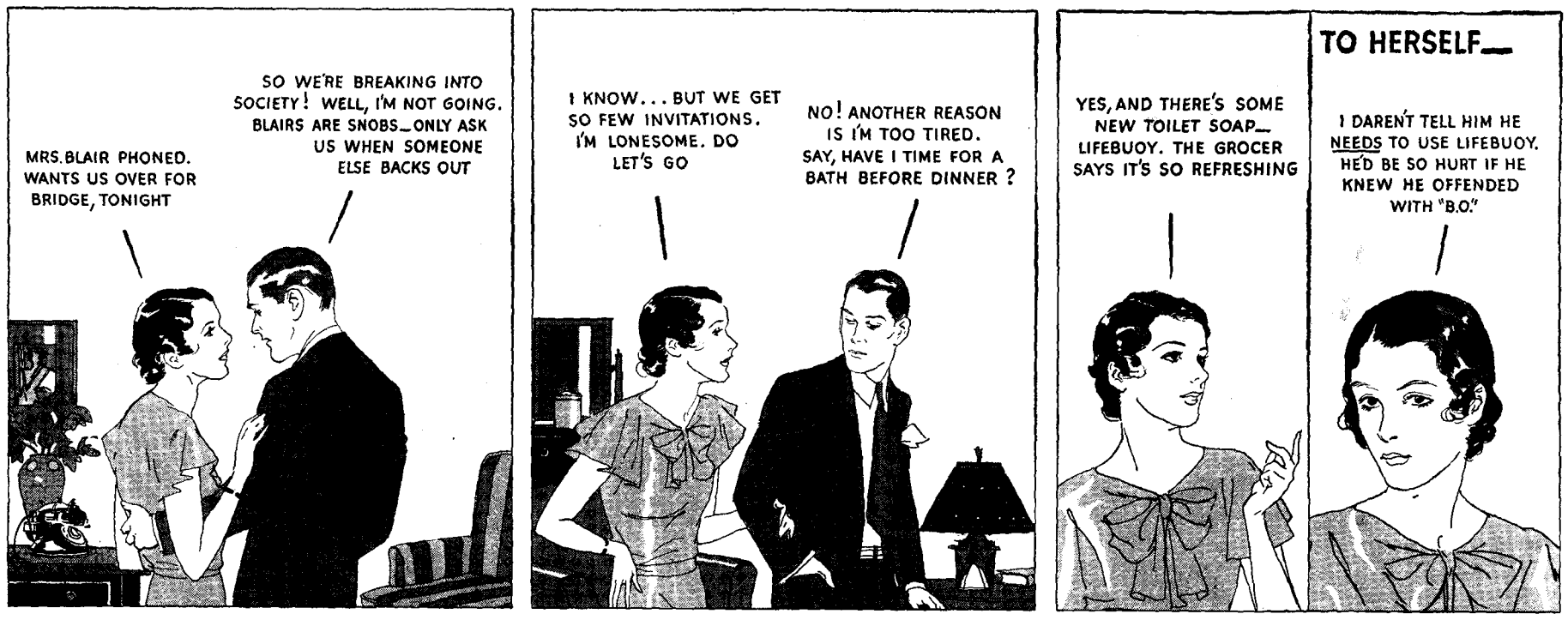
# BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

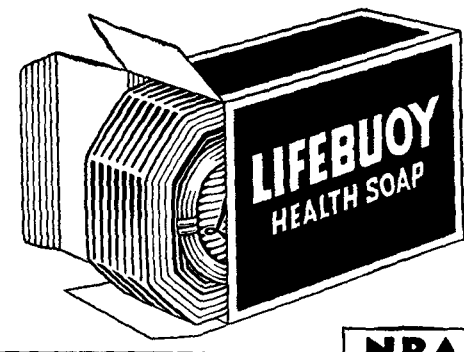

MRS. BLAIR PHONED. WANTS US OVER FOR BRIDGE, TONIGHT
SO WE'RE BREAKING INTO SOCIETY! WELL, I'M NOT GOING. BLAIRS ARE SNOBS—ONLY ASK US WHEN SOMEONE ELSE BACKS OUT
I KNOW... BUT WE GET SO FEW INVITATIONS. I'M LONESOME. DO LET'S GO
NO! ANOTHER REASON IS I'M TOO TIRED. SAY, HAVE I TIME FOR A BATH BEFORE DINNER ?
YES, AND THERE'S SOME NEW TOILET SOAP— LIFEBUOY. THE GROCER SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING
TO HERSELF—
I DAREN'T TELL HIM HE NEEDS TO USE LIFEBUOY. HE'D BE SO HURT IF HE KNEW HE OFFENDED WITH "B.O."
LIFEBUOY'S GREAT ! GRAND LATHER. FEEL SO CLEAN AND PEPPED UP... D'YOU REALLY WANT TO GO TO BLAIRS' HONEY ? O.K.
WHAT THE BLAIRS THOUGHT—
THEY'RE A NICE COUPLE. LET'S HAVE THEM OVER OFTEN. BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS.. .. CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
SO HE WAS. BUT HE MUST BE USING LIFEBUOY NOW. I'M SO GLAD. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED HER AND NOW WE CAN BE REALLY NEIGHBORLY

## MY SKIN IS CLEARER AND FRESHER, TOO

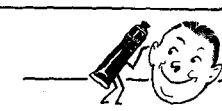
NO WONDER women everywhere are enthusiastic over Lifebuoy! For they find it not only prevents embarrassing "B.O." (*body odor*)—but also improves the complexion. Lifebuoy lather is bland and soothing. Yet it gives the thorough, *pore-deep* cleansing essential to complexion beauty. It gently washes away clogged impurities; freshens dull skins to glowing health.

### Notice its clean scent

You'll quickly learn to love its clean, refreshing scent that vanishes as you rinse. For it tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does *more!*

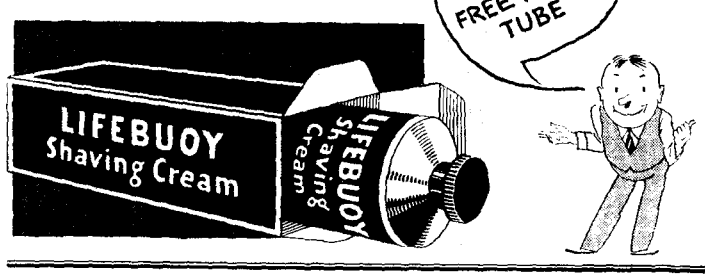



# HELPFUL HINTS FOR SHAVERS



NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

JOE, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D SHAVED WITH A BUTTER SPREADER
MY RAZOR BLADES AREN'T MUCH BETTER. THEY DON'T GET MY TOUGH WHISKERS OFF CLEAN AND THEY RUIN MY TENDER SKIN
TEN TO ONE IT'S NOT THE BLADES AT ALL. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT WILTS TOUGH BEARDS—SOOTHES THE SKIN
YOU'RE ON. I'LL TRY IT TOMORROW MORNING
GOSH, WHAT A LATHER! A LIFEBUOY SHAVE IS THE SHAVE FOR ME— SMOOTH AND EASY. AND MY FACE FEELS LIKE A MILLION




## Drown all your shaving troubles in this extra-moist, soothing lather

A TOUGH beard and tender skin don't mean a thing when you use this new extra-moist lather—you get clean, smooth, lasting shaves *in solid comfort.* Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. It soaks the fight out of the meanest whiskers—softens 'em up for the razor—so they come off close and clean—without pull, rasp or burn. And it soothes your skin—leaves it smooth, supple, relaxed. Thrifty, too, a little goes so far. Try it. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A1110, Cambridge, Mass., for a free trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

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# "A SAFETY-STEEL

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH FRED C. NOBLI

## "A ten-ton load landed on top of my PLYMOUTH and— I lived to tell the tale!"

FRED C. NOBLE is a Plymouth salesman. But Fred Noble isn't giving you sales talk when he tells you you are safer in a Plymouth! He's alive today to talk to you—because Plymouth has a modern body of safety-steel built on a solid rigid-X double-drop frame!

The pictures tell the story. How a three and a half ton truck with a six and a half ton load crashed over on top of Noble's car.

They *don't* show the terrific impact of those ten tons traveling at 40 miles an hour! They *don't* show how the force of the crash drove the wheels four and five inches into the solid earth!

Fortunately they do show Fred Noble alive and unhurt — with only a slight scratch to show for his experience. A scratch so slight it didn't even need a doctor's attention!

We might go on to tell you how the Plymouth was found to be perfectly in line after the accident — how doors opened easily and closed perfectly.

But these things are not the point. The point is that a life was saved. Saved because Plymouth is built of steel reinforced with steel.

These Plymouth bodies take more punishment — stand up under harder impacts. Wood is not used in any of the parts that are called on to bear strain and shock.

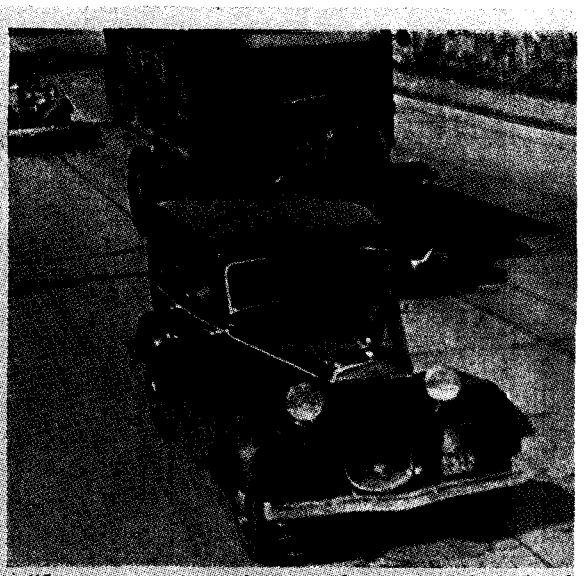
These bodies, mounted on rigid-X double-drop frames, will not twist or buckle under unusual pressure.

We hope you never have a ten-ton load drop onto your car. But if such an experience ever should happen to you—we hope, for your sake—you are traveling in a modern car—with a body built to fit today's conditions.

• • •

PLYMOUTH HAS OTHER THINGS besides a safe body. Hydraulic brakes are always equalized. The braking action is the same on all four wheels. That means quicker, surer stopping—and more miles of hard driving without a relining job.

## How the ACCIDENT Happened



"I NEVER REALIZED quite how important safety-steel bodies were until one day not long ago . . ."

"I WAS DRIVING down grade . . . and had signal for a left turn. A big truck was coming right behind me

"I'M GLAD MY FAMILY WAS NOT ALONG that day. Every time I look at these youngsters of mine a

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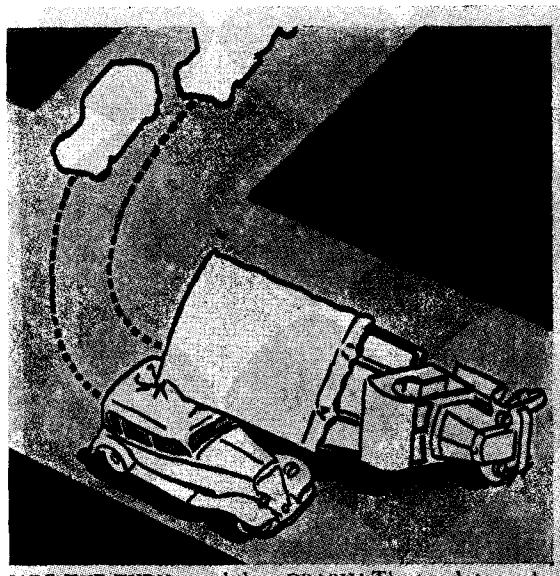
# BODY *Saved my Life!*"

MOUTH SALESMAN, STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT



IADE THE TURN—and then CRASH! The truck turned —and the whole load came down on top of my car!"

"FRIENDS MARVELED that I escaped without a serious injury. I give all of the credit to Plymouth."

what happened to me—I thank heaven that Plymouth designers are satisfied *only* with safety-steel bodies!"

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Floating Power engine mountings mean extra comfort. They eliminate all vibration from the motor . . . so you can ride relaxed.

Altogether, *there are more than twenty points of engineering value* where Plymouth offers more than any other low-priced car. That is why we ask you to go to the nearest Plymouth dealer and find out *first hand* about Plymouth.

Study the car—get into it—look under the hood. *See* the things that make it the "best buy." Then ask the dealer for a ride. It puts you under no obligation. *Drive* Plymouth yourself and find out just how much those features mean to you *out on the road.*

Do that and we believe you will understand why so many people *buy Plymouth* after looking "at all three" low-priced cars.

Standard Models: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble seat coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe Models: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; convertible coupe $595; rumble seat coupe $545; business coupe $495. Floating Power engine mountings, safety-steel bodies, hydraulic 4-wheel brakes standard equipment. All prices F. O. B. factory, Detroit, Mich., and subject to change.

# PLYMOUTH SIX

## $445

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

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ARVIN

HOT WATER
CAR HEATERS

*As low as*
$12.50

***When people are shivering*** on the streets — and in unheated cars — let your family enjoy the comfort and protection of an Arvin Hot Water Car Heater. An Arvin Hot Water Car Heater is a gift for your whole family—and you'll save money by buying this year while prices are still low. It's a small investment that pays handsome dividends by making every winter drive a pleasure. Arvins this year are improved in many ways. Heating capacity is greater. An Arvin develops and circulates enough heat to defy the most extreme weather. A new multi-speed, illuminated control switch enables you to turn your Arvin down to a mere breath of warmth for days that are only chilly. The handsome styling of the new heaters harmonizes with any car interior. Priced from $12.50 up. Sold by car and accessory dealers, garages and service stations everywhere. Get your Arvin installed now.

**ARVIN FAN-FORCED ELECTRIC ROOM HEATER**

Just the thing for extra or temporary heat anywhere. Keeps baby warm for bath or play — and the whole family enjoys it, too. Just plug it in any 110 A.C. wall outlet. Two models —$5.95 and $7.95. Sold by hardware, electrical and department stores.

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, Inc., COLUMBUS, IND.

# Farewell to Spring

*Continued from page 9*

said that Wu handles the mission money —sends out supplies. You won't have any trouble getting enough money to get out?"

"I don't know just how I stand. Our salaries came through, but the expenses were so heavy that Wu used them for things we ordered."

"Did he?" McArthur asked. "That's a habit of his. If you don't mind, I'll go with you when you see him. Mind?"

"No. As soon as we get into the city."

"We'll go to my inn first. I—well, the truth is, if I don't get this robe off and have three or four washes, I'm going to take wings and fly."

When McArthur finally tapped on her door at the inn, she called, "Smoke a cigarette. Did you get some? How was the bath?"

"Grand. I organized a coolie bucket brigade, and they put out the fire."

THE door was opened; she stared at Ben, and McArthur stared at her. Together they said, "Well!" and both began to laugh. The rumpled white uniform had been replaced by a smooth dark dress, kept at the inn for many months. The red lama had disappeared; in his place was an undeniable white man, in old tweeds vastly different from the enveloping and verminous red costume.

Her hand went out and, as it did, she swayed a little toward him.

Ben wanted to hold her, kiss her. He said grimly, "Let's go see Wu and get it over with." . . . Chun Chang—Farewell to Spring. . . . That was about the way he was feeling himself. She was lovely. More, she was dear, and he'd never see her again. Never tell her that he wanted her, needed her, loved her. . . .

"Of course," she said, catching her breath.

McArthur carried the bag, in which were the remains of the Kuan Yin. He banged on Wu's door. Inside, it was dim and cool, and when a servant showed the way to a room, Ben noticed a Chinese youngster engaged in the delightful occupation of blowing grains of rice at flies on the wall—and hitting them, too.

Wu Wei Ling smiled all over his face as he waddled into the room. He bowed to the white man; he said to the girl, "I am pleased that you escaped. We heard there was trouble near Yang Ho, and I caused prayers to be said. The gods must have listened, for you are both here."

Not to be outdone, Ben said, "I trust your health is excellent?"

"With me, it is well. But my son—*hai-ya!* He can hardly see to put down his feet. Why, I cannot permit him to play with other children, lest he become injured. It is very lonely for him."

McArthur thought of the child in the hallway, hitting flies with rice grains.

"You have obtained the Kuan Yin?" asked Wu.

"Yes. Before we conclude our business, the lady wishes to return to Shanghai, and her money is in your honorable hands. . . ."

"It was," agreed Wu sadly. "What is left of it? Nothing. The food we sent to Yang Ho! The linen for bandages! The—"

"Do you always use the same tale?" Ben asked soberly.

"You hurt me, Mr. McArthur," said Wu. "I was about to offer Miss Meade her passage, from my own pocket."

Ben saw light. "As you offered me, to get us out of the country!"

"My books," Wu smiled, "are always open to examination. Now, please give me the Kuan Yin."

Ben had no intention of being tricked. "I've got it. Pay me what was agreed —the salary I didn't get for three years."

"Three, Mr. McArthur?" Wu's eyes wandered to the bag. "Oh, hardly! Three? I said it would be a year's salary."

"Then I will keep the Kuan Yin."

"Which would force me to tell the priests that a white man has stolen the sacred image, and you can guess what will happen to you."

Ben said, fencing, "Then I'll give the Kuan Yin to the temple here."

Wu blew out his cheeks in anger, and then said mournfully, "I am a father and my son becomes almost blind. . . . Two years' pay I will give."

McArthur shook his head.

"No? Then—let us make a proper bargain. In return for the maps you made, and the Kuan Yin, I will give not two years' salary but four. Agreed?"

So the whole performance had been staged to give Wu an opportunity to get hold of the maps, after the white man had become desperate? Ben grabbed the girl by the arm. "We'll walk to Shanghai and swim home," he said. He fairly pulled her out of the room; at the door he turned and snapped, "If you want the Kuan Yin, send what you owe—which is less than you've stolen—to the inn. Tonight!"

It was all the girl could do to keep up with him; they were back at the inn before McArthur said, "I've got to get you out of here."

"If he wants the Kuan Yin—"

"He doesn't want it at all. His boy can see perfectly. He'd take it, because it's worth a couple of thousand, but he sent me to Yang Ho just to have the chance to refuse payment, and then, being desperate, I'd listen to him. If I hadn't gone and asked for the chance, he'd have found some other way to get me down. He doesn't know where my notes are, or he'd have stolen 'em. I—"

Wu must have followed them; he called through the door, "May I enter?" Into McArthur's grim countenance Wu was able to smile. "I have changed my mind," he said. "What is past is past. Let me have the Kuan Yin."

"And call it a gift?" Ben asked.

Wu's eyes lighted; then he said, "I could not accept such a valuable porcelain without paying for it. Shall we say a hundred dollars—Mex?"

"The Kuan Yin is worth a thousand or more, Wu."

"Three hundred."

BEN glanced at the white girl; she shook her head.

"I've got the Kuan Yin," he said steadily, "but you may not want it. Because it's broken."

"*Hai!* What? You brought all of it? Every piece?"

McArthur picked up the bag. "I've got it all," he said.

"Give it to me! I will pay—"

The white man began taking out the pieces of porcelain. The head and shoulders. The round breasts, partially covered by supplicating hands. The torso. The lotus on which the image had stood. . . . Wu's breath began to come fast; he licked his lips, but said nothing. One by one McArthur examined the hollow fragments; one by one he put them back into the bag, away from the clutching fingers. The base of the image, the lotus blossom, was apparently a solid piece of porcelain, and the goddess had been fused to it. Around the edge, inside the delicate petals, was a thin circle of indented ornament. McArthur pressed on it—and it gave!

In the base of the Kuan Yin was old silk fluff, faded crimson and blue. Next, something hard and heavy. Ben picked it out.

In the palm of his hand gleamed a huge emerald, inscribed with talismanic symbols. The stone was a rich, deep green, like deep water in a sunless pool.

"*Aieee!*" breathed the merchant. "It was there! The tale was true! What a jewel—the gem of the Great Emperor himself!" He added unhappily, "And you have found it, Mr. McArthur, and it is yours. Now, I will retire to my house, and meditate on the Nine Virtues. . . ."

Without moving, Ben said, "If I let you get away now, you'd have your servants make a sieve of me before an hour passed. I'm going to tie you up, Wu, but first, let that gun drop out of your sleeve. . . . Thanks!"

His hand was over the merchant's mouth; Wu was gagged and bound. McArthur took from him his purse, and without haste counted the money.

"You swindled me, you cheated Miss Meade, and the emerald never was yours," said Ben. "It wasn't anybody's. I suppose it was put in the Kuan Yin because it has some miraculous power governing sight. The Kuan Yin can be patched up, but the emerald is mine. I'll fix it with the innkeeper so that you can meditate all night, and after that we won't care. . . ."

RIVERWARD they went. The sun dropped down and the moon came up, but not until Wai Lo swayed in the saddle did McArthur look for a halting place.

He said, "We'll get to the river tomorrow. Then—Shanghai!" They were well off the road, and the man spread blankets on the ground. "I'll hold the emerald until we're in America. We're all fixed for the passage. Wu's purse was heavy."

"I'm not sleepy," the girl said. "Don't tell me to go to sleep. You say that every night." She put her hand on his arm. "Why don't you like me?"

Ben said, "I suppose you—well, loved somebody, and he died, or something happened, and so you . . ."

She looked squarely at him; for the first time Ben heard her laugh. Soft. A husky, throaty laugh—delicious.

"So that's it!" she said. "You think because the Chinese call me Farewell to Spring that I'm under vows never to be —be—"

"Married," Ben said for her. "Aren't you?"

He didn't realize it, but both hands were gripping her shoulders.

"Married? Of course I'm not."

"You know what I mean. You haven't taken some vow—"

"No. My name's such a foolish one. Godetia. The Chinese couldn't pronounce it, and they called me—"

Ben's arms tightened. He didn't understand at all yet, so he said, "It's a sweet name."

"Godetia's a flower, silly. At home we call it farewell-to-spring." As she lifted her face, she managed to say breathlessly, "Darling!" and then Ben was kissing her.

The Chinese maid raised up on one elbow, watching with interest. She thought, "So that is how white lovers do. It looks very nice. I—I should like to try it myself!"

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# THE NATION PAINTS!

## Painting Revival Invades Cities, Towns and Farms— Demand for *SHERWIN-WILLIAMS* Money-Saving Quality Paints Hits Highest Peak in Years

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS NEWS PHOTO FLASHES**

### AMAZING WASHABLE WALL FINISH DEFIES IODINE, INK, GREASE AND STEAM

Mistakes will happen in any home. And often the walls of kitchens and bathrooms suffer. But not walls finished with Sherwin-Williams steam-proof, washable Semi-Lustre. Its beautiful, soft colors are supported by a finish of porcelain-like hardness that is literally *stain*-proof. Not only the common finger prints—but even such disastrous "mistakes" as ink spots and iodine can be washed off clean as a whistle with plain soap and water.



Semi-Lustre is a beautifier. But it is also a time-saver, a labor-saver and a money-saver. An average size kitchen or bathroom can be refinished with less than $3.00 worth of Semi-Lustre. See your Sherwin-Williams dealer.

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS**
***SEMI-LUSTRE***
**WASHABLE WALL FINISH**

**NRA THERMOMETER STARTS HOT DRIVE** — *Brawley, Calif.* Aided by such celebrities as Miss Lucille Coulter, who was "Miss Imperial Valley of 1933," and Donald J. Bell (retired founder of Bell and Howell, movie camera makers). Brawley enlists giant thermometer in a drive to be the first to reach 100% N R A honors in Southern California. Sherwin-Williams Quality Paints were used on this display.

(Central Press Photo.)

**FIRST HOME SAVED BY FEDERAL LOAN**—*Chicago, Ill.* The nation-wide distinction of receiving the first mortgage loan issued by the new Federal Home Owners' Loan Corporation goes to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Burgwald, who own a 6-room bungalow at 10628 Ave. F., Chicago, Ill. The photographer caught the painter sprucing up the Burgwald's "saved home" with fine old *SWP*, one of the famous Sherwin Williams Quality Paints.

Increasing faith in the future is definitely seen in the nation-wide boom of painting. Eager to make up for several years of neglect—industry as well as the individual property-owner is making the paint brush fly.

In city, town and hamlet the camera records scenes of painting activity. And incidentally—public preference is evidenced by the nation-wide demand for Sherwin-Williams Money-Saving Quality Paint Products.

Call at your local "Paint Headquarters". Get a *free* copy of the new Sherwin-Williams "Home Decorator" for suggestions on smart interior and exterior effects. The Sherwin-Williams Company, 603 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

**FAMOUS STAGE STAR COMMENDS S-W PAINTER**—*New York, N.Y.* Wm. Gaxton, "Of Thee I Sing" star, stops during motor tour to commend surprised painter on the imposing effect of Sherwin-Williams spectacular trade-mark cut-out. These brilliantly colored, 45-ft. displays are finished with Sherwin-Williams Kem finishes. Mr. Gaxton is now starring in "Let 'Em Eat Cake".

**BEAUTY AT THE BILTMORE POOL**—*Miami, Florida.* Four dainty water nymphs add a further touch of allure to the sparkling water and bright new finish of the Biltmore pool in sunny Florida. This famous rendezvous of water stars was recently refinished with Sherwin-Williams Stucco and Concrete Paint.

**CAUGHT IN THE ACT** —*Henderson, Texas.* Our recent public offer of $25.00 for news pictures caught Mr. Kenneth D. Moore in the act of painting his Tropical Fish Aquarium with Sherwin-Williams Enameloid. Mr. Moore is the first to receive the $25.00 award for a published picture.

**THE "OLD MAESTRO" ALONE** — *Chicago, Ill.* "All the lads" are missing from this picture as Ben Bernie, the "old maestro", does a solo on a mussy fender, with Sherwin-Williams Opex Polish. But you'll hear them altogether most any night on the air.

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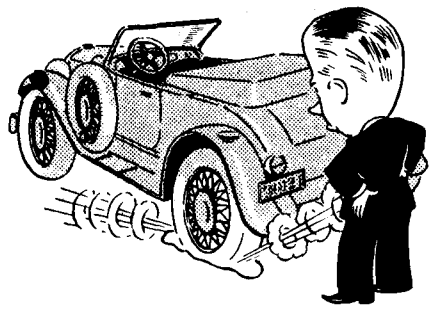

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A scientific rubber welding process which makes repairs a permanent part of tubes or casings—and

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More than 22 million inner tubes and casings repaired every year with Bowes "Seal-Fast" patent process—and not a failure of record.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

A few territories open to good salesmen who can finance themselves and prove their ability to run their own business.

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BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORP.
DEPENDABLE AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

★


# Time for Revenge

*Continued from page* 19

lightly. "In an hour I will have forgotten you."

"But I won't let you. That's the advantage of meeting a lovely woman on a liner. She can't get away from you."

"Of course she really can if she wants to."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Would you care to dance?"

They danced in silence.

He smiled inwardly. He felt that they understood each other. He tried to convey a subtle fervency by the way he held her. His blood tingled and he profoundly regretted the time he had spent sluggishly in a deck chair.

Long after midnight, Wiley sat in his pajamas, in his cabin, his legs swinging over the arms of a chair, smoking a last cigarette before bed. He whistled jubilantly. Tomorrow he thought, or tomorrow's tomorrow.

IN a cabin on A deck Frances Ruger, in a black negligee, sat with her long, silken-pajamaed legs out in front of her and her bare feet crossed in the center of a Chinese scene on a little French armchair.

Be temperate, she said to herself. Be temperate and cautious. Then she laughed. Why, she had just met him. He attracted her, she confessed. But love—she understood love; it had betrayed her twice. She was like her father, gambling Michael Ruger. Impulsive. One man had turned out to be utterly meaningless, the other had been rotten. She had too much integrity; she had divorced them both. Oh, she laughed at herself. She had learned, and love wouldn't catch her unsuspecting.

There was a tap on her door. It was her stewardess.

"Did you find out?"

"I asked the lift operator what deck he let 'im out at," the stewardess said. She was square and granite-faced. He's down on C deck. The steward down there told me his name's Wiley Sanford."

Gambling Michael Ruger's daughter's face did not change. She tipped the woman and watched her go. Wiley Sanford. She leaned over the arm of her chair and from a case on the table jerked a cigarette, which she lighted and then crushed out, barely smoked.

Then she got up and strode across the room and punched the button for the stewardess. To the latter, standing again in the doorway with the light of intrigue in her homely face, Frances said, "I want to send a radiogram."

The woman disappeared to fetch her some blanks, and Frances sat at the table composing a message. It was a radio to Kathleen Marley. She finally wrote: "The friend of the family is aboard. I have met him and he is mine." She walked around the room, her face sullen, her lips compressed.

When the stewardess returned with the radio blanks, she tossed them on the table, took up the message she had scrawled and tore it in half.

IN THE respectful quiet of the ballroom a Spanish star of the Metropolitan was singing the tragic Liebestod. Outside, in the semi-gloom of the deck, two figures lounged at an open window, listening.

Frances Ruger, standing with her white evening cloak thrown back from her naked shoulders, her hands on her hips, was reflecting that Isolde had been a fool. Behind her stood Wiley Sanford.

She lifted her arms to draw her cloak up. He helped her and his arms were half about her. He could have crushed her to him.

They strolled aft. She sensed her vengeance. Where it was dark, on the upper promenade, they leaned on the rail. The wake spread a silver, feathered fan far astern.

"It's black," he whispered, and closed one hand over hers. She did not draw away. "You seem unhappy. Tonight we can forget everything," he said ardently. "There is nothing anyhow but the present. Here we are remote." He pointed with his free hand at a light, mysterious and faint in the faraway curtain of darkness. "We are as remote as that. It might be a ship, or a star, but for us it is just a point suspended there. This is like that."

His arms were around her. She made no resistance. She felt his lips against hers. He might have thought she surrendered, with his lips on her red, half-parted ones.

He could have brushed away her hands, now against his shoulders, pushing him away. But she looked at him derisively. He straightened up, and she fled.

Down in her cabin she threw off her cloak triumphantly. She walked around the room, brushing back her thick hair with the tips of her fingers, with a gesture that was airily theatric. She glanced at the table, speculatively eyed the radio blanks still there, and sat down.

She wrote: "The friend of the family is aboard. Have met him and he is mine. Will cut out his heart and send it to you."

She left it there, as though she had definitely decided to send it, and prepared for bed. But when she was in her pajamas, she picked the message up, gazed at it for a long time, and suddenly, as she had destroyed the first one, tore this one in half.

IN THE foyer at the end of an A deck passageway, Wiley, meanwhile, had confronted a stewardess. He had followed Miss Smith with a feeling of anger and dismay. He had followed her down to A deck, where she had vanished into a cabin. She had nodded to a stewardess in passing, and this woman, who was square and granite-faced, Wiley had accosted, with an inspiration.

"Who is that girl?" he had demanded.

He had been surprised to see the woman blush. Face to face with the man she had spied upon, she had become idiotically panic-stricken. She had blurted out, "Miss Ruger, sir—Miss Frances Ruger," and had stood gaping at the expression on his face.

At first he hadn't comprehended it. The coincidence was too preposterous. Then he had looked around fearfully to see whether she was in sight, and had bolted to the privacy of his own room.

She knew who he was. But she might not. He had booked at the last minute and his name was not on the printed passenger list and he had told her he was a Jones.

Jones! Oh, Lord—of course she knew, and then it would appear—it would appear—how, in Heaven's name? That he had been concealing his name so that he could amuse himself with a woman he had denounced. He sank down heavily on the bed. The worst of all, she might suppose he had thought he could play any game with her because she *was* Frances Ruger. She might think that. She mustn't think it. Oh, Lord, he couldn't have it. He loved her. Let God be his witness, he was in love with her. He sat there rigidly, awed.

He rose and took off his dinner jacket with a deprecatory shake of his head. It was silly. She was undeniably fascinating. And he was temporarily infatuated. Like Jack; for genuine love would have conquered even a British caution about taste. Jack had realized it was only infatuation. He had simply to realize it. That was all.

He hung up his jacket and sat down. What could he do? He could avoid her shamefacedly. But he had to see her. Avoid her!—it was impossible. How should he proceed then? Explanations would be futile. Could he say that he was glad he had intervened in Jack's affair; that she and Jack never would have been happy? It would be an impertinence. He could go to her and say, "I am Wiley Sanford." Why, that simple statement was eloquent! It implied everything: "I played you a low trick, I am not Mr. Jones. I am ashamed of myself. I am contemptible—making love to you. But—but—" He tried again and succeeded in doing it abjectly, and swore. It was complete humiliation. He had a right to some dignity, even if he was the victim of a preposterous coincidence.

SHOULD he have to humiliate himself before the woman he adored? Adored. Fancy him adoring anyone—a man with his mammoth self-sufficiency. But he adored her. Then it came to him suddenly.

He would go to her and say: "I love you."

He lit a cigarette with a trembling hand. That was it. No explanations. No humiliation. Simply, "I love you."

Didn't that atone for everything? Here is a man offering everything to a woman. Himself. Did it make any difference who he was—Jones or who? He loved her.

All the next day he did not see her. In fact, he kept to his chair, out of her sight, postponing the crisis. The decks were deserted. A gray sky, a gray, tossing ocean. The ship was pitching, and occasionally spindrift, whipped from the crests of the growling, marching waves, wet his face. He sat huddled in a blanket, watching the sea.

That evening, before dinner, he wrote a note and sent a steward with it to her cabin. He wrote: "Will you meet me after dinner in the smokeroom?" and signed it: "Jones."

He walked nervously around the paneled smokeroom and finally selected a table in a niche, where he awaited her. It occurred to him that she might not come. But she must come.

And then she appeared.

He blurted out, "Thank you for coming," and then tried to wave her nonchalantly to a seat across from him. She had on a white gown. He stole a look at her face, recalling the derision that had flashed into those eyes. Now they were inscrutable. The half smile on her lips told him nothing. He rested his elbows on the table and sent the steward for liqueurs.

Around them were the noise of conversation and the clink of glasses. From somewhere came the faint music of the ship's orchestra. He kept his eyes on her hands that were white and still. The steward set their liqueurs before them. He managed to raise his to his lips, and then he said softly, "I love you," and sat back, his fingers

*(Continued on page* 34*)*

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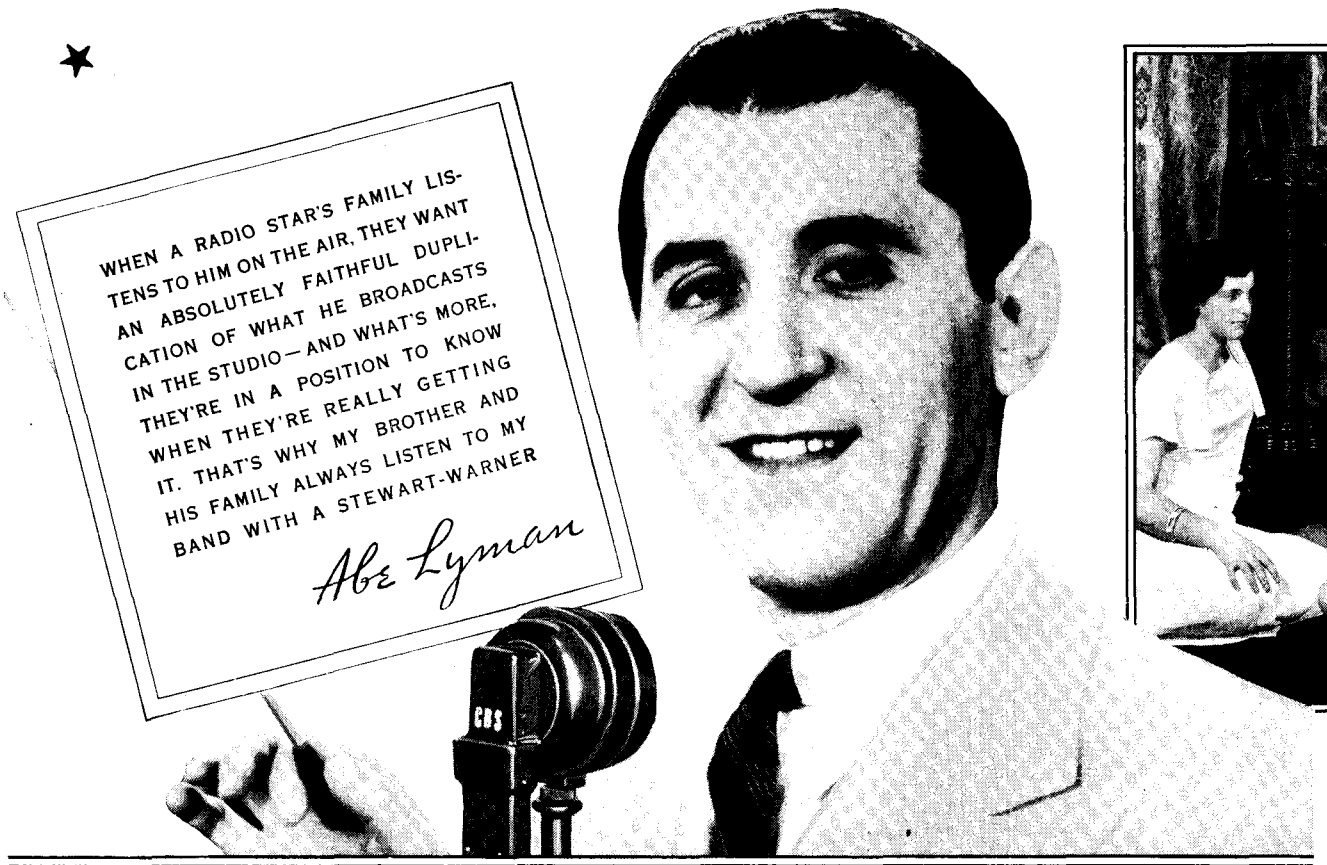
# Why ABE LYMAN Chooses STEWART-WARNER

## "The Radio of the Stars"


WHEN A RADIO STAR'S FAMILY LISTENS TO HIM ON THE AIR, THEY WANT AN ABSOLUTELY FAITHFUL DUPLICATION OF WHAT HE BROADCASTS IN THE STUDIO—AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY'RE IN A POSITION TO KNOW WHEN THEY'RE REALLY GETTING IT. THAT'S WHY MY BROTHER AND HIS FAMILY ALWAYS LISTEN TO MY BAND WITH A STEWART-WARNER
Abe Lyman
CBS

**ABE LYMAN'S BROTHER** and family listening in at their home in Beverly Hills, California with a new console model Stewart-Warner—The Radio of the Stars. (*Left to right*) Shirley, Arlene, Mr. and Mrs. Al Lyman.

ABE LYMAN — *Ace Band Leader of the Air, Broadcasting from the Columbia Studios in New York on the Phillips' Dental Magnesia Program*

**An Amazing New Radio Achievement. A Radio Set That Really *DUPLICATES* Studio-Performance With Such Unfailing Exactitude That It Satisfies Even the Most Critical of All Radio Listeners, the Families of the Stars Themselves**

THE first time you hear this thrilling new development in radio—you'll know at once why it is called "the radio of the stars." And you'll understand exactly why it has swept, almost overnight, into the homes of the foremost celebrities of the air.

For, after all, there is no more keenly critical audience of radio reception in the world than the families of the radio stars themselves. Because, as Abe Lyman so aptly puts it, "they're in a position to know."

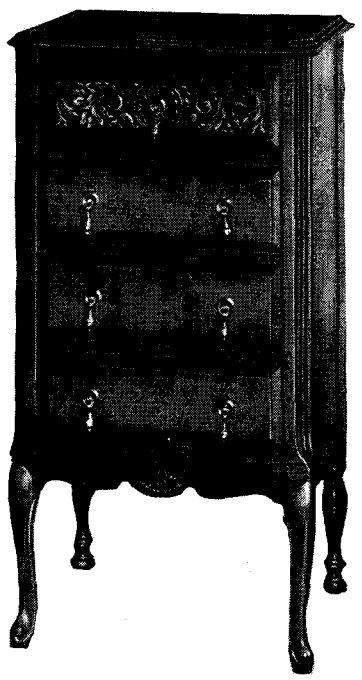
Thus the fact that 9 out of 10 of the greatest stars on the air today have a Stewart-Warner in their homes, possesses a significance that can't be overlooked.

The secret of the new Stewart-Warner "radio of the stars" is that it is NOT built on the premise that a radio is a musical instrument in itself. For the sole function of a radio should be to give perfect *duplication* of studio-performance—not impose a "tone" of its own.

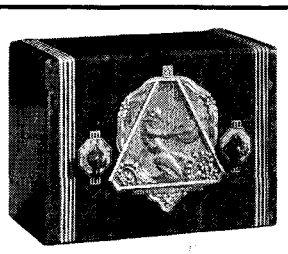
The first time you hear the new Stewart-Warner, it will be a revelation to you. You'll hear—perhaps for the first time in your life—the *true, living* performances of your radio favorites just as they *really* sound in the studio.

### *Fine Furniture, Too*

Illustrating Stewart-Warner's new Dual Harmony idea—fine radios in fine furniture—is the French Commode Model shown at right. The radio is artfully concealed behind the drop door in the upper half of the Commode, while two drawers occupy the lower half. Other models include a Duncan Phyfe Table, Tudor Console, and Louis XV Bookcase, priced as low as $42.50; new "Magic Dial" Radios for world-wide reception; Miniature Superheterodynes; and Simplified Auto Radios. See them all at your nearest Stewart-Warner dealer's.



**THIS FRENCH COMMODE CABINET,** available with 10-tube Stewart-Warner superheterodyne radio, twin dynamic speakers, $72.50; also same cabinet with 6-tube superheterodyne radio, $57.50.



**DELUXE COMPANION-SET**—striking and unique design—finished in highly polished Burl Walnut. Six-tube Superheterodyne Chassis. See also the New "Magic Dial" Round-the-World radio, Duncan Phyfe Table, Tudor Console, and new simplified single-unit Auto radio.

# STEWART-WARNER

## The Radio of the Stars

*The last word in radio reception* PLUS *an exquisite piece of furniture—all for one price*

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION . . . CHICAGO, U. S. A. *or* BELLEVILLE, ONT., CANADA

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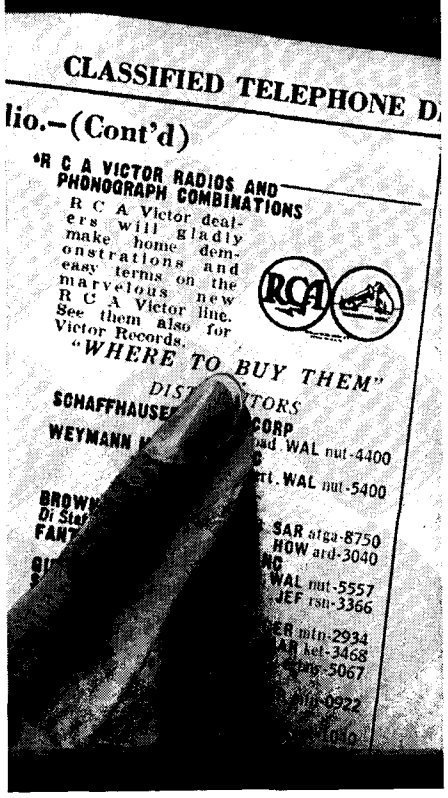
Where to Buy it?

Just turn to your classified telephone book. Look for the name of the brand you want—Buick, Kelvinator, Goodyear, for example. Below the manufacturer's trade mark you'll find a list of local authorized dealers — names, addresses, telephone numbers.




# Time for Revenge

*Continued from page 32*

twining around the stem of his glass.

She reached out and crushed her cigarette in a tray. And then a face appeared, a pale, bland, fat face. It was Arthur Newman, and he bowed and asked, "Is there room?" and sat down.

Wiley half rose, his face flushed, and sank down again, and Frances Ruger said in a low, laughing voice:

"Arthur, I am so exhilarated. Mr. Jones has just said that he loves me."

The liqueur in Wiley's glass slopped over. His dark face was hot. His eyes leaped from Frances Ruger's mocking face to Newman's now puzzled, slightly embarrassed one.

He stood up. "I'm glad you're amused!" He choked. He edged his way out of the alcove. He hurried across the smokeroom, Newman's surprised laugh ringing in his ears.

He rushed out to hide in the darkness, burning with anger.

In the smokeroom, Frances Ruger rose, murmured something to Newman, and left him.

She had had a pleasant vengeance, so why was she weeping and weeping? She had thrown herself face down on the bed in her cabin.

She was angry; she had found no triumph in it. He had tried to sound casual but how earnest he had really been. She wept because it made her angry—to feel sorry for him. He deserved it all. He had not even confessed his hypocrisy. That note signed "Jones"—signed brazenly, "Jones."

That stiffened her. She did not weep any more. She got up and strode out. Outside the wind brawled along the deck and spray stung her cheeks. The gale was fiercer than she had realized. She drew her coat around her warm body and, heedless of wet underfooting and the pitching deck, worked her way up forward, her heart as tumultuous as the weather.

Meanwhile, Wiley, who had stood for some time in the lee of a lifeboat on the sun deck, in his mind a feverishly clear-cut picture of himself saying, "I'm glad you're amused," and trying to get out of the alcove, had started below by the outside companionway up forward under the bridge. He was descending to A deck, holding with difficulty to the iron rail against the increasing pitch of the ship and the wind that almost shook him loose, when he nearly fell against a white-clad figure standing close to the house.

"You—"

"Oh!" she said brittlely. "You."

"It's dangerous standing here. What are you doing here?" They had to shout above the wind.

"I like it."

"I'm going to take you back—"

HE BROKE off. It felt suddenly as though the liner were gathering herself for a cataclysmic plunge. Her deck tilted steeply. Dimly in the darkness ahead they had an unnatural picture of the great bow of the ship lifting itself and the towering foremast swaying pendulumlike. Then the whole world fell away. Sickeningly. The sea, black, flecked with gray, seemed to rise around them. Drowning the scream of the wind came a deep, rolling thunder and a gray torrent flung up. It blotted out the forepeak. Wiley threw himself in front of the girl, clutching her to him. They were struck down, swept helplessly along the deck.

He regained his feet, soaked, gasping, still holding her by the arms. Green water under the winking lights was swirling away as the ship slid down into the trough of another wave. The girl was limp, senseless.

He lifted her in his arms and started for the nearest passageway entrance, bracing himself against the life rail along the house. He glanced down anxiously into her face, which was turned up to him. She was deathly white and her eyes were closed. They fluttered open. She said, "I'm all right now." She stared dazedly up into his face. Her eyes remained open. Her arms crept tightly and fearfully around his neck.

The passageway door was thrown open by a frightened steward who helped him inside, but he did not relinquish the girl. Other stewards rushed up. Several passengers stared at the man in the dripping wet dinner jacket carrying a lovely and bedraggled girl who had her arms around his neck. And he, conscious of being a heroic spectacle, stared defiantly back and allowed himself to be convoyed by the stewards to her cabin.

THE granite-faced stewardess opened the door. Wiley put the girl down on the bed and she sat there limply, still clinging to him. She dropped her arms and smiled at him weakly. "I went out," she murmured. "I must have hit my head—"

The ship's doctor came in fussily.

"I'm all right now," the girl said. "Get out so I can get these clothes off."

Wiley went out. He found a few chattering people in the passageway and forward a disciplined hubbub of seamen and stewards. He learned that the wave which had broken over the ship's bow, one of those mountainous freaks of the mid-Atlantic, had carried away a lot of gear in the forepeak and had flooded several cabins below.

He went to his room and changed his wet clothes. His heart was singing. He could still feel her arms clinging to him. Dressed, he ran back up to A deck. He resisted the impulse to fling himself through her door. He stood there holding his breath. He knocked again. She loved him. The door opened a crack and the red face of the stewardess, formidable and capable-looking in a rôle she understood, looked out.

"May I come in?" he asked, as though it were an announcement. "Tell her—tell her Jones wants to see her—"

"Just a moment." The door shut. He stood there raging. Then it opened again a crack. "She says no," and the door closed—closed before he could even reply.

He was appalled. He did not move. He started to raise his hand to knock, and then dropped it. She must see him. She couldn't do this. He advanced to the door and it abruptly opened to reveal three inches of the granitelike face.

"I want to see her!" he said savagely. He put his hand on the door to push it in, but the stewardess' one exposed eye lit up with grim purpose. She inquired angrily and unexpectedly, "She says who is it wants to see her?"

He understood then. He had pride, but what was it worth? He hesitated, and then said loudly and brusquely, "Wiley Sanford."

A murmur of voices came to him. Then the door opened and he went in.

He was conscious of the stewardess slipping out. His eyes were on the bed, where she half reclined, wrapped in a blanket, her hair pushed back and falling on her pillow, her knees drawn up—all this he saw vaguely. It was her eyes and her lips, her eyes curving upward, the color of blue smoke, her lips smiling—and one white hand which dropped lightly on the bed in a gesture of greeting.

He fell on his knees beside her, and it was a curious thing that he miscalculated, and at this moment had to crawl forward a foot or so, awkwardly, before he caught her hand and pressed it to his chest.

"Wiley Sanford," she said; her smile was triumphant. "Wiley darling." Her eyes were deep and radiant.

THE two of them sat side by side in chairs drawn close.

"We ought to tell them something," Frances said.

"We could send them a terse radio," he suggested. "You send it."

"No; you send it, darling. You're a friend of the family. Anyhow, I wouldn't know what to say."

"What should I say?"

"I don't know. It's rather difficult."

"I could make it something simple, like: 'Forgive me, Jack. The captain just married Frances Ruger to me.'"

"Yes, something like that."

"This is Mrs. Whittleby—you remember—Mrs. Whittleby with the wart"

*William Steig*

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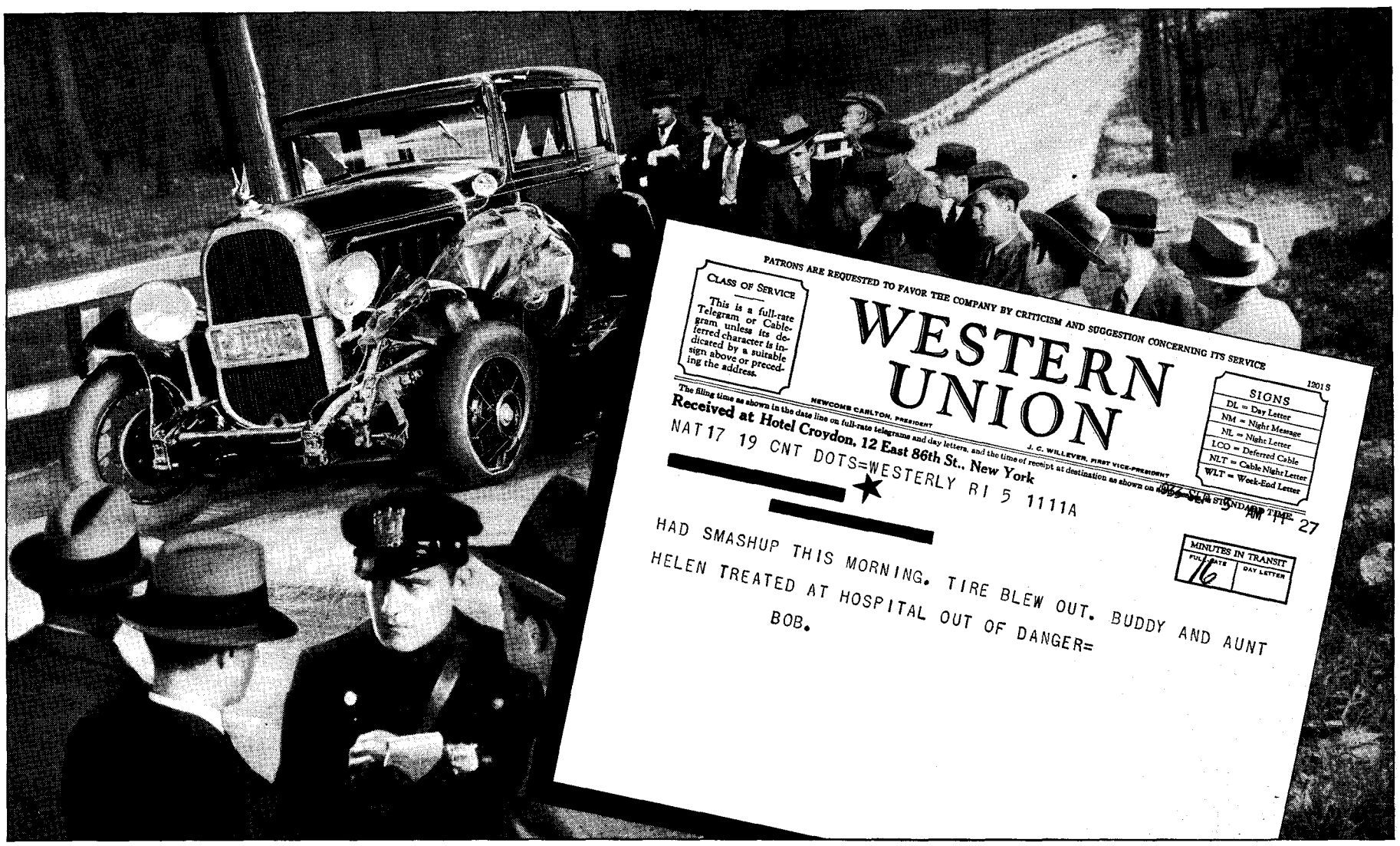
PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE
CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cable-gram unless its de-ferred character is in-dicated by a suitable sign above or preced-ing the address.
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DL = Day Letter
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NL = Night Letter
LCO = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
WLT = Week-End Letter
The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on the date line, is STANDARD TIME.
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NAT 17 19 CNT DOTS=WESTERLY RI 5 1111A
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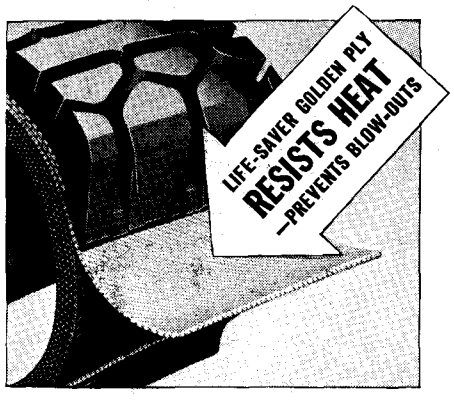
HAD SMASHUP THIS MORNING. TIRE BLEW OUT. BUDDY AND AUNT HELEN TREATED AT HOSPITAL OUT OF DANGER=
BOB.
MINUTES IN TRANSIT
FULL RATE 16
DAY LETTER

# NO WONDER THOUSANDS EVERY DAY ARE CHANGING TO THE 3-TIMES-SAFER TIRE*




**Goodrich sales triple . . . dealers are flooded with orders for this new kind of tire with the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply . . . gives blow-out protection at no extra cost!**

UP to a few short months ago, motorists could only *hope* that they wouldn't have a blow-out.

Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, the exciting news broke loose. Goodrich engineers, who had been working in secret for 14 months, electrified the world with this sensational announcement: "NEW KIND OF TIRE WILL SAVE LIVES." Racing daredevils had tested it out at gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track . . . gave it everything they had. *Not one blow-out!*

*But no wonder! It was the new Goodrich Silvertown with the now famous Life-Saver Golden Ply. First quality tires *without* the Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run. This amazing new invention had conquered *heat,* the enemy of all tires. The safest tire ever built had been made at least 3 times safer from blow-outs at today's high speeds.

The news was out! And the ink had hardly dried on the paper when the Goodrich factory began to hum with activity. Sales began to skyrocket. From July through September they tripled 1932 figures. Today—*every day*—thousands are changing to this 3-times-safer tire.

When blow-outs have been killing and injuring thousands every year, are your tires still safe enough for you? Don't you want a *safer* tire—don't you want a set of Goodrich Silvertowns with the Life-Saver Golden Ply . . . *right now?*

### What causes blow-outs

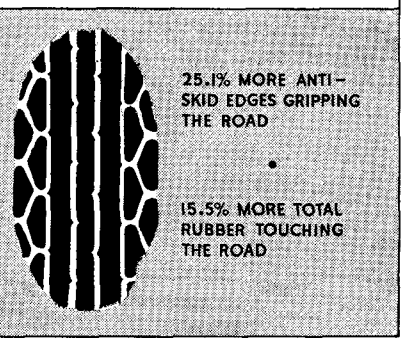
Today's high speeds generate terrific heat inside your tire. Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms—and grows—until BANG! A blow-out!

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This invention resists intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form. Blow-outs are prevented before they even start.

Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns are the *only* tires in the world that offer the life-saving protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply. Yet they cost not a single penny more than standard tires.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Famous "Foot Print" of the Safest Tread Ever Built




The above figures are from comparative tests made between Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires and other leading tires in seven popular sizes. Tires of the same size were equally inflated and tested under the same load.

**FREE!** Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 119, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

*The* NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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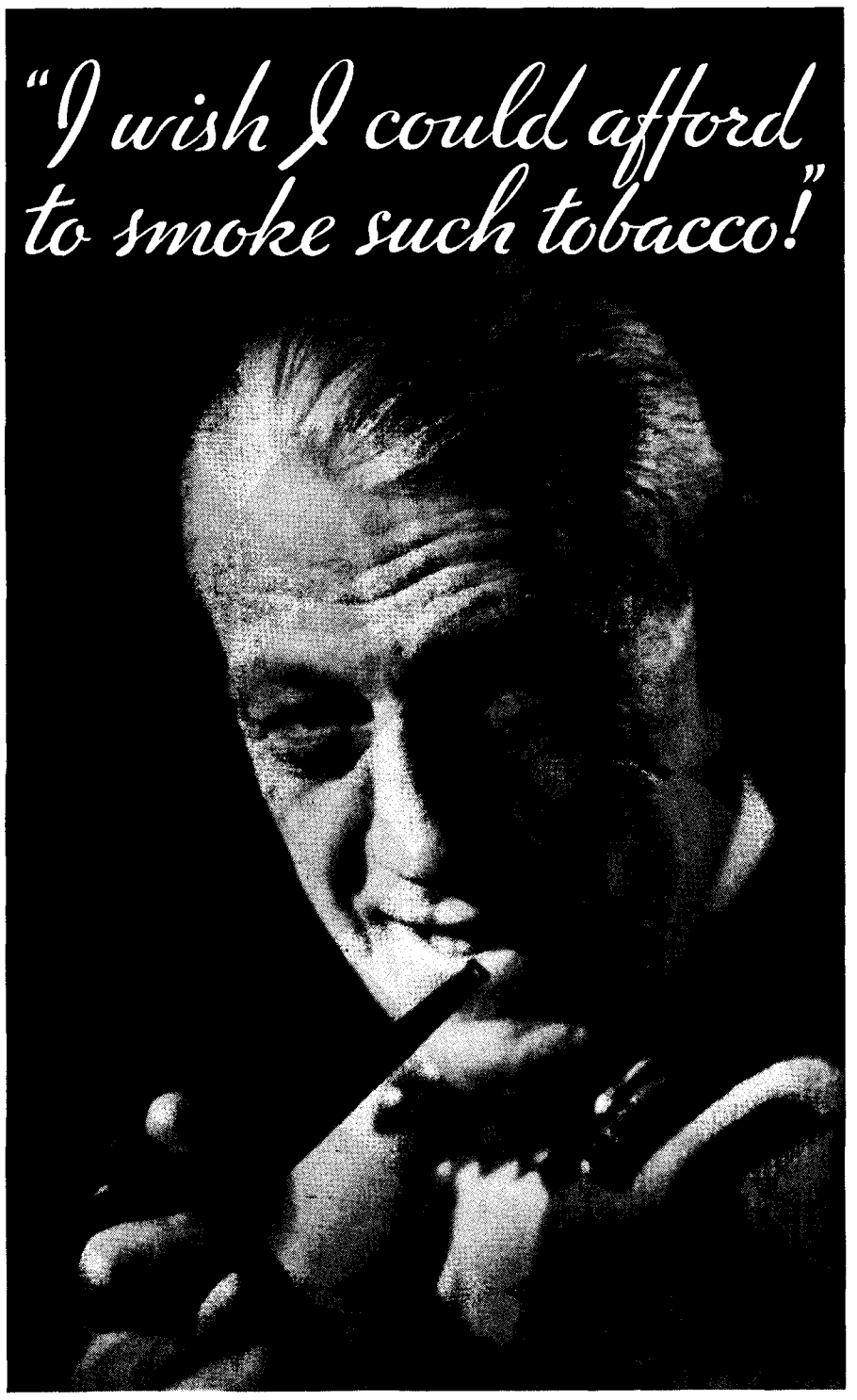


SET his mind at rest... Hand him the glad tidings . . . Tell him how little he need pay for that big surprise package of UNION LEADER.

In fact, no pipe smoker with a saving disposition can afford to pass up this friendly Old Kentucky Burley . . . Matured and blended to the peak of smoking perfection . . . A husky tin for a *dime* . . . Just 10 cents for 25 full pipe loads. (Great for cigarettes, too!)

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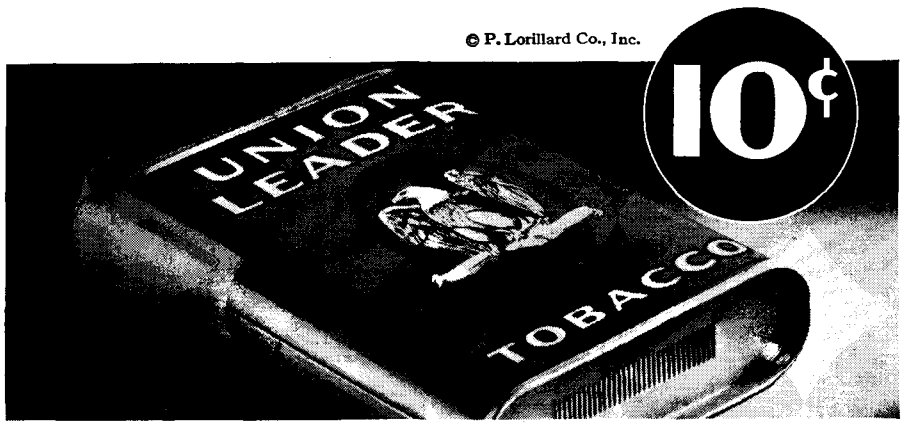


UNION LEADER

SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE


# Catching Up with Japan

*Continued from page 13*

United States has 372. But 288 of the American machines are used cars, while the Japanese have only 56. And the American machines are not new models, by any means.

But let's drop the question of navies for a moment and turn our attention to this question:

"What's irritating Japan? Why do we have to think about Japan?" We have the answer, using no less a journalist than Roy W. Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, to act, in a sense, as a Collier's reporter. In other words, Mr. Howard answered my question concerning Japan after he had "covered," mostly by plane, Manchukuo, Korea, Japan, and the fighting areas in North China and around the Great Wall. He talked with two rulers, Emperor Hirohito, of Japan, and Pu-Yi of Manchukuo; with the leading Japanese and Chinese military men and with over two hundred journalists, statesmen, politicians, industrialists, educators, authors and publicists.

### It's Different in Japan

Mr. Howard, returning from his trip some weeks ago, immediately declared in his twenty-five newspapers—which previously had supported the League of Nations and disarmament—that the United States must increase its Navy. This was, in effect, a most dramatic change of front for the Scripps-Howard press. Nothing short of extraordinary new information concerning Japan could have caused the change. I asked Mr. Howard what this new information might be. I asked him, "What's wrong with the Japanese?"

"Why, they're not wrong," he replied. "They're only Japanese. They're being Japanese, just as we are being American. We Americans haven't had the true picture of the Japanese situation," he told me. "I was amazed when I saw it at first hand. We have been going along thinking that the Japanese people were like ourselves and that the Japanese people, more or less, looked on war, world politics, and so forth, as we do.

"Well, they don't. Let me explain it this way:

"In the United States, though the process is sometimes more or less slow, public opinion roused through the press is the chief factor in forming governmental policies. Our press is free of any government control. Ideas boil in America, find their way into print and, sooner or later, those ideas which are good become public opinion. And then, in due time, this public opinion becomes translated into actual government. Examples are the child labor question, peace, disarmament.

"We Americans have gone on the assumption that public opinion is formed in Japan as it is formed here, voluntarily boiling up from the midst of the masses. We know that there are many liberal statesmen and journalists in Japan. We know that many of these men share our ideas concerning peace and disarmament. But we get off the track at this point.

"Public opinion or great public ideas of right or wrong do not find their way into public print in Japan if the government objects to them. Liberal opinion in Japan today is under eclipse.

"The press in Japan functions differently than in America. With us public opinion makes governmental policies. In Japan governmental policies make public opinion. The process works backward from ours. The man on the street in Japan thinks what his government wants him to think about peace, about war, about the army, the navy, taxes. Manchuria—everything.

"The result is that when we Americans feel instinctively that public opinion in Japan is safe and sound, from our viewpoint, concerning war, we are wrong. Public opinion in Japan has been twisted around in favor of war upon the slightest provocation or affront to Japan's pride. Repeated war scares have been created in Japan almost overnight to expedite the passage of an extra heavy war or navy budget to which there might otherwise have been objection. Thus, you see, an American and a Japanese, sitting down together to talk over international affairs and world peace, look at the matter in two entirely different lights, this though they may be equally honest and equally patriotic. One thinks fighting senseless and believes that great armaments are a blood-draining expense. The other has for centuries been taught that war is necessary; to die in battle is the highest honor and war is essentially a gentleman's game.

"Many of her greatest minds know that war with the United States would be suicidal, but these men also know that should the military decide that war was necessary no voice would dare raise itself against the program.

"In other words, every man's mind and every woman's too, for that matter, is just as completely ready and prepared for war with any nation in the world as is the marvelously prepared army or navy. The war and navy departments are all-powerful in the Japanese government. They are independent of parliamentary government and of political parties and are responsible to the emperor alone. Thus they have great power to mold public opinion, should they so decide, in favor of war.

### A Dangerous State of Mind

"I slowly came to the realization," Mr. Howard continued, "as I talked with one Japanese personage after another, that the Japanese misjudge us as completely as we misjudge them. There is no one point at which it is possible to say that one nation is all right in its views and that the other is all wrong. Many of their militarists are really convinced we are a nation of pacifists. The picture they have made of us for themselves is astounding after you succeed in getting it. They are sure that in an armed conflict with us all the early successes would be theirs—that is, if the United States should ever go into war. As for later developments—they would be willing to trust to fate. Besides, they cannot dismiss the idea that Americans are always talking in favor of disarmament and world peace, which would indicate we have little stomach for war.

"Japanese look at the American women. They cannot understand why American men weakly gave them the right to vote. Japanese men would never have done that with their women. American statesmen, considering war, would be afraid of the women. American women would vote against war.

"Besides, the great capitalists of the United States don't want war. They want peace so that they can be on a basis of capitalistic friendship with all the nations of the earth and grow fatter with wealth as the years of peace roll by.

"Altogether, the picture they have of us is a very dangerous one. It is a picture that might easily lead to war con-

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ditions. And for this reason it is a picture that I am persuaded we ought to change. It is not fair either to Japan or to ourselves to permit the present situation to continue.

"If we were trying to lure Japan into war with us we would behave just as we are behaving now, letting her believe that we were weak, disinterested and unwilling even to spend money on our Navy for our own self-protection.

"That," concluded Mr. Howard, "is why I committed myself in favor of a full-treaty Navy. It is to prevent war, not to wage it."

Please take note, at this point, that this article is not the old-fashioned type of "big Navy" article written to prove that the United States must have more fighting ships, that congressmen ought to vote appropriations for them and that citizens ought not to criticize congressmen who so vote. This article is not propaganda nor an argument of any sort. It is written to tell you that the days of arguing and debating about a big Navy are all over and that we are now going to have an adequate Navy, brought toward full strength by such a rush of shipbuilding as we have not seen since the rivet-racing days of the Great War.

Two hundred and thirty-eight million dollars! That's the sum we have set aside to spend for new naval equipment.

It will mean, ultimately, thirty-odd new units. And, incidentally, here's something more that it means: It means jobs, by the tens of thousands. For instance, here's an example of the happiness that came to one community over the fact that one company had secured the contract for only two of the many ships. I quote the Shipyard Bulletin, house organ of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock company, at Newport News, Virginia:

"A period filled with mingled hope and expectancy was passed through by the entire population of the Peninsula, whose welfare is linked so closely with the prosperity of the Yard, and when the reports came from Washington that we were low in bids for two aircraft carriers there was a general feeling of thanksgiving for the better times ahead of us."

### Our First Real Plane-Carriers

No wonder! Those two aircraft carriers that "the Yard" will build for our Navy will cost $19,000,000 each. Several millions of this will go to the families of the Peninsula.

And while we're on the subject of aircraft carriers, let's see where these two new mothers of flying machines will fit into our naval equipment. We have one old used-car of an aircraft carrier called the Langley. She wasn't built as a carrier, but as a collier; she was changed around to handle planes, but her days of usefulness are about over.

We have two huge aircraft carriers that are almost too cumbersome and expensive to run. They were never intended for their present purposes. They were built as huge battleships. They are the Saratoga and the Lexington.

Thus, at this writing, we have no ships actually built for aircraft-carrier purposes. On the ways at Newport is the Ranger, America's first real aircraft carrier built for the purpose. She'll be fast; will carry seventy planes.

But these two new carriers over which the Peninsula is rejoicing will be even faster and they will carry about one hundred planes each. America will know them as the Yorktown and the Enterprise, and we'll probably be seeing their pictures in the papers before 1936 is over.

Don't expect any of the huge old-fashioned $40,000,000 battleships in our new lots of war machines. They're not being built any more; at least not just now. The treaties of Washington and London, which run until 1936, bar them.

But she shall have four new so-called treaty cruisers; 10,000 tons each. Their cost will be about $12,000,000 apiece. Massachusetts working people, at Quincy; New Jersey workers at Camden; Philadelphia citizens at the Navy Yard there, and thousands of New Yorkers at the Brooklyn Navy Yard will soon be building these new ships; forty-eight million dollars' worth of them in all. Considering that about eighty-five per cent of the cost of a ship goes to labor, try to count up how many families will be put on Safety Street, financially, by the building of these cruisers. The number of men employed in allied industries will be equal to the number directly employed in the shipyards.

### Shipbuilding Spurs Business

There are four new submarines to be built, too. They will cost $2,750,000 apiece. New Hampshire people will make two of these at the Portsmouth Navy Yards.

Twenty-six destroyers are on the list. They've already been named, each for some naval hero, as is the rule for destroyers. Put them down for about four millions apiece, weighing from 1,500 to 1,800 tons, marvelous engines within a skin of steel. Workmen in Maine, New Jersey, Massachusetts, California, Virginia and the state of Washington will be putting them together for the next two years after thousands of other workmen have made the steel and prepared the parts.

So far, these are the only ships definitely planned. Forty-six million dollars will be spent in the fiscal year of 1934, $105,000,000 in 1935 and the remaining $87,000,000 the next year. which will bring the nations up to the end of the treaties' shipbuilding holiday. Fifty thousand families will have an income of about $1,500 a year for the next three years because of the naval building program.

The reach into all industries of this shipbuilding program is amazing; it spreads like water through a blotter. See what the city of Cincinnati alone. for example (and this can be multiplied for many other cities), will be called upon to furnish:

Workshop tools, whistles, sirens and call signals, cylinder cocks, asbestos pipe covering, fire extinguishers, steel forgings, fire hose, motors, packing, valves for various service, zinc plates, aluminum ingots and billets, plumbing fixtures, gauge and glass fittings, galley equipment, leather belting, and oakum.

Within the borders of the four states of Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Virginia, over 18,000 persons will find work for three years at an average wage of $1,500 a year. Work, of course, will be under the NRA code for naval building—short time of thirty-two hours a week.

We are only beginning to build our Navy up toward where we had a right to build it.

And the British Empire, which has a great stake in the Pacific, has likewise decided so to build that, by the end of the treaty season in 1936, her navy shall be as large as the treaty permits.

But before we reach the end of the treaty season, we shall have to decide, with the other nations of the world, including Japan, whether we go on to still greater navies or take another cut all around. The intense nationalism now flaming everywhere in the world leads to more armament. Common sense, to say nothing of economic pressure, tells us to slow down.


# TO MEN OF 35

## who want to be able to RETIRE IN 20 YEARS

Is there a way to invest your savings so that they will come back to you when you want them, *without possibility of loss?* Can a man, in days like these, plan to quit work at 55, 60, or 65, and *be sure his plans will come true?* Read the facts below about a depression-proof financial plan that has helped thousands to find happiness and financial security.

### INVEST NO MONEY until you have seen THIS PLAN

THIS MESSAGE is for people who are tired of losing money. It is for people who are looking for an investment in which they can be sure that their savings will be *safe*.

Hundreds of people have written us—and it is equally true of thousands more—that their Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan is the *only* investment they have made which has not decreased in value since 1929. While the rest of the world is worrying over the money it has lost in the disastrous three years just passed, these people can look forward with absolute confidence, when the time comes, to being able to quit work forever if they wish to, and spend the rest of their lives doing whatever they please.

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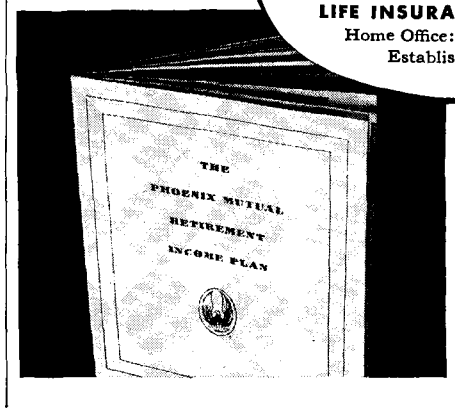
### YOURS...$250 A MONTH FOR LIFE!

Thanks to this plan, *you* can arrange to quit work forever twenty years from today *with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.* Not only that, but if something should happen to you before that time, we would pay *your wife* a monthly income for the rest of her life. Or, if, before you are 55, you should become totally disabled through serious accident or illness for a certain period, from that time on, as long as you were disabled, we would pay your installments for you, and pay you a disability income besides!

The plan is not limited to men of 35, either. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $250 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at Retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown below. It tells all about the new Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. Send for your copy of the booklet now. The coupon is for your convenience.

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"I'm buying again these days and FIRST I'M GETTING A HAMILTON"

NOW that we've "turned the corner," many a man is buying the things he's wanted for years. "And first," one told us, "I'm giving myself a Hamilton. That's one way I figure I'll be able to make the most of every hour and minute of the better times ahead."

And Hamilton won't disappoint you, sir! Hamilton ideals and Hamilton quality have remained unchanged despite the bitter struggle for sales of the past four years. During those times, as always, the Hamilton goal was—the most accurate watch it is possible to produce. Indeed, today's Hamilton has the advantage of many improvements perfected since 1929—among them—the Time-Microscope.*

★ ★ ★

*ONLY HAMILTONS ARE TIME-MICROSCOPE TESTED

The Time-Microscope, called the greatest aid to accuracy in modern watch making, was developed and perfected by the Hamilton Watch Company. It is used exclusively by Hamilton, and gives you double insurance of accuracy in your Hamilton. *See your jeweler—or write for our Christmas Folder* illustrating and describing many new Hamiltons. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

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*Christmas suggestions.* (Top) GARFIELD. 17 jewels. 14K solid gold, natural yellow or white. Also in 14K plain yellow or green Bascine, $75. (Center) LEE. 17 jewels. 10K filled natural yellow gold only. With luminous dial, $45. With raised gold figure dial, shown, $47.50. (Bottom) BELMONT. 17 jewels. 14K filled white or natural yellow gold. Richly engraved. With filled gold bracelet shown or with ribbon, $55.


# The College Cougar

*Continued from page* 11

Doris. "The whole purse and Herbie dives and retires to a potato farm in Idaho."

"Is this on the level?" asks Snivel.

"Listen," says Doris. "Am I down here to nurse a dumb guy's ideals? Or am I down here to grab a roll of lettuce on Skull's next bout?"

"I guess it's on the level," says Snivel. "What do you think, Skull? Shall we give?"

I am thinking of Boston and our sweet little racket before we got these notions about N. Y. and the big dough.

"Sure," I says.

WELL, after that I begin to eat good and feel better, although it is a painful thought to know I am not making a dime from this bout, and by the time the night of the bout rolls around I am myself once more.

I climb in the ring at nine-thirty and there is Hopping Herbie the Hornet waiting for me. The customers are giving us the usual razz, and while this is going on I look at Herbie and give him a knowing wink. He winks back at me very affable and so I know everything is on the up and up and there will be no cheating like him trying to win.

The announcer takes the floor, and pointing over to Herbie, he yells:

"Two falls out of three to a finish. No holds barred. In this corner Hopping Herbie the Hornet, also known as the Cougar from Custer College! And over here"—he walks toward me—"Skull Darnegan, the Terrible Tad, also known as the Uhlan from Ursus University!"

"Where?" I asks of Snivel.

"Ursus University," he says. "It is a place which I looked up, and nobody ever heard of it, so that is where you are from. Geez!" he says. "Looka the act Herbie is putting on!"

I look over and there is Herbie straining on the ropes and glaring at me as if I was so much red meat for him to stick his teeth in.

"Hey," I says to Snivel. "This thing ain't slipped anywheres, has it?"

"Naw," he says. "It is just an act."

"I hope so," I says, and the bell rings.

I go out expecting to slip into the referee's hold and mill around for a while. Instead of that Herbie leaves his corner with a rush and before I can sidestep he is in the air and his head is buried up to his shoulders in my stomach.

"Hey," I say, "who told you to start in like that?"

"What year did *you* go to Ursus?" he asks.

"The same year you went to Custer," I answers, thinking this is a pretty good comeback.

"Oh, yeah?" he says. "Take that and that and that!" With both hands he is beating me in the smush, and I back off.

"Listen," I yell at Snivel, "this guy is nuts."

I see Snivel get up and slide along the edge to where Doris is sitting, and I see them huddle kind of worried like, and Doris starts yelling at Herbie, and then Snivel yells at me:

"Look out!"

I turn around, and there are Herbie's heels right in front of my smush. How he gets up there, and what he is sitting on I do not know, and I have no time to figure it out, as at that moment he lets drive with them. And that is the end of the first fall.

When I come to I am on the table in the dressing-room where they have lugged me, and Snivel is working on me.

Then Doris comes in. She ducks the stool which I heave at her, and says:

"I have found out what is the trouble with him."

I sit up on the edge of the table.

"Was he nuts?" I asks.

"No," she says. "He is burned up because you had it announced that you were from Ursus University. That is his All-That-Matters, or something. He says he will live up to no agreement because you have stained the name of his true college."

I am getting madder and madder.

"But I think," Doris goes on, "that if you was to go in there and tell him that you didn't know nothing about this Ursus place, and it was only a name which Snivel picked out for you, he might listen to reason."

"Listen," I says, "I am sick of this whole business, see? I don't know whether I can get a fall on this baby, as I am pretty well shot, but I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to close with him and not give him no chance to pull any more college-boy dives on me. The rest of this bout is going to be fought on the mat, where I learned about wrestling in the first place. And while we are down there I am going to do things to this punk which will surprise him. I am going to knuckle those ears of his until they flower like a truck garden."

A mug opens the door and shouts: "Last call!"

"Skull," says Doris, as I get off the table, "don't do that!"

"Why not?" I asks.

"Because," she says, "I am Mrs. Hopping Herbie the Hornet. I married him the day I gave you our terms."

I AM too groggy to be much surprised, but I did think of all the agreements I had made with this babe about fixing the bout up.

"That," I says, "makes it all the more fun."

Doris runs out of my room like a flash, which does not bother me none as I am now staggering toward the door with one thing only on my mind. I get out in the corridor and with my hand on the wall I am walking toward the arena. When I get opposite Herbie's dressing-room I see Doris again. She opens the door quick and there she is with the leg of a chair in her hand. I think she is going for me, but before I can duck she says:

"Go into the ring, Skull. All you got to do is answer the bell and you are the champ. Herbie will not be there."

"What do you mean?" I asks.

"Listen," she says. "I am married to that guy and I got to sit across the table from him all the rest of my life. Do you think I want to lose my appetite? No, thank you. I will keep him handsome like he is. After the job you would do on him he would sit around in a rocking-chair for years picking resin out of his konk. So I went in and cleared out the handlers and when we are alone I give him a big kiss and say: 'It's time for the bell, honey.' And when he stands up I rap him on the nut with this"—she shakes the chair leg in her mitt—"and he is asleep for a long, long time. Hopping Herbie the Hornet," she says, "has taken his dive as per agreement."

SO THAT is why Herbie never came out for the second fall, and also it is how I won the fair and square world's championship. I am retired now. I am in the potato business. I have the farm right next to Doris and Herbie. Here is how that happened:

When I sent Doris her cut on my first take as champ she wrote me a nice letter saying thank you, and didn't I think it was nice for a wife to have a little independent income, and why didn't I come out and see their potato farm? Which I did. It was when I was barnstorming out to the coast.

We were walking around after supper looking at potatoes.

Herbie says: "Look, Skull, you ought to get out of the wrestling racket and come to Idaho and grow potatoes. You will get ideals. Look at Doris."

"Has Doris got ideals?" I asks.

"Sure she has," says Herbie.

I think of Doris and her ideals and I nearly swallow my gum; then I open my mouth to crack wise, but I see Doris looking right at me and there is something very funny in her eyes. It makes me feel funny, too. So I shut my smush and say nothing. I guess I always have a soft spot in my pump for any little girl who can buck the breaks life dishes out and get the best of them. And, besides, what the heck: you got to leave a guy have his ideals, ain't you?

**"Today's my birthday, sir, so I thought I'd kinda dress up a bit"** *Elwin Henri*

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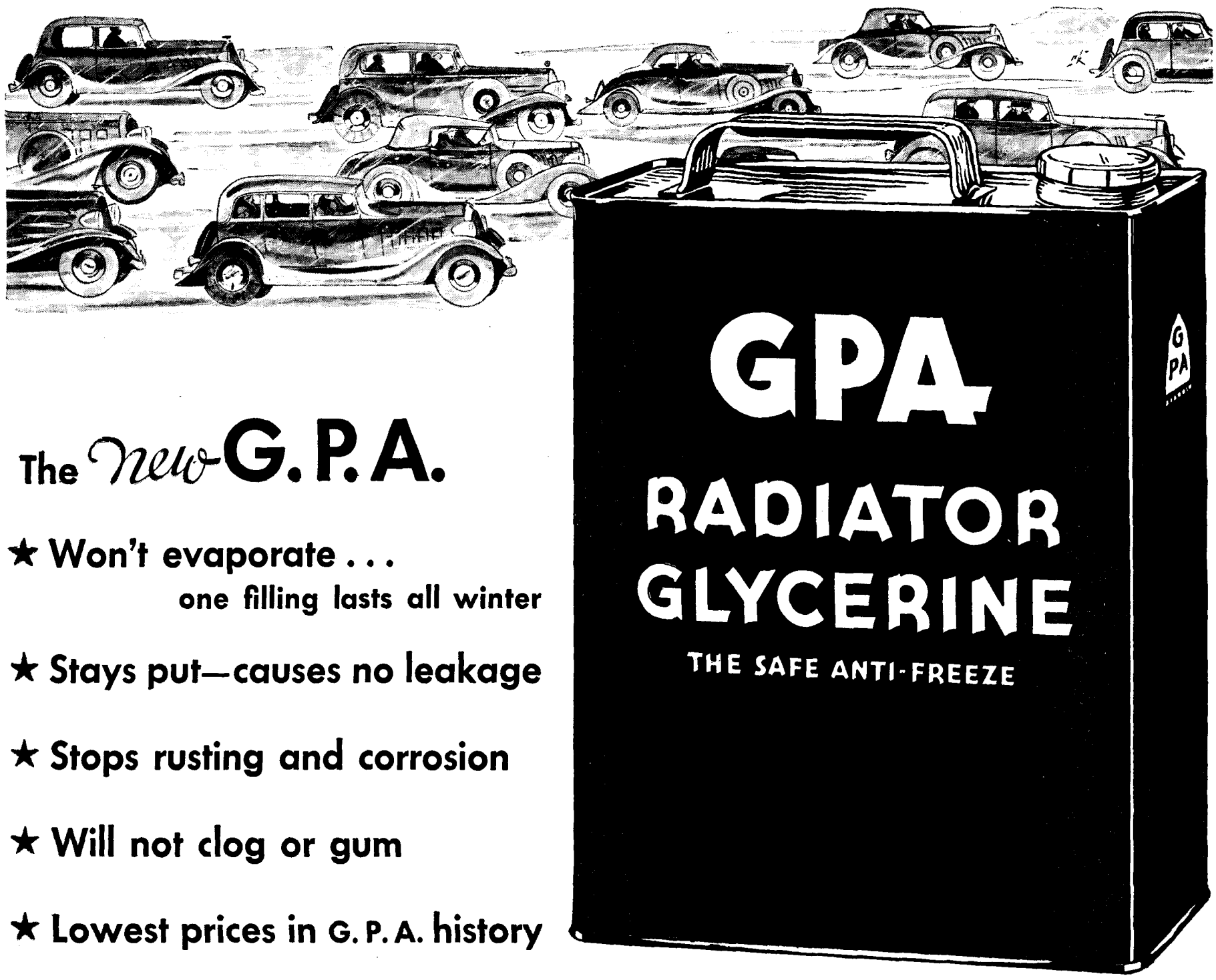
# 1933's biggest anti-freeze bargain




## The *new* G. P. A.

★ **Won't evaporate . . .**
**one filling lasts all winter**

★ **Stays put—causes no leakage**

★ **Stops rusting and corrosion**

★ **Will not clog or gum**

★ **Lowest prices in G. P. A. history**

● "It looks like G. P. A. has sure enough got the merchandise this year. She's a First Class, Grade A anti-freeze bargain, if I ever hope to see one!"

That's what garagemen and car-owners are saying about the new G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine this year. Here are some of the reasons why G. P. A. is such a bargain!

G. P. A. won't evaporate. One filling lasts all winter—no refillings required. With G. P. A. the first cost is the last cost.

And this year the "first cost" is the lowest in history. Prices reduced last year, reduced *again* this year! Everybody can afford it now.

Price . . . permanence . . . those are two main reasons why G. P. A. is the anti-freeze bargain of 1933. There are twelve other good ones.

For instance: G. P. A. stops radiator rusting; retards disintegration of rubber. Does not cause leakage. Will not clog or gum. Does not cause overheating. Has no unpleasant odor or dangerous fumes. Will not injure Duco.

G. P. A. is approved and endorsed by automobile and radiator manufacturers. They tested it in their own laboratories before giving it their stamp of approval. It is also approved by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association.

Fill up with G. P. A. *now*. It won't evaporate, so it's perfectly safe to put it in your car *early*. In that way you avoid all danger of a costly, early-season freeze-up.

Be sure you get genuine G. P. A. Look the red and black can in the face, just to make certain. It's the year's anti-freeze bargain! Be sure to get *enough* for adequate protection. But most important of all DO IT NOW!

Glycerine Producers' Association, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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*Mrs. Frank J. Lemon of Glendale, California, owns the 1925 Nash shown below. It has gone 68,737 miles. Because Simoniz protects its finish it still looks new!*

MOTORISTS WISE

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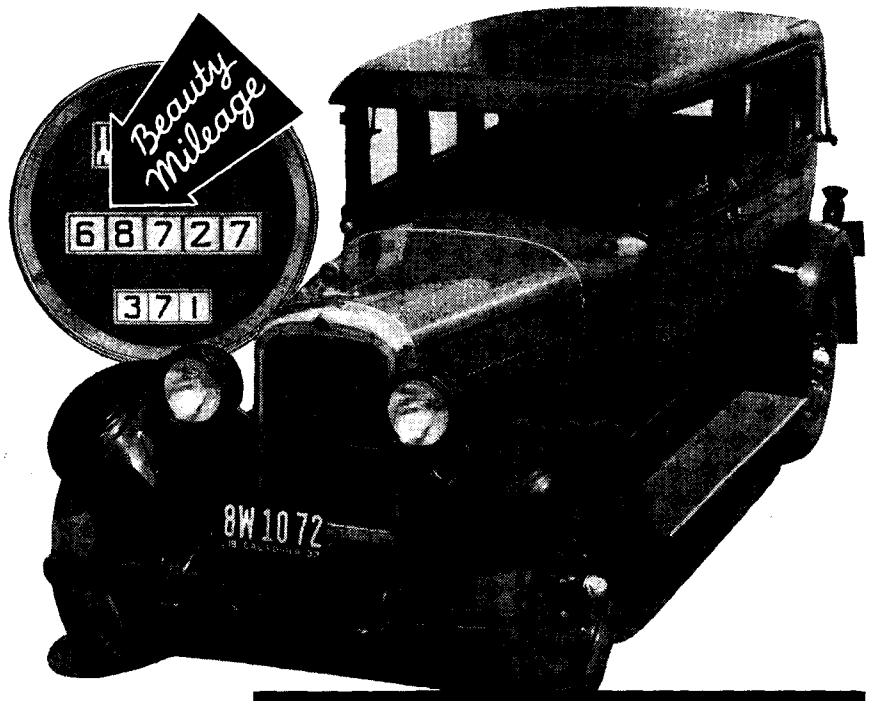


"The Greatest Process Ever Developed for Making Cars Stay Beautiful!"

*You'll Enjoy SIMONIZING Your Car. It's Easy*

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*Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Nothing takes their place. At hardware and accessory stores everywhere.*

Millions of motorists agree Simonizing is the only way to keep a car beautiful! It gives lasting, weatherproof protection to the finish, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. In fact every car needs Simoniz to stay new looking. It's as necessary to the finish as oil and water to the engine!

If your car is dull or discolored, first use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. You'll be amazed and delighted how easily and quickly it restores the original lustre. You've never seen anything so fast! A few easy strokes and you have a new looking car. There's no hard rubbing. And Simoniz Kleener is safe . . . it contains a remarkable new cleaning feature which gives it this record-breaking speed and absolute safety. There are no softening acids to take the finish off—no harsh abrasives!

After cleaning, put on Simoniz—it takes only a few moments to apply and keeps your car always looking new! There's nothing like Simoniz. It's much harder, lasting and more dependable . . . it's made to withstand all road and climate conditions. So Simoniz your car if you want it to stay sparkling and beautiful year after year!

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR


# The Customer is Always Right

*Continued from page 26*

"Ambassador" Skvirsky confers with "Ambassador" Brookhart and slips in the side door of the State Department now and then to talk with subordinates, but he never meets Secretary of State Hull. The white palace which once housed the Romanoffs' ambassadors is still in charge of the caretaker installed in 1922 by Ambassador Bakhmeteff, who represented the pre-Soviet government. The old man works around the neighborhood and inhabits a cranny of the gorgeous sixty-seven-room structure; Mr. Skvirsky cannot even pay for replacing the dank paper falling in ragged strips from the walls. The 1933 diplomatic list gives Mr. Serge Ughet as Russia's official representative in this country, although he is unpopular with Moscow's present rulers, and lives in New York.

### Recognition Would Stimulate Trade

There is some humor even in this Administration's preservation of the proprieties, although it does not match the diplomatic eccentricities of previous administrations. When two American aviators were lost in Russia several years ago, the State Department made no move to ask for Soviet aid. But Mr. Hoover's closest friend in the Cabinet —ex-Secretary Wilbur—saw Mr. Skvirsky, and the Soviet acted as a good Samaritan. When Charles C. Hart, our minister to Persia, wanted to return to his post through Russia a few years back, he invited Mr. Skvirsky to lunch and presented his request through culinary channels. Such incidents were hangovers from the days when Secretary Kellogg used to shiver and shake as he whispered about a "Bolshevik hegemony below the Rio Grande."

It is generally agreed at Washington that recognition would further stimulate trade. It would, for one thing, create a friendlier feeling toward us among the Russian people, who resent our anti-Red complex just as we dislike harsh treatment of our citizens abroad. By giving the Soviet legal status in our courts it would assure greater security for the goods and gold they send to this country. It would make possible a more accurate study of investing and trading prospects within the Soviet by establishing consular and commercial machinery there.

Recognition, however, waits upon a public psychology more favorable to such a step. Washington observers believe it has shifted a good deal, although every newspaper article on the subject brings a batch of protests to official circles. The so-called moral elements which gave us the Klan and prohibition still shriek against it. But the economic pinch is a leveler of prejudice, as the history of the "noble experiment" shows.

During prosperity nobody found time or need to be interested in expansion of trade and diplomatic relations in the direction of Moscow. Workingman and manufacturer feared that Russian imports, though they are mostly non-competitive, would endanger wages and profits, and they translated their reasoning into prejudice. Now, however, there seems to be more sanity and less feeling. Then, too, the Soviet experiment does not seem so outlandish in the light of the planning and regimentation of industry and business upon which we depend so heavily for recovery.

Reëxamining both the Colby and the Hughes conditions, diplomats concede privately that a new approach should be made to the Russian problem. The Wilson administration's objection was that the Soviet government did not represent the will of the people, but its fifteen years of existence are held to answer that. Mr. Hughes declared that there could be no recognition until the Soviet recognized the debts of other régimes, returned or paid for confiscated property and ceased its propaganda for world revolution.

Whereas the Wilson attitude was more philosophic, Mr. Hughes' was based on more practical considerations, and it is these which have had the most influence on the popular mind. They pictured the Soviet as a ruthless government destructive of all the social and economic institutions which Americans, forgetting their rebellion against England's parliamentary and economic system, call "constitutional."

The new view is that the question of debts and seized property, which totals about $900,000,000 with interest, is academic. If the claim were settled on the basis negotiated with some of our allies, the sum would fall as low as $300,000,000. In view of the fact that some nations don't think they are self-respecting unless they have defaulted to Uncle Sam, the Soviet debt problems almost vanish.

Mr. Hughes established this condition at a time when it was feared that acquiescence in Russian repudiation might incline other nations to hold out. Moreover, the Soviet agrees to negotiate for payment, but insists that recognition must come first. Other powers have taken this course, although none have yet been able to conclude an agreement for repayment. Finally, the Russians call to mind a little debt we may owe them for our part in the military intervention on their soil in the early days of the revolution.

The question of Communist propaganda is still considered to be the most serious, although the Roosevelt Administration, having more confidence in our institutions than its predecessors, takes a broader and bolder view. Congressional investigations have failed to disclose Moscow-inspired propaganda, Communists and Socialists did not poll enough votes in the last presidential election to make it worth while to count them, and our institutions, though changing, seem to be growing stronger.

### Russian Lincolns and Jeffersons

Russian spokesmen, of course, laugh at this indictment. They say that their own psychology has changed since the days when they felt that the Soviet form of government could not exist side by side with capitalistic systems and that therefore world revolution was essential to their safety and happiness. Besides being too busy with domestic restoration, they say they now agree with Karl Radek's statement that "You can't carry revolutions around the world in suitcases." They also point out that the Trotskys and other vociferous apostles of world revolution have been exiled and shorn of power.

As to the charge that the Third International and Soviet government are headed by the same men, they reply that this link must be maintained for reasons of political expediency, just as reactionary Republicans still hail the name of Abraham Lincoln, and reactionary Democrats proclaim themselves the descendants of Thomas Jefferson.

Politics, they insist, is politics everywhere. Which seems to prove that the Bolsheviki are becoming Americanized in more ways than one.

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# Odd Chance

*Continued from page 23*

"If you think that way," said Doc Nance, "there's some hope for you."

But Gatewood's one moment of energy was gone. He muttered apathetically: "Been better if she hadn't found me."

"So," said Martin O'Lane, full of irony, "the blame is all ours? Well, being sentimental fools, maybe it is."

"You can make another start, Tom," Doc Nance stated.

Gatewood shook his head. "Nobody in this country would trust me with a job. I'm licked, Nance."

Martin O'Lane looked into the weltering rain and thought of the girl. Young Gatewood had but a small place in his mind. It was this Ruth Long that bothered him, even through his critical detachment. He thought of her standing in her room, so willing to take risks, so full of fine courage. When he considered that, a still deeper admiration got possession of his cooler instincts. He turned about.

"You've got a job, Gatewood. Tomorrow you'll ride as guard on the mine stage. One round trip a day."

"But—" began Gatewood.

O'Lane shook his head impatiently. "Each trip the stage carries the bullion box loaded either with lead or gold bars. You will never know. Only the mine superintendent, the bank, and myself will know when that box has got an actual consignment. Your job will be to protect it, full of lead or full of metal, at all times."

Protectively his face went smooth; for Doc Nance's shrewd eyes were searching him with an amused understanding.

THERE was no let-up to the rain. The news in the Cattlemen's Rest—where Martin O'Lane went for his cigars—was that White River had carried out its bridge and there would be no more communications from the western prairie. Henry Dutcher had dispatched a rider with an extra team to rescue the mud-stalled Yellow Jacket stage on Chisum's Hill. Quite a fastidious man, Martin O'Lane disliked the steaming, clammy odor of the saloon and soon left. From the porch of the saddle shop he saw Prayin' Bill loitering by the Red Front, farther down and across the street.

It was only natural that Martin O'Lane, watching Prayin' Bill with a coldly impartial antagonism, should nevertheless accept this outlaw's presence in town without surprise. It was part of the game; for Pistol Gap had a catholic taste and took all men on recognizance. Martin O'Lane knew this perfectly; and he knew his own private resources had to cope with Prayin' Bill's illicit intentions. The man was a giant in stature—a vast, thick-hided fellow with a shovel beard the color of rusty metal; and he had a roaring joviality that took no thought of fear. He was certain of himself. Martin O'Lane thought quietly: "He poses as a lone wolf, but he's got some one man to tip him off. And he's after my stage." Going along the street toward his office, Martin O'Lane saw the girl and young Tom Gatewood pass into a store. Without much reason he followed.

The girl was at the dry-goods counter, Gatewood idling behind her. Pausing a moment to watch that little scene, Martin O'Lane thought he never had observed the wintered look of defeat so strongly registered on any human's face as on Gatewood's. He joined them.

"Tom," he said, "the mine stage leaves in an hour from the front of my office. I have a slicker and a short-barreled rifle there for you."

The girl thrust a swift, woman-like glance from one to the other and O'Lane thought it contained an odd awareness, an acute perception. But she was soon gay again, the introspective darkness gone from the gray warmth of her eyes. More and more disturbed, O'Lane went on to his office; and from the window of it saw the pair headed back for the hotel. Gatewood, towering above her, walked like a man asleep, speechless and staring somberly ahead. The girl's face lifted to him with a smile that seemed to O'Lane to be deliberately fixed.

"She'll be tied to a whipped dog forever," Martin O'Lane told himself grimly.

But there was nothing of this feeling registered on his countenance when young Gatewood came in later, got his final instructions and climbed the old Concord for its ten-mile run into the mountains. The younger man had nothing to say; somehow he had arrived at a truce with himself, a deadlocked condition, O'Lane was shrewd enough to realize, that meant nothing one way or another. It was ten o'clock and the rain was thickening beneath a blacker accumulation of clouds. O'Lane found enough to do in the office until high noon and then went out to eat. Afterwards he ran into Doc Nance on the hardware-store porch.

"Just saw her," said Nance genially. "She's a fine girl, Martin."

"So?" was Martin O'Lane's irritable reply. "We've made a bad mistake."

Doc Nance said what he had said before: "I've seen some strange cures."

"He's through. Burned out. His self-respect is gone."

"Never heard of a fellow gettin' his pride back?" queried Doc Nance. "I have."

Martin O'Lane turned away impatiently and returned to a desk that had no work on it. Thus idle, he thought around the endless circle of this sorry affair with a rising severity. Inevitably his mind cut sharp and clean; just as inevitably he saw the only proper ending. There was not in him the abiding humanity of Doc Nance nor the kindly insight. He could not hope for miracles and he could not make generous allowances.

"Kill or cure. If he dies she'll be hurt, but it will be a clean break and soon mended. If he lives through it he'll hold up his head." Yet the second possibility was only to soften the ugly truth of the first. He didn't believe in miracles.

THE rest of it was a simple matter of arrangement, of a little duel of trickery between himself and that red-bearded giant who loved to laugh and had no fear. Going out of the office, Martin O'Lane saw Prayin' Bill in talk with a group by the Cattlemen's Rest, vast arms descriptively sweeping the heavens. "He plays a lone game," thought O'Lane. "But he's got a spy in Pistol Gap, I'm certain." He went directly to the bank and talked to Huggins, who owned it:

"At three o'clock don't close your doors. Leave them open." Then to the cashier: "Run across and bring Marshal McGrane over here, please."

"A consignment tonight?"

"Yes."

Bully McGrane and the cashier presently walked in. "There may be trouble when the mine stage comes down tonight," said O'Lane. "I just wanted to tell you. I'd suggest, Huggins, that you hire Ben Pierson to night-watch here. See about that now." He went

*(Continued on page 42)*

PORTRAIT of a man

**who saved a few cents on SHAVING CREAM**

The gentleman in the undershirt has just finished his first (and last) shave with a "cheap" cream.

Yesterday he was all set to pick up a tube of Williams on his way home. Then he found he could save a few cents on this unknown brand. He bit!

Now he's going back to Williams.

There's a reason for the cool, thick, stay-moist lather of Williams. Only the choicest ingredients, regardless of price, have ever gone into Williams. A hundred years of experience have taught us that cheap ingredients make cheap creams. We will have none of them.

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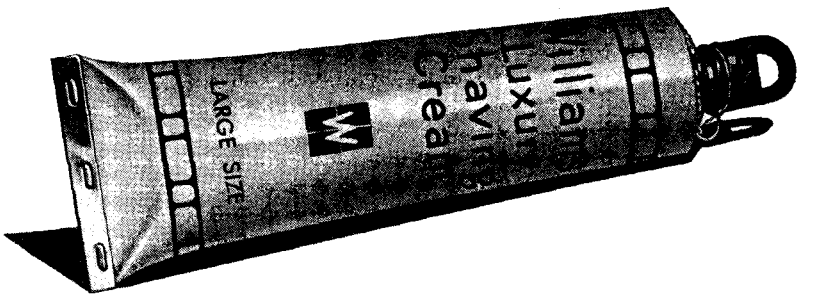
Take a tip from the grouchy gentleman above. Don't be penny-wise, face-foolish. Catchpenny "bargains" are a sure sign somebody is *trying* to sell you something which can't sell itself. Williams sells itself. All over the world. Men who know it stay put. They don't want substitutes.

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# *Don't light your home with* LEAKY FAUCETS

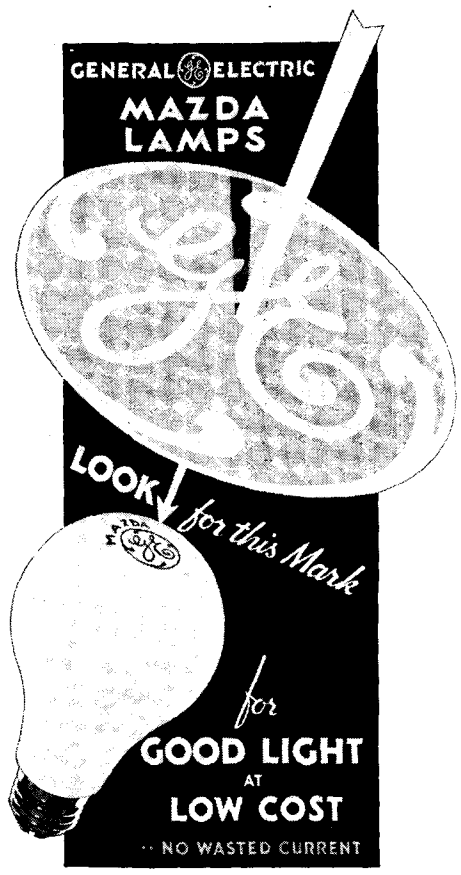
## *Drip! Drip! Drip!*

If you could see the electricity wasted by an inferior lamp as easily as you see water wasted by a leaky faucet, you would replace the lamp at once.

But you can't and so you, like thousands of others, may be paying for light you do not get . . . because the lamps in your sockets may be obsolete lamps, worn-out lamps, or lamps of inferior, unknown make.

You are paying for good light. The same amount of electricity goes through your meter whether you use good lamps or poor lamps. But . . . unless you use good lamps you will not get all the light you pay for.

General Electric MAZDA lamps make electricity an even more economical servant. They give the maximum amount of light for the current they consume. That is why the GE monogram on a lamp is worthy of your confidence. Look for it on every lamp you buy. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio




TO BE SURE OF GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OF LIGHT

BUY LAMPS WHERE YOU SEE THIS BANNER

*For good light at low cost*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

*For home lighting and decoration, automobiles, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.*


*(Continued from page 41)*

out, Marshal McGrane following. Over his shoulder he said: "Don't let Prayin' Bill catch you watching him, Bully, but if he leaves town let me know."

All he had wanted was a sign of some extra activity at the bank. That, he realized, was sufficient indication the mine stage would bring in gold. Prayin' Bill was still deeply immersed in his story-telling on the saloon porch.

SHE came into his office and stood against the graying light; and it was like her, Martin O'Lane reflected, to speak directly. All that he had guessed of her character was true enough, but the question disturbed him. She said: "Mr. O'Lane, is that a very dangerous thing—to guard the mine stage?"

"Would you want him if he was afraid of it?"

It was so near twilight he couldn't see her eyes clearly, but she stood immobile, thinking of the query. And said: "Why do you suppose I came? Isn't it plain on me?"

"There's always some risk connected with living."

"Tell me this: What has he done to make him so—so sad?"

Martin O'Lane, who hated evasion, embraced it now. "The country is a little hard on nerves."

"There is no other woman?"

"No," said O'Lane positively. "Not with Tom Gatewood."

"Thank you."

"You're marrying him, then?"

"Yes," said the girl. "Tomorrow. I don't want to lose him—again."

She went out, leaving Martin O'Lane suddenly disturbed, suddenly unsure. It came over him—to disarrange all his premises of right and wrong—that she knew more of Gatewood than appeared; that those few quiet words were meant to express her comprehension of a long year's silence. If it was so, then her eyes were open to what she was doing. But what right had a woman to take that risk—especially this girl? Her hands, he remembered, were long and supple—strong hands. Looking at his watch, he found it past three. It was drink time. Rising, he went to the Cattlemen's Rest and found his friends at the table, ready for the customary round of poker. A floorman brought the drinks and a fresh deck. Doc Nance, stripping the pack, studied Martin O'Lane beneath his heavy bronzed brows; but he said nothing and dealt around, and so the game was begun. Perhaps a quarter-hour later Bully McGrane passed the table and said carelessly to O'Lane:

"He just pulled out—toward the hills."

Martin O'Lane barely nodded. Looking at his successive hands, he scarcely read them and passed them indifferently. There was a weight on him, a burden of doubt. His sharp vision of the right thing lay clouded in his mind, blurred by images that had no place there. Without thinking much of the man directly, he found himself silently building a hope on Tom Gatewood's survival. Recognizing that, he irritably condemned himself for going soft. Miracles didn't happen. But all the values were changed and he discovered he was looking on from Ruth Long's point of view. The girl wanted Gatewood, regardless.

He looked at his watch. It was just four—the exact hour of the stage's departure from the mine. He rose. "Play without me. I'll be back in a few minutes." Going directly along the street, he passed into Tanner's stable, saddled his horse and threw on a slicker. Out in the densely woven curtain of rain, he put the beast to a steady gallop up the canyon. The road presently hooked over a summit and continued its ascent against the edge of another and deeper gulch. Martin O'Lane mentally checked off the stage's progress and abandoned the road for a dismal trail into the solid timber. It rose irregularly toward the leaden sky, and at the end of twenty minutes he stood, soaked from the hips down, on a high spire of land and looked across the half-obscured glens leading to the more remote fastness of the Blues. He knew where the stage ought to be; eying that direction he saw it, a faint and blurred object in the tricky haze. Cutting around the spire, he descended recklessly into the timber again.

It was, he thought, something completely beyond his understanding. All his reasoning was orderly and logical, yet now he was lost, utterly lost, at last, realizing that if Tom Gatewood died down there on the mountain grade some of the girl would die too. "I should," he said bitterly, "have confined my logic to the lives of men. Very well; I'll deal with Prayin' Bill myself."

But he was too late. Shooting out of a long descending trail to another tabled space on the ridge, he saw the stage rounding a point directly below. Behind that point was a dismounted figure, quite gray against the rock. There was nothing Martin O'Lane could do except throw the full savageness of his will across the free air; he could not call against the blasting wind, he could not reach the target with a shot. Before he was quite finished with the thought the stage whipped to the inner curve of the road. Prayin' Bill's body stood more clearly against the shadows, running on. The stage—Martin O'Lane could imagine the squeal of the brake blocks—careened in the mud ruts and the four horses were lifting wildly against the tight ribbons. The driver went over the far side of the coach in a headlong dive—which was a rule of the game. Martin O'Lane thought, "And Gatewood will go next if he isn't shot first."

Gatewood's body came erect on the driver's box, distinct and substantial. But he wasn't jumping. He seemed to brace himself; his arms were gathering. Prayin' Bill suddenly stopped and his right arm pointed deliberately at young Gatewood and kicked up from a shot. A great gray tendril of condensing fog fell down across the scene and for a long moment Martin O'Lane was left alone and savagely unsatisfied. Shots rose with the wind and fled by him. One, followed by a double burst. After that was a final tardy explosion. Then the bank of mist was torn apart by a gust from the canyon and Martin O'Lane's raking glance saw Prayin' Bill's figure in the muddy rut of the road, and the stage pass out of sight.

MARTIN O'LANE took off his hat and drank the collected rain water in the curved brim. He turned back, followed the trail to the high summit, passed into the short cut and a half hour later arrived in Pistol Gap. What he had seen bewildered him; he did not fully believe it. Miracles, he told himself, did not happen. Standing in his dark office he saw the stage arrive. Young Tom Gatewood got down, stamping his cold feet on the boards. The shadows of that miserably dying day gathered about him, immeasurably thickening and strengthening him. He walked on and wheeled in a lane of light striking from the Cattlemen's Rest; and he was smiling as no man smiles unless he has a free heart, seeming to savor a fine, fresh world. It was, Martin O'Lane thought, the first time he had seen Gatewood's face lift from apathy. Ruth Long advanced into the light and looked up to the man. Her head was turned and O'Lane couldn't see her face; but her hand went swiftly out to touch young Gatewood, to pass through the crook of his elbow with a swift possessiveness. And unmindful of

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the wet night, Gatewood took off his hat —and moved out of the glow with her.

Martin O'Lane was conscious of a physical weariness. Going back to the saloon he sat down to the table, quite expressionless. Theobald Smith said: "Your minutes have a stretch to 'em."

Doc Nance's heavy glance was solemn, watchful, and it came over Martin O'Lane then that this old friend of his suffered badly from the wear and tear of an unjust world. He said, slowly:

"Gatewood shot and killed Prayin' Bill up on the grade a little while ago."

Theobald Smith half rose, and Dutcher said "What?" excitedly. But old Doc Nance's jaw firmed up and a brighter light burned out of his eyes.

"So he saved your consignment."

"No. Only lead in the box."

"Fighting for nothing, then?" pressed Doc Nance.

"You think it was for nothing?" asked Martin O'Lane. He moved the bottle of liquor to him, poured a full drink.

"You're some relieved, I notice," said Doc Nance.

There were things nobody could hide from the man, Martin O'Lane told himself irritably; and he tried to hold an even tone. "I have learned what I never knew before," he admitted. "You can't always tell what people will do."

Doc Nance relaxed for the first time, deeply amused, profoundly stirred. "Think of that, Martin," he said gently, "next time you essay to play the part of Providence."

# Chef's Rôle

*Continued from page* 16

tablespoon of butter, a teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of mustard, one-fourth teaspoon of paprika, a little cayenne and one-half pound of mild cheese, cut into small pieces. Pour this into the dish and bake thirty minutes.

A variation of the beloved Welsh rarebit, just the thing for a man to stir up over a chafing dish, is chilaly. This you accomplish by cooking two tablespoons of chopped green pepper and one and one-half tablespoons of chopped onions in a tablespoon of butter for three minutes, stirring constantly in the approved Welsh rarebit manner. Then add one-half cup of tomato pulp (no juice) and cook five minutes more, your admiring guests standing about all a-jitter. Next add three quarters of a pound of soft, mild cheese cut in small pieces, less than a spoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, and cook over hot water until the cheese is melted. Add a few tablespoons of milk and a beaten egg, and pour on slices of bread toasted on one side.

If you want something that will stand by you through a long and strenuous night of bridge or dancing, nothing can take the place of a really de luxe corned-beef hash. Make no mistake, there *is* a de luxe corned-beef hash. And this is how it is achieved. You procure half a pound of the best corned beef in the world—none of your leftovers. Chop, mix in some six to nine piping hot, freshly boiled potatoes (none of your cold, weary potatoes), add salt, pepper and a lee-ttle grated onion. Brown slowly in butter in an iron frying pan. This continues some fifteen minutes. Now pour over it four tablespoons of cream, cover and set on the back of the stove for twenty minutes, when it will be crustily browned. Serve with mayonnaise mixed with *fresh* grated horseradish or, if more food is desired, poached eggs and chili sauce or ketchup.

### Cooking on the Road

Edna Ferber will remember to her dying day Lunt's onion omelet, the good brown onion soup sprinkled thick with cheese, the scrambled eggs with cocktail sausages, the pumpernickel on which is spread cream cheese mixed with sour cream. But for her nothing can ever surpass Alfred's Spanish chicken.

To achieve this you make a creamed chicken, using real cream and thickening with a paste of browned butter and flour. Into this go truffles and mushrooms. It is seasoned with pepper, salt and mace, and plumped in the exact middle of a large platter. Around this runs a border of scrambled eggs, and around that a ring of tomato sauce.

So addicted is Lunt to his own cuisine that, on the road, he and Miss Fontanne won't make so much as a one-night stop at any hotel that can't offer them a kitchenette.

Philip Mueller, director of many Theatre Guild productions in which the Lunts have starred, will tell you of nights on the road when a lonely supper at a restaurant seemed the only thing open to him. Then suddenly Lunt would say, "How about a bite with us?"

### An Oyster Poem

Then they'd all three dash off to the Lunts' hotel and Alfred would stir up some savory mess and everything would be fine. In particular does Mueller cherish the memory of a supper at the Drake, in Philadelphia, when Alfred (picture Miss Fontanne on these occasions playing the part of hostess), after clattering about a bit offstage, appeared with this dish:

Within a ring of rice lay a bed of chicken livers and sausages the size of one joint of a finger, all in a thick brown sauce which, even to smell, brought on a gentle inebriety.

What it actually was, was a mess of chicken livers partially cooked, finger sausages fried, onions sliced and browned, and then all three dumped into a broth (or consommé) and cooked together a while. The resulting gravy was thickened with that mixture of melted butter and flour which figures so largely in the Lunt cooking, and just before serving a little sherry was added.

Helen Westley of the Theatre Guild claims that food means nothing in her life, but mention a certain oyster dish of Alfred's and her eyes will glitter.

"Ah, that," she will murmur, "that's not food—that's poetry."

This poem is composed of oysters, each wrapped in a ribbon of fillet of sole, pierced with a toothpick and broiled in butter. A sauce is prepared in the following manner: Put a large lump of butter in a pan on the stove, brown, add flour to make a paste, then slowly pour in cream to make as much sauce as desired. Pour this sauce over fresh, finely chopped lobster, let simmer three minutes, then pour over the broiled oysters in the oven and let cook fifteen minutes.

Mr. Lunt not only invents, he acquires by whatever means necessary the recipes he covets. Frequently at a dinner party his hostess, alarmed at his continued absence, will order the house searched and just before calling in the police will break it gently to Lynn that Alfred is nowhere to be found.

"Have you looked in the kitchen?" Miss Fontanne will inquire—and there, sure enough, is Alfred, in solemn conclave with the cook, making notes on his cuff.

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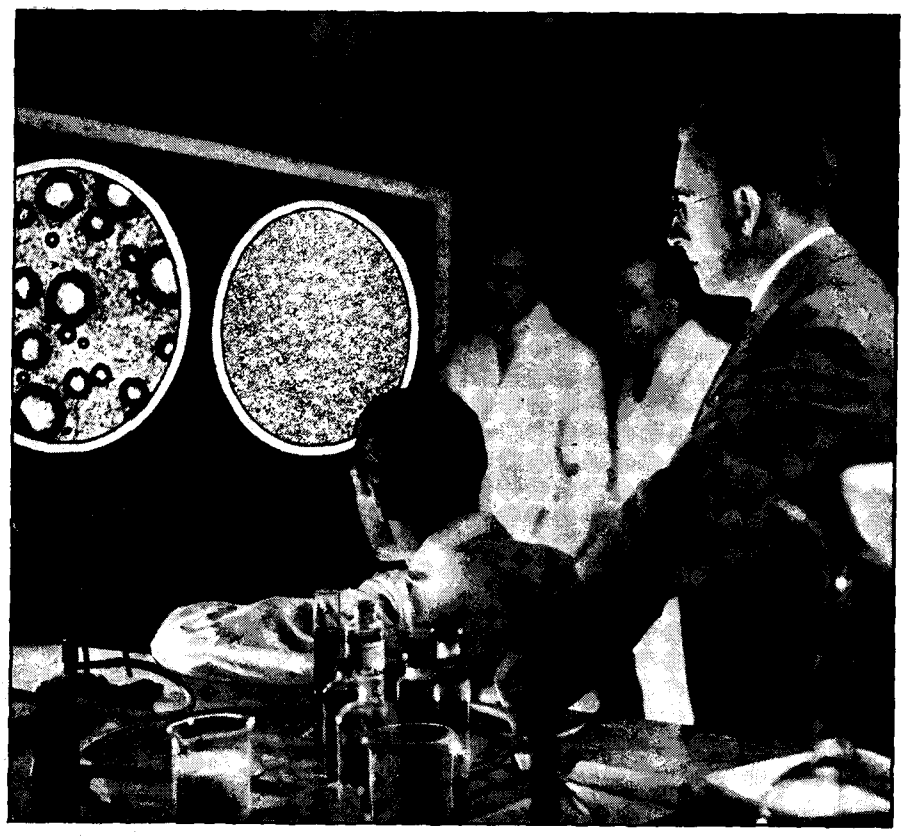


*W. G. Mennen and his chemists looking at micro-photographs of Brushless Shaves. These photographs show up a startling difference. Notice—at the left, a greasy Brushless Shave . . . with lumps and curds and grease-gobs. At the right, Mennen Brushless . . . a fine, even, cream.*

## "There—on the screen—I saw the PROOF that my new Brushless is a Cream—

# NOT A GREASE"

Maybe you are one of the men who thinks: "good idea, those brushless shaves, but why, oh why, are they so *greasy!*" Grease clogs the pores . . . gums up the razor . . . leaves floating curds in the basin. Many men tell me that greasy brushless shaves shorten the life of the blade.

That's why I set out to make a brushless shave that would smash that one big bugaboo—grease. I put in 13 months of hard work. Our laboratory was as busy as a beehive. We made thousands of experiments. Shavers, chemists, skin specialists helped us.

And finally we have it. The micro-photographs *prove* that we have it—*a Brushless Shave that's a cream, not a grease.*

Just look at that comparison (the photographs are unretouched). The left picture shows a greasy Brushless Shave . . . great big uneven lumps, hard to wash off. At the right is Mennen . . . a fine, even, water soluble cream . . . without lumps or curds or grease-gobs.

W. G. Mennen

And that means just this: *Mennen Brushless improves your shave five ways:*

### THE 5 IMPROVEMENTS

**1. Wilts Whiskers**—and smooths the path *of the razor. The blade sails over the* skin—cuts *clean!* Swift! No "bucking"!

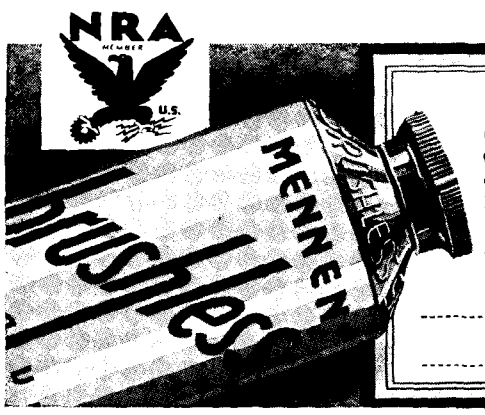
**2. Shows white on the face.** You can see the path of the razor.

**3. Washes off EASILY.** Being a highly soluble cream, it leaves no residue on face or hands. Doesn't clog the razor. Doesn't leave curds in the wash bowl.

**4. Economical.** It spreads easier; you can use less (about ⅓ less). And men tell me the blade *stays sharp* longer.

**5. Protects your skin.** Particularly good for dry, thin, easily-irritated skins.

Convince yourself! Send for the Guest Package. Here's the coupon!

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To get acquainted I offer you generous sizes of Mennen Brushless Shave, Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum for Men—*all three products for only 10¢.* This offer good only a short time. Mail coupon *now* with 10¢ to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-9.

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# Dogging Big Game

*Continued from page 17*

I kin git Bobbie started ont'em. Yes, sir, this'll be the first time that pup's seen a bear, and if he can't hold that one hereabouts until I git my rifle tuned up, then I'll be a plumb fooled galoot and I'll pay you to take him."

He whistled for the Airedale, who came frisking from the rear of the cabin. "Go git him, son!" the trapper cried, pointing toward the big Kadiak. Bobbie did not get the idea at once; dogs are a little nearsighted and depend much upon the help of a master's directions and upon sense of smell. All at once he spied the visitor, and away he shot, hell-bent for bear, while the trapper hurried in to finish reassembling his gun. I did not offer mine to him; after all, offering a hunter any gun but his own is like offering him a used soup spoon at the table. Besides, I knew that he wanted this affair to be a test; so I kept out of it.

### Major—Captain of the Varsity

Bobbie made it something to see! The Kadiak was unusually large; weighed 1,500, perhaps, to forty for the dog. Born instinct, nothing else, warned Bobbie of the death in those batting paws; and if you do not think a bear is fast on the punch, you must consider lightning pokey! Bobbie showed everything; gracefulness, sureness, fast thinking. Courage and sportsmanship, too; once when he did not side-step quite enough and the bear's paw fetched him a clip which knocked him five feet into the air and head over tail into a snowdrift half a dozen yards away, he staggered up just in time to avoid the bear's charge, wobbled a bit, shook himself, then scurried in and bit the Kadiak on its hindquarters as it shot past. The trapper was a long time getting his gun fixed—I think the old sinner delayed on purpose! Meanwhile, Bobbie's strategy demonstrated the hunting sense which, if it is not born into dogs, cannot be trained into them.

The Kadiak was plenty smart, too, and soon decided—no doubt having caught the man-scent—it was in the best interest of his health to get out of that neighborhood. But every time he started to lumber up the mountainside for the nearest brush, Bobbie would dart at his heels and give him such a nip that in pain and rage he would turn upon his tormentor. Bobbie would skip aside, with an anxious look down the valley to see whether his master was coming; and repeat his tactics the instant the bear started off again. I found it difficult to credit the proof of my eyes that the fiery little red-headed dog was actually "setting up" that enormous bear time without end—but he was, and he kept it up until the trapper, winded but proud, arrived.

First, I tried to bargain for the skin of that big Kadiak as a souvenir of a most inspiring event; but, "Nix," said the trapper, "the pup owns that. It will be his bed next winter. He's earned it!" Naturally I was more anxious than ever to get Bobbie—what an addition he would be to the pack of a big-game collector! I might as well have saved my breath. Thus one of the finest prospective hunting dogs I have ever seen was never anything more to me than—a passing friend. But I always remember Bobbie with as much gratitude as admiration; because of the circumstances of funk under which I met him he emphasized to me this one great truth of the trail:

*No matter what the game, a good dog is half the hunt.*

Any hunter who is not blinded by self-heroics, or made selfish by reasons of publicity, will attest the truth of this. In my collecting, dogs have done as much of the everyday work as I have; perhaps more. The loyalty, all the other hardy virtues of a good dog are stimulating; but those are not all! The friendly companionship of his dogs is often the sole joy in a hunter's expedition; and the impishness which is latent in the most dignified hound more often than not provides his only laughs.

I can speak of dogs first-hand as few men can, for with them I have chased virtually every wild beast except the elephant. I was the first man to use them on the great Bengal tiger. American bred dogs, which I trained on cougars in the Sierras, have made music not only in the jungles of the slinky wild king of Asia, but across the wild fields of Korea and Manchuria and in the forests of Siberia. Let us do a little armchair hunting with dogs now, and I reckon I can make you understand their value—especially when you meet good old Major, the head of my very first pack many, many years ago. That is his bark now, coming loud and clear and cheerful from the trails of memory.

Did you ever see a bigger, finer hound? Black spots on white; and would not any girl be tickled to have eyes as dark and limpid as his? Those scars on his head and shoulders are from scraps with cougars in the Rockies and with bears in Alaska. Of all the dogs I ever owned I was proudest of Major—partly because when he was a gangling, slow, big-boned pup no one else could see possibilities in him.

It was the dogs themselves, of my "varsity" hunting pack of twelve, who first called my attention to Major's true values. There is a period of uncertainty and confusion in the pursuit of big game, when ground where fresh trails cross and re-cross is reached. Virtually every dog will pick up a different track, and howl precedence for it. This is a most trying moment for the hunter, who sometimes has to step in and make the decision for his dogs. I soon noticed that Major was the last to bugle, that he worked without excitement and never dashed forward and back; and that when he did announce his choice, the other dogs would shed their uneasiness, quit their own leads, and follow him.

### One Out of Five

Dogs like Bobbie and Major simplify the problems of training a pack of hunters and big-game fighters. It is a tough job at best to harmonize many conflicting and unruly natures; and the bulk of it must fall upon sagacious assistants within the pack's ranks. In general, the husky outdoor type of dog loves the chase as well as the outdoor type of man loves it; more so, perhaps, because he is nearer to primitive necessities wherein hunting is still an active as well as a fundamental instinct, and not an acquired taste.

I believe that any sound, good-sized dog, mongrel or thoroughbred, can be trained for ordinary hunting—making allowance, always, for the fact that dogs vary in natural gifts and intelligence quite as much as men. It is thirty years since I began to assemble my first cougar pack, and I have trained hundreds of dogs since then; my records show that only one out of every five bought and trained wins a place in the first pack. Bitter lessons have taught

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me, among other things, to build anti-rheumatic sleeping platforms for the dogs during the jungle country rainy season; and in the northern wastes of Siberia and Alaska to provide a caribou skin sleeping mat for each dog, and a canvas fence windbreak for the pack.

Paul Rainey, famous big-game hunter of a generation ago, and the man who brought back the first successful motion pictures of American wild-animal hunting, had developed and trained a pack that worked on lions. Of course lions on open, easily accessible veldt are one matter; the swifter, infinitely fiercer Bengal tiger in his native haunts, where chase strategy and physical movement are restricted by the density of the jungle, is quite another matter! I knew that several attempts with dogs on tigers had been made, in India and adjacent countries, by wealthy Britishers, with unfortunate results—for the dogs. One skilled old hunter in Malaysia told me a titled English sportsman had sent him a pack of the finest, sturdiest fox-hounds with instructions to break them on tigers. They were broken, all right—not one of them returned from the first hunt.

### Bobo the Bully

In the face of all this, I persisted in my ambition to prove to the sporting world that dogs could be used on tigers—for I had an idea. I would enlarge my pack and split it into specialized units—one, pure-bred hounds, for cold trailing; a second, cross-bred of the huskies and most courageous varieties, as a sort of reserve shock troops for rushing into the fray after the tiger was cornered, and fighting and worrying him until I could get up.

Well, this ambition cost me approximately $13,000 before I realized it, but I still have Yankee dogs on my ranch, each of whom can boast of scars from Colorado grizzlies, California cougars, Bengal tigers of Siam, Kadiaks of Alaska, and boars of Siberia!

The idea for a mixed hunting and fighting pack was simpler than its execution. It was patent that success depended upon gifted leaders; first, therefore, I set out to locate the biggest and fightingest mutt in my part of creation. And that is how I came to meet Bobo, the Knight of the Road. It may not have occurred to you that dogs imitate men's gentlest vices as well as their harshest virtues. They do; therefore, we have tramp dogs as well as tramp men. These dog hoboes are most prevalent in the West. They have their "jungles" outside towns just as do their human models. Like the men, the dog bums have pariahs in their ranks: sheep-killers, fugitives from justice. But there are gentlemen, too, in this legion of forgotten dogs: thoroughbreds, who left wives and children in good kennels—collies, schnauzers, Dobermanns, and bull terriers, cursed with paws that itch and ache for the long road, the white road, the open road that winds into the unknown.

My thoughts turned to old friends of mine—an aged couple who, fortified by a modest competence, were spending the twilight of their lives providing a shelter for straying dogs, beside a main highway on the sunset side of the Mojave Desert. There I went; it was a fortuitous hunch.

When I turned into the pretty little ranch home I was puzzled to observe that the usually well-tenanted kennels were empty. My elderly friends, with sadness rather than censure in their voices, explained the matter to me by calling in a lone dog. "Meet Bobo!" they said. He was huge, with bulky shoulders, a matted yellow coat, and the most powerful jaws I have ever seen on a dog. Obviously, he was the offspring of a thoroughbred Airedale matron who had been careless with her favors. Bobo had wandered over the hill one day, licked and chased away a score of hobo dogs who were resting at the shelter; and stayed on in solitary grandeur, whipping and speeding on his way any tramp Fido who paused at the gate. This greatly distressed my friends, who did not know what to do about it—and sighed in relief when I offered to take Bobo.

I expected there would be trouble when I got Bobo home. There was. He promptly undertook to lick all my dogs, but these were not easy-going tramps, and they ganged him. I had to sail in with a club and fists and feet. There was no serious trouble afterwards; Bobo fitted into the pack discipline, but he was the chieftain of the fighting unit; that no dog could deny.

Another dog I selected to be a member of my fighting unit was not a tramp when I got him, but he was determined to become one as soon as possible—and to this day, when he is the household pet of my wife, he has never given up the idea. His name is Chou; and he is, for all I know, the only one of his breed in this country—a pure Australian kelpie. I bought him in Australia, and fetched him all the way to my ranch for training. The kelpie is a rare and famous breed which is prized for herding sheep on the great ranges of the vast continent "down under." The Australian stockmen pay large sums for blooded kelpies. The breed, now distinct, is said to have evolved from ex-

*(Continued on page 46)*

"Coming out of this depression we find a better morale, a highly organized industry and you, Mr. Skimsky, lay off my ice cream!"

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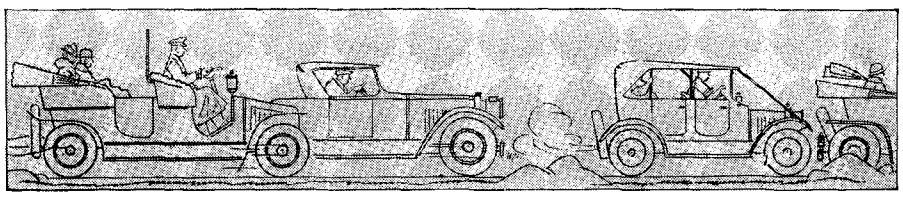

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## *Even-ized heat control*

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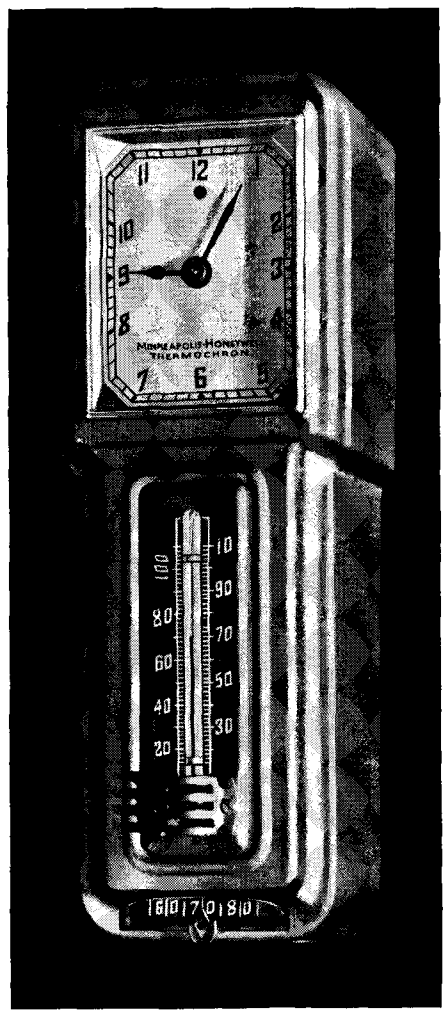

● If you buy an automobile in 1933 you naturally consider only 1933 models. You want four-wheel brakes and all the improvements in gear-shifting, body design, and elimination of vibration that make 1933 motor cars superior in comfort and safety to any previous models.

In planning the heating of your home this winter, there is even more reason to get the full advantage of 1933 progress. Since 1932 there has been perfected a new type of automatic temperature control, the Thermochron, so revolutionary in its advance over any previous type of automatic control as to mark a new era in home heating efficiency and comfort.

The Thermochron combines close, sensitive thermostatic control with an ingenious timed furnace operation, governed by the trend of your heating plant, resulting in an even-ized delivery of heat never before possible in any type of heating system.

If you are installing a new heating system of any kind, remember that it is not truthfully a 1933 model unless it is Thermochron-controlled, for Thermochron is applicable to any type of heating system burning any variety of fuel. And while the Thermochron costs a little more than ordinary thermostatic control, it soon pays for itself in fuel savings.

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NRA

## MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL

**Temperature Control Systems for Homes, Large Buildings and Industry**

*(Continued from page 45)*

perimental crosses of Scotch collies with foxes and warragals—the latter a local species of wild dog. Be that fanciful or not, the kelpie certainly has all the keen trail senses and cleverness of those three; and the handsomeness of the collie to boot.

Chou turned up his nose when I introduced him to my other hunting dogs, who immediately developed fierce inferiority complexes in his presence. From the beginning, with quiet dignity and patient regularity, he made it known that he intended to live indoors with me at the ranch, and in my tent on the trail; until in desperation I had to grant him this unheard-of privilege. Live with me, that is—whenever he was home! For, the first time we gave him liberty from the leash to run in the kennel yard, he disappeared. He had cost me too much, in money, time and trouble, to be given up easily for lost; but it was not until weeks later, in a gambler's chance visit to a dog pound in a distant city, that I found Chou on the evening of his turn in the gas chamber.

### Spot Takes a Bow

Now I was ready for my great experiment, and set sail for Asia with my pack of twenty-six dogs. If you are one of those persons who like to know what things cost, you will be interested in a few items from my dog ledgers. I paid $1,800 for six Paul Rainey hounds. A covered dog truck, with camping equipment for them, cost $950. Each dog ate $4 worth of cooked food a month, for the three years I was in Asia, or nearly $4,000 for the hungry lot. A tip here on feeding; always hunt your dog on an empty stomach, else from the excitement and physical strain he will most certainly begin to retch and perhaps develop acute colic. The pet dogs of many amateur bird and small game hunters, the devoted pals of many a country boy, have been thus unwittingly killed. I paid $15 each, or $390, to the steamship company to transport the pack to Asia. Six were but gallant memories when we returned, for the fares were only $300.

One of the greatest delights of owning a pack of fine, highly trained, highly skilled dogs is the study of their moods and of individual characteristics. You can see counterparts of all your friends, of the people whom you meet in daily business or social life, in your pack; it is like having a bird's-eye view of an entire village with all its comedies and heartaches, fights and frolics, loves and hates. And if travel may be said to broaden and change people, I can vouch that it does likewise for dogs. Not one of the veterans of my Asiatic expedition, not one of the pack who had faced a fierce Bengal tiger at bay, was the same dog when he got back to the old kennel in California. The changes were not alone of trail wisdom, of greater hunting skill; superficial things. They were deep in the hearts and brains, subtle accesses of dignity or egotism.

Spot, of my fighting unit, was one of those dogs who underwent subtle transformations in character in Asia. Spot was an easy-going, unselfish dog until a tooth-to-tooth battle with a tiger changed him over in a moment into a self-centered, grasping, irascible old niggard. One day the pack bayed a great male Bengal—one of the largest of my tiger experiences—in the closed end of a ravine, and Bobo and my fighters piled into him while I was scrambling to catch up. A magnificent, thrilling sight met my eyes when I broke through to the scene of the battle. The whole pack—twenty-six dogs—were at him; but they appeared like flies buzzing around an eagle. My hunting dogs joined in the fight too, of course; it was not possible to train them to stay out, although they seemed to know they were playing second fiddles and were as busy avoiding interference with Bobo and his mates as they were in side-stepping the tiger.

A tiger and dog fight is unlike any other big game and dog encounter: here are none of the sporadic outbursts of the cougar, the single unexpected thrust of the jaguar, the alternate lulls and slashes of the bear—but a ceaseless flow of power and savagery. The Bengal tiger is a devastating core of a tawny cyclone—eternally whirling, smashing—while the dogs, one after another, dart in and nip and withdraw, and are sometimes knocked sky high for their pains.

This was the bitterest fight I had ever witnessed; and I stood, not thinking to shoot—awed, bewildered by the flashing kaleidoscope of color, the turmoil of snarls and growls and dogs batted twenty feet away to limp back, bleeding, into the fight.

Then, above all the tumult of the pack, I noticed that Spot had gone berserk. He was fighting that tiger as if they were alone in Siam. Once he went down under the great beast's forepaws, sprang miraculously away, and then leaped close again and slashed at a tendon of the Bengal's hind flank. It was sublime, but far too dangerous, so I now ended the matter with a bullet.

With the crack of my rifle and the fall of the tiger, the entire pack swarmed over him. I always gave my dogs the satisfaction of a round of biting and worrying and wallowing before I drove them off to one side to await the start for home. That is the dog's equivalent of the human being's flair for having his picture taken with one foot on the vanquished prey's head. This time when I said "enough" all obeyed but Spot. I could not drive him away. He crept close to the dead tiger's belly and reached up and licked its face, and looked up at me pleadingly to announce that he felt this was his prize.

I humored him, while I was taking notes in my field book, of measurements and the like. Some of the other hunters, observing Spot's privilege, came forward to attempt to share it; whereupon Spot closed furiously, there was a clicking of teeth and a flurry of hair—and the interlopers retired with as much dignity as they could muster, while Spot lay down beside the tiger again.

### Whisky for Snake

Chou, the kelpie, served notice upon me that Asia could not change his character—and in so doing he gained the distinction of being the only dog for which a government has ordered an official search, even to ordering out its army! Chou has justified all my faith in him; faster than any of the dogs he led, he often saved them from annihilation by an exasperated Bengal who turned unexpectedly to charge them. In such a crisis Chou would flash around and bite the haunches of the tiger, diverting him from his charge. Now, when the expedition was over and we were actually on the train en route to the coast to board the steamer for America, Chou slipped his collar, leaped from the speeding train, and disappeared into the jungle.

Distracted, because Chou had endeared himself so to me, I hurried to the governor's palace in the capital of the province, when our train arrived there, and begged his aid in locating the runaway. The governor was so impressed by my laudations of the wonderful dog that he telegraphed orders to all military commanders in the upcountry districts to turn out their troops to scour the jungle. Chou was

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easy to describe. He is so unusual in appearance that every stranger who sees him today asks, first of all, "Why, what kind of a dog is that?" He is almost as tall as a collie; long black coat, white collar, and a gray-blue head, with a long, wire-haired face; erect ears, and a bushy tail worn over his back like a squirrel's.

They found Chou and forwarded him to me at the port. It was a sheepish but unchastened dog that wagged his tail when I met him at the train. He had been lost in the jungle a long while, and had suffered from hunger and fights. But he has been trying ever since to run away again.

One curious thing about hunting dogs comes to mind: they seem to share the antipathy of human beings for snakes. In thirty-five years of companionship with them, I have watched them chase everything from sparrows and chipmunks to elk; but I have known only two who seemed to get fun out of chasing snakes. One was a little white dog named Whisky, in Central America, who single-handed used to hunt for the great boa constrictors. He would not have been more than an appetizer to the smallest of them! Therefore, when he made a find he would return to the plantation and dash around excitedly until he found someone willing to go with him into the forest to capture the boa.

### Jim of the Yukon

The second snake hunter was a red Airedale, Bob, of my cougar pack. I had a startling introduction to his hobby. One day I was following him along a trail in the coast range of California, when I saw him suddenly leap high into the air above the weed-tops and come down stiff-legged on all fours. Once again he made this peculiar maneuver; and then there was a squall which, after I had run closer, resolved itself into Bob holding a rattlesnake by the neck and shaking the life out of him. Later, I saw Bob do this stunt many times.

I have loved and admired them all—Bobo, Chou, Major, Spot, Nig and the rest. But when I sit down, in a reflective mood, to try to think of one dog who holds within his stout heart the virtues of all dogs; who sets up by his example a profound representation of the noblest qualities of God's outdoors—then I must single out Jim, the Airedale, the bravest dog I ever knew.

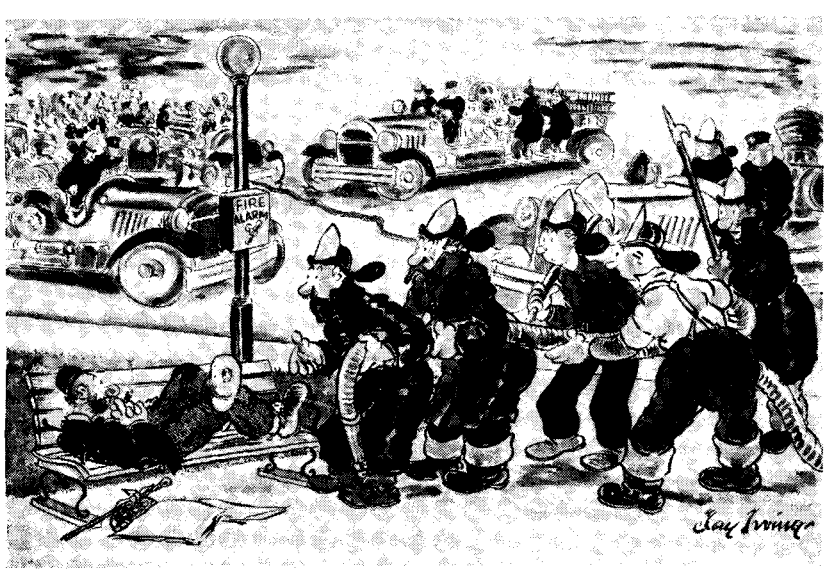
This was back in the gold rush days on the Yukon in Alaska. Deep snows, and the red gone right through the bottom of the thermometer, and the aurora flaming so brilliantly and so close it was like tangible fingers brushing our faces. Jim disappeared, and I found him twenty-four hours later in a bear trap, caught by his right foreleg, which had frozen as stiff as a piece of wood. His stumpy tail moved a little, as I released him, and there was grievous pain in his eyes; but he did not whimper. I gathered him up into my arms and rushed him down to the swift Yukon, where for a full hour I lay on my belly on the ice and through a hole held his leg in the water to thaw it.

I doctored the leg as best I could, and protected Jim with the warmest tarpaulin I had; but that night it grew even colder, and since he was not able to fold the hurt leg under him, it froze again. Grub was low, so my partner and I were forced to start for the nearest settlement, two days' hard going. Loaded with heavy, indispensable packs, we could not help Jim. He hobbled as best he could on three legs through the snow. We had to break trail as we went. Time after time that day I back-tracked, to find Jim exhausted; and help him make a fresh try. Sometimes I carried him—but, with a pack on my back, there could not be much of that, else I should never reach the settlement myself.

The next day our grub was wholly gone. Jim fell behind early in the march and we could not go back to help, for our lives depended upon reaching the settlement before nightfall. We reached the Indian village, ate and rested overnight, and I was determined to back-track again in the morning, free of pack, to find Jim. That night a terrific blizzard began; it raged for three days and nights, so that I could not move a yard from the hut. I lost all hope for Jim, and tried to put him out of mind.

On the eighth day after our arrival in the village I saw through the window of my cabin a small object afar, groping painfully forward. It was Jim. I rushed to meet him. His right foreleg was gone! He could never tell of his fight for life, but from my knowledge of conditions I could picture it. Left behind, he had wisely crawled into the shelter of some overhanging boulder or upturned tree root. Then he had amputated his leg; luckily, it was frozen beyond pain.

Hiding out the blizzard, he had licked and licked his wound until healing started and a bit of strength returned. Then, emaciated by hunger, racked by unbelievable cold, he had made his way—heaven alone knows how—over the trackless snow to his master. I shall never forget the look in Jim's eyes when I swept him into my arms, and I guess he never forgot the funny, salty drops that fell from my eyes and froze on his soft muzzle as I carried him to the warm cabin, wherein there were food and rest.

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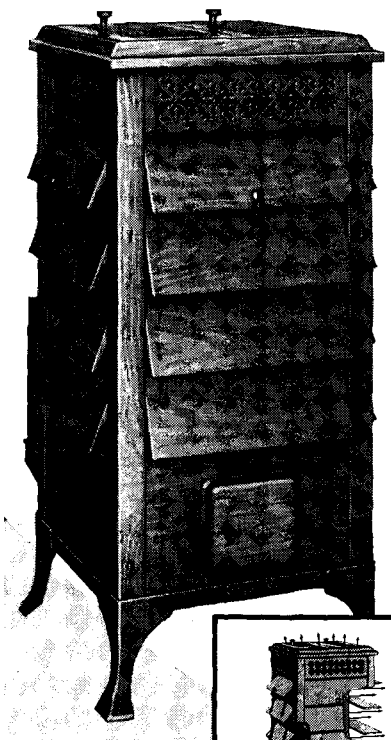

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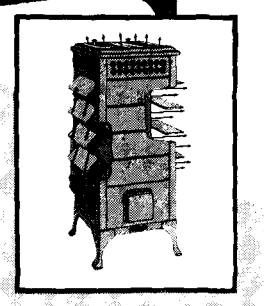

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# The Man without Nerves

*Continued from page 21*

baskets around the place and end in a lunatic asylum," Timothy Sarson almost shouted, "talk to me as man to man. That's the photograph of the woman who probably holds my son's life in her hands," he went on, pointing toward it with shaking forefinger. "What the hell are you doing with it? Have you any influence over her? Do you know anything about her? If you are on such terms with her secretly as to possess her photograph, for heaven's sake talk to me like a human being and drop that bank manager's, copy-book, minced-words attitude!"

"You are utterly overwrought," Mr. Huitt said. "I forgive your having tampered with my belongings. Think no more about it. This photograph has been sent to me because, during the last week, Madame de Sayal has applied to the headquarters of my bank, requesting them to transfer her balances from various continental centers so that she may deal with them here. She mentioned that this would be the most convenient branch of the bank for her to visit. Formalities," Mr. Huitt went on, without a moment's pause, "with regard to foreign clients require that we should possess two photographs for occasional comparison with their passports. This is one of the two sent me from headquarters."

"I'm sorry," Sarson apologized. "That's all right, of course. I will only pray you to remember that I have been asking myself fiercely, ever since I left my boy, what sort of a woman this might be. Whether she would play the game and tell the truth if it were necessary, or play the game and tell a lie to save a boy's life if it had to be. I'm sorry. As to why I looked at the damn' thing at all, I have no explanation. I had to do something."

"WE WILL forget the whole incident, Sarson," the bank manager said gently. "Your mind is now at rest about your bank balance?"

"Absolutely."

"Then, take my advice. Now, I am hazarding a guess. You have not been to your office this morning?"

"No," Sarson confessed. "I have just come back from home. The car is outside."

"Then, take my advice," Mr. Huitt repeated. "Go down to your headquarters, deal with the day's affairs, keep your mind off those other problems. No good your having a nervous breakdown, you know. You will want to help your boy if the trouble becomes serious. Very well, you must keep control of yourself. Go down to the office, look through your orders and your letters and deal with them properly. You will find something there to engross yourself, I am sure. When you have finished send your automobile home and meet us in the 'Club Car.' Face every one of us as soon as possible. Every day that you hesitate will make it more difficult. When the time comes for drawing your money out to take up these bills of lading, leave the matter in my hands. I will do everything for you."

For the first time in his life Mr. Timothy Sarson felt an impulse of real friendliness toward his aloof neighbor.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Huitt," he said.

Mr. Timothy Sarson bustled off. He made a point of waving his hand in friendly fashion to the young man who had mutilated his bank account, and when he stepped into his car he gave the address to his chauffeur almost crisply.

Mr. Huitt, on the other hand, did not at once summon any of the clients who were waiting to see him. His finger went out toward the bell but came back again. Once more he removed the paper weight from the photograph. Not a line of his face became softened as he looked at it. It was impossible to tell whether he was an investigator seeking for some technical fault in the likeness of that beautiful woman who smiled at him so subtly, or whether there was any sentiment in his head or heart behind that stealthy, intense regard.

He laid it down finally without having permitted himself even the glimmerings of a smile, searched amongst his covered stationery rack until he found an envelope large enough, placed the photograph within and, taking some sealing wax from its place, he covered the envelope flap and impressed upon the hissing mixture the seal of the bank. Then he crossed the room, opened a small personal safe which stood by the side of the official one, and deposited the envelope. He changed the combination with great care, then returned to his study and touched the bell.

"I will deal now with anyone who is waiting," he announced to the clerk.

MR. JAMES HUITT, having adjusted the angle of his deck chair in a retired corner of his country garden, settled himself down with a sigh of relief to an hour of relaxation. On a table by his side was his coffee cup, "The Times" and a small, portable radio set, its wings invitingly opened. Everything connected with his comfort had been carefully thought out.

From the particular part of the garden in which he sat he had a pleasant view of the Common in front, the two deserted tennis courts and the cricket ground, where one or two of the villagers were still practicing.

A stout, gray-haired old lady emerged from the back premises, an empty tray in her hand. She relieved her master of his coffee cup. He picked up a tablet which hung from a belt around her ample waist and wrote upon it a few clear but admonitory words: "*The coffee must be stronger tomorrow.*"

His housekeeper glanced at the message and nodded her promise. She was the deafest woman in the county, for which reason she suited her employer, who disapproved of all casual conversation. With her departure he leaned back and gave himself up once more to the pleasures of solitary meditation. . . .

The click of the garden gate came as a surprise to him. He glanced up to find that his caller was the young man Tyssen. Routine was so much a part of Mr. Huitt's life that he frowned very slightly at the occurrence. He remained, however, unperturbed.

"Draw up a chair, Mr. Tyssen," he invited. "Have you come in to listen to my radio?"

Tyssen shook his head.

"Not particularly," he replied. "As a matter of fact I rather hate the things. I strolled over to have a chat with you because everyone on the other side of the Common seems to have gone crazy over this damned business."

"You are referring—"

"Why, to this placing young Sarson under observation," Tyssen interrupted in his rasping voice. "Whether he had anything to do with the thing or not, it must be a nasty affair to have a policeman always on your heels."

"I should think it doubtful," Mr. Huitt observed, "whether they will ever be able to collect strong enough evidence to justify an arrest."

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"Hard to say," Tyssen said, lounging back in his chair.

"What about this Julian Bott affair, Mr. Huitt?" Tyssen continued. "Is there much gossip in the city?"

"I never listen to gossip, financial or otherwise," was the stiff reply.

Tyssen's hands went deeper into his trousers pockets.

"Come on," he exclaimed banteringly. "You know what I mean, sir. Here a word and there a word. All through the day you must be meeting people. Are the Bott companies sound? Was Sir Julian in any financial difficulties which might have led him to wander off into a strange place and shoot himself? That's what we are all wanting to know. It's a very important matter for young Sarson too. If it can be shown that Bott was in difficulties I should say it is a fifty-to-one better chance on a suicide verdict."

"AS REGARDS the position of his companies," Mr. Huitt declared, "the evening papers will tell you more than I can. The shares in most of them seem to have fallen somewhat heavily."

"Didn't bank with you, did he?" Tyssen inquired, with apparent artlessness.

"That is scarcely your business."

Tyssen stretched himself out.

"Of course I'm sorry for young Sarson," he remarked, without any signs of resentment, "but I am inclined to think that there have been goings on with the beautiful lady up at the bungalow."

"That is rather a dangerous statement," Mr. Huitt said coldly. "Have you any evidence which entitles you to go so far?"

Tyssen, as though with reluctance, withdrew his hands from his pockets and began to roll a cigarette.

"Yes," he answered. "I happened to barge in upon them last night and they seemed to me to be pretty thick."

"What were you doing up there?"

"Just having a general look around. I wanted to see how far it was from the spot where they found Julian Bott's body to the bungalow, for one thing. These details do not interest you, perhaps, Mr. Huitt, but you must remember that to the novelist they are matters of extreme importance. I came to a few conclusions during the short time I was up there, and I would bet anything I'm right. I would lay odds that it was not the first time young Sarson had had a cup of coffee with Madame de Sayal."

"You may be right," Mr. Huitt said with increasing coldness. "The general impression seems to be otherwise."

"That's because they're all fond of the young man round here and they don't want to believe anything against him," Tyssen pointed out. "Madame may be all right—I'm not saying anything against her—but she doesn't look to me to be the sort to bury herself in a place like this without a little society now and then—male society, that is to say."

"In my opinion," Mr. Huitt said, "speculation on these matters, while they are still *sub judice*, is profitless. It may also do harm in creating prejudices one way or the other."

Tyssen chuckled.

"I like to talk about what interests me," he confided. "I'll tell you another thing too, Mr. Huitt. It is astonishing how often you can pick up interesting ideas from people in conversation, and fit them in like a crossword puzzle, until you find out all there is to be found out about a case."

"I am surprised," Mr. Huitt pronounced, "that you cannot find a more profitable way of passing your time."

"A writer has to do it," the young man expounded. "You have to worm your way into the motives before you can understand a crime—find out the reason for it, and if you can go far enough back you are always stumbling against facts that are evidence for or against the accused."

"Every man to his taste," remarked Mr. Huitt.

TYSSEN yawned and changed the conversation.

"I wonder," he remarked, his hands clasped behind the back of his head, "that you are not sometimes inclined to be nervous over on this side of the common, quite by yourself, as it were. I understand that you have only a deaf housekeeper on the premises."

"I don't suffer from nerves," the other confided. "There is no one who would be better off for committing a crime upon my person, and, as regards suicide, I can assure you that I have no tendencies in that direction."

Tyssen became mysterious. He leaned with an air of caution toward his dapper host, and, although it might have seemed that no two men in the county were so completely alone, he lowered his voice.

"Mr. Huitt," he asked, "are you quite convinced in your own mind that Sam Jesson did commit suicide?"

The bank manager appeared puzzled.

"I have never felt any doubt whatever upon the matter," he confessed.

*(Continued on page 50)*

"Pangborn, we must look up that little French girl you were so wild about during the war!" *Roland Coe*


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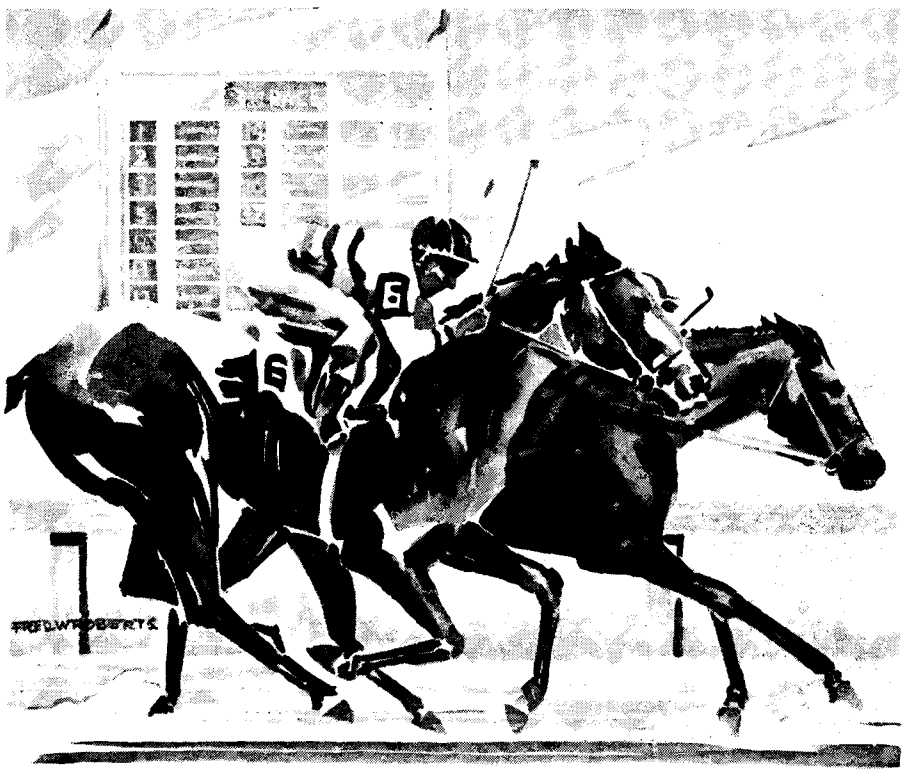

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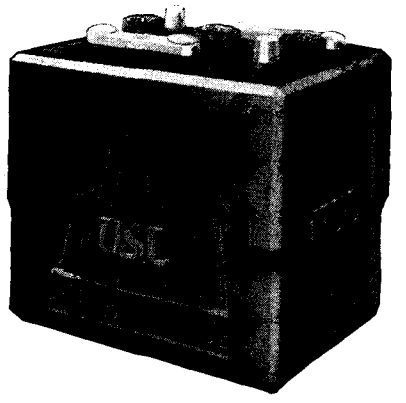


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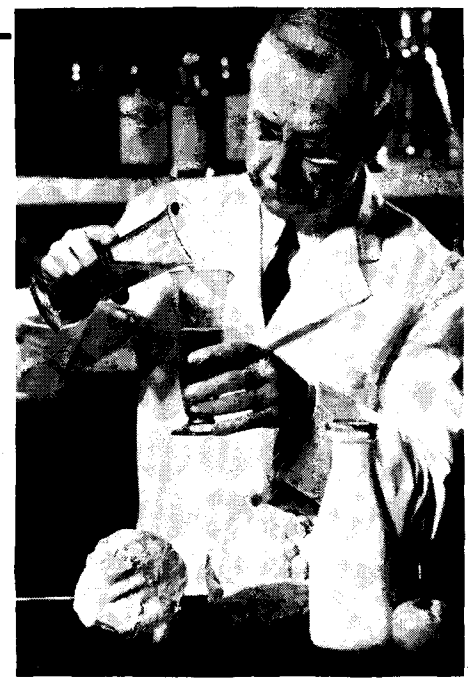
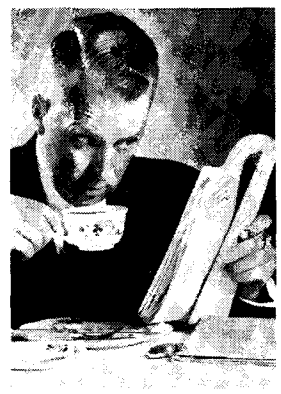


THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.



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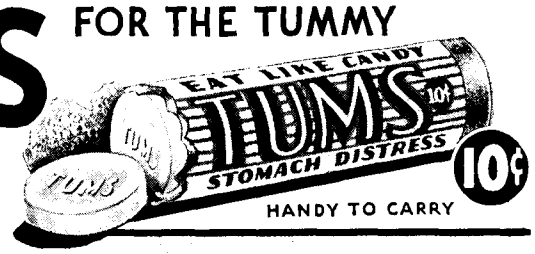



*(Continued from page 49)*

"The letter he left behind him and the state of his financial affairs seemed to be quite sufficient explanation."

"On the face of it, yes," Tyssen admitted. "On the face of it, certainly yes, but I don't know. This seems to be a queer sort of a place. There is a great deal of talk going on even today about Mr. Jesson, and the sergeant admits that they have had a detective down here once or twice making inquiries."

"I should fancy," Mr. Huitt said in his precise tone, "that the sergeant has been allowing his imagination to run away with him. . . . If you care to listen to the London news, Mr. Tyssen, please be silent."

THERE was a familiar sound from the radio, then the announcer's voice—clear and vibrant:

"*Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is London speaking. I am about to give you the weather report for England and the British Isles. The probabilities are that the present conditions will continue, but a depression is reported off the west coast of Ireland . . .*"

The voice droned on, but Mr. Tyssen had ceased to listen. With a half-made cigarette in his fingers and his mouth wide open he was staring with intense concentration at his companion. Mr. Huitt was listening to the possibilities of further depressions over Ireland with the air of one who accepts such tidings with equanimity, but Tyssen, who did not give one the impression of being an observant man, was vastly intrigued by the sudden change which had transformed his host's whole expression for a few seconds during the prosaic rendering of the announcer's second sentence. For a single moment his face seemed to Tyssen to be the face of another man—a man of subtler intelligence, a man whose eyes were gleaming through his gold-rimmed spectacles into a larger life. Almost, he fancied, he could see his host's puny muscles tighten under his neat clothes.

Tyssen, although he had shown no signs of being a person of imagination, saw things which made him think suddenly of a bird of prey listening to the far-off call of his intended victim. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The whole thing, without a doubt, had been imaginary. The bank manager, with the air of one who possessed a small radio and was rather proud of the fact, was listening with intelligent apprehension to the usual digest of the day's uninteresting events.

"One of the most wonderful discoveries of the day," its owner declared portentously, as he turned off the switch of the radio. "The possession of one of these instruments keeps one in touch with the larger events of the world even in a quiet spot like this. For the music which follows I have no fancy. I have also—you will excuse me—some letters to write."

Tyssen rose to his feet.

"You did not hear anything in that weather announcement that I missed, did you, Mr. Huitt?" he asked.

"Not that I know of. Why do you ask me such a question?"

"I don't know," the other evaded. "You seemed to me to give a queer sort of start when the announcer was telling us about those probable depressions. My fancy perhaps."

"Your fancy without a doubt," Mr. Huitt agreed. "I have been a little thoughtful this evening, perhaps. The position of a bank manager is very much envied by some people, but I can assure you that it carries with it a great deal of responsibility. There are some issues of foreign bonds just now and a considerable amount of uncertainty about the bank rate which makes even our day-by-day work difficult."

"Just so," Tyssen sympathized, without enthusiasm. "I must be getting on. Good night, sir."

"Good night."

Tyssen took his leave, closing the gate with care. He crossed the stream by the little bridge and made his way thoughtfully across the common. Behind him the bank manager sat in his chair until his thin form seemed to melt into the darkness.

***(To be continued next week)***

# Conspiracy

*Continued from page 15*

started for the window. The guests at adjacent tables stared, then laughed. Evans, bent over, crimsoning with an embarrassment odd in a moment of peril, heard a man say, "The laddy with the beard has seen his barber and is ashamed because he owes him money for the shaves he never had."

Then, as laughter rose high behind them, Degas wrenched open the window and he and Evans were through. The Frenchman did not delay; he raced across the narrow terrace, jumped to the walk below, and was dragging Evans after him into a taxi before the three suspected men could have known the occasion for the hilarity at the other side of the restaurant.

"Quickly," Degas ordered the chauffeur. "The Splendid in five minutes for five dollars, eh?"

He settled himself in the seat and turned to Evans.

"That was a narrow one, eh?" he said.

Evans frowned.

"Was it, I wonder?"

"Then wonder no more, my friend," said Degas. "I assure you—"

"And then what?" Evans cut in. "We've too silly—too little a story to tell the police. We can't ask them for help. I'm darned if I want a bodyguard, even if they'd give me one. And you have too much pride. So what? Do we just run around in circles for the next ten or twelve years?"

"If we survive the next ten or twelve minutes," said Degas grimly, "I shall be content. But you are right, my friend. The situation becomes ridiculous. Degas cannot be made ridiculous. So—Degas disappears."

"NOW what do you mean by that?" asked Evans. Exasperation crept into his tone.

"I mean exactly this," said Degas. "Paul is killed because he wishes to give me information of a crime committed by a certain woman. That woman was present at a crime which you witnessed. Someone pretending to be she called on you last night. Three men follow us tonight. Now, my friend, these people have no scruples. Death is a trifling obstacle to them. So, have you no place where business could call you? I am not joking. I am serious. If you went away, and Degas returned to France—"

"You're going home?" asked Evans.

"Excitement has dulled your wits," smiled Degas. "I but pretend to go home. I arrange—your police will be helpful—that I sail for Paris tomorrow noon. I will shave, register at another hotel under another name. It will be in the papers that I have sailed. Those who killed Paul will read. They will

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say that Degas is not to be feared; Degas has abandoned the case. But we must guard ourselves tonight. And you must stay with me."

Evans frowned.

"Degas, you don't think—I mean—we're not imagining—"

"Paul did not imagine himself blown to bits by a bomb, my friend," said Degas.

"No, I suppose not," admitted Evans.

The taxi stopped before Degas' hotel and they alighted. While Degas loudly demanded the head porter, screamed, for the whole lobby to hear, that he must return to Paris tomorrow, Evans stepped into a telephone booth and called the number of his apartment.

Derrick answered him.

"Any messages, Derrick?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Derrick. "But—there's a young lady waiting for you here."

"A young lady?"

"Yes, sir, Miss Benedict, sir."

"Miss Benedict?" Evans gasped unbelievingly.

"Yes, sir. She's been waiting about an hour, sir."

"DERRICK, are you sure it's Miss Benedict? Miss Phyllis Benedict? Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I've seen her many times. Certainly it's she, sir. What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her—tell her I'll be right home," said Evans.

Degas met him as he emerged from the booth.

"I must go home," said Evans.

Degas' eyebrows, in their way as magnificent as his beard, lifted. He lowered his voice.

"But, Evans, my friend, we have decided—you have telephoned your valet?"

Evans colored.

"There—there's someone waiting for me," he said.

Degas beamed.

"That, my friend, is as it should be. Romance, ah, romance!"

With his thumb and middle finger he plucked, from the center of that prodigious beard, a kiss. A bulky man standing in the lobby snickered. Degas was at his side in a stride.

"You addressed me, sir?" he asked silkily.

Mirth died in the snickerer.

"Who? Me? You've made a mistake," said the bulky one.

"A thousand pardons," said Degas. "You smiled; I thought perhaps I seemed a trifle humorous to you."

"I was thinkin' about something," said the man.

Degas bowed formally; he rejoined Evans. The American frowned.

"Haven't you enough to worry you without picking up more trouble?" he demanded.

Degas stroked his beard.

"A precious possession, that is about to depart forever—one must defend it," he said. "But, Doyle, your romance—one understands and sympathizes. But tonight—"

Evans shifted on his feet like a schoolboy caught in some misdemeanor.

"Sorry, but—well, I *must* go home."

"The lady is—exacting? I mean, there was an appointment, and her disappointment—"

Evans shook his head.

"I didn't know she was there. I—I—but I must go home, Degas."

The Frenchman eyed him curiously.

"This is, my Doyle, no game we play. You do not say to yourself, when Degas ceases speaking, 'My excitable friend Degas magnifies affairs; he exaggerates; he makes drama where there is none?'"

Again Evans shook his head.

"Of course I don't, Degas—but—I must go home."

"Then there is, of course, no more to be said." He frowned. "But my own plans cannot be changed." He stared at Evans. "It would be an indiscretion if I accompanied you? I mean, the lady—"

"Sorry. I'm afraid—"

"But of course. Say no more. Only—there is risk, my friend."

"It's risk I'll have to take," said Evans.

"Then the matter is closed," said Degas. "You—will return to me here?"

"Well, I'll certainly telephone you," promised Evans.

Degas thrust out his hand.

"It would be so simple, after all," he said. He held Evans' hand in his own as he spoke. "I have friends in your police. I could say to one of them that I recognized a French criminal tonight, a criminal that I knew held enmity toward you. A cock-and-bull story but—it would pass. A couple of men to guard your apartment, eh?"

"I'd rather not," said Evans.

Degas pursed his lips.

"A lady's identity must be protected, of course. One realizes that. Yet there are moments when chivalry—but no more. You go." He raised his voice. "At the boat, my friend. You will not fail to see me off?"

No one observing could fail to believe that here were two friends saying farewells that were at least penultimate. Evans, with that aversion for play-acting of any sort so natural to a person of direct character, did as well as he could to make the scene realistic, certain though he was that none spied upon them. But, he admitted to himself, questions might later be asked of hotel employees. Degas suspected an organized effort against them. But Degas was unaware of the colossal fortune at stake. If he knew, Degas would not suspect organization; he would be certain of it.

Riding the brief distance uptown, Evans for the thousandth time, it seemed to him, reviewed the facts and theories that had fought together in his brain for—it seemed—always. Was it only four days since, at the Simpson bazaar, he had seen Phyllis Benedict? Was it only this noon that he had lunched with her? Could it be that, in another moment, unless the activities of those who must be behind her intervened, he would see her again?

HE HAD hardly time to ask himself why she had called on him at so unconventional an hour before the taxi deposited him at his door. He paid the man, cast a glance along this East Forty-eighth Street block, and unlocked the street door. The little lobby was lighted, as was the staircase leading to the three floors above. No one was there. He turned the key in the door of his own apartment and entered.

In the living-room, curled prettily upon a couch, was Phyllis Benedict. She wore the blue evening frock in which he had seen her at the theater, but her wrap was on the divan beside her and he was conscious of the graciousness of the molding of her throat and shoulders as he had not been before. One foot was extended and he was aware of its delicate modeling. She had, he told himself, a strange blend of the lithe and the exquisite that was rare. Her lips parted in a smile.

"Your man," she said, "told me that you had phoned and he had said I was here. I should have loved to see your expression. Or are you used to information that ladies await you at midnight? You had another caller last night, didn't you?"

Her voice was cool, held a touch of amusement, of raillery, yet he had a queer feeling that she had rehearsed her speech, that it was not spontaneous.

*(Continued on page 52)*

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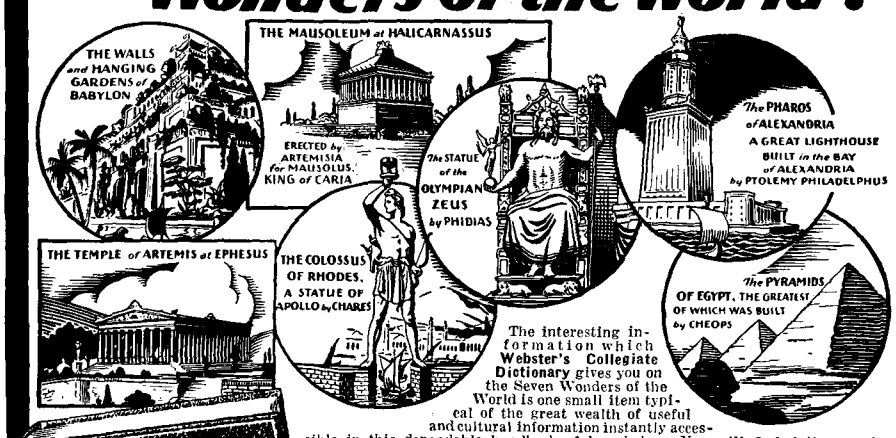
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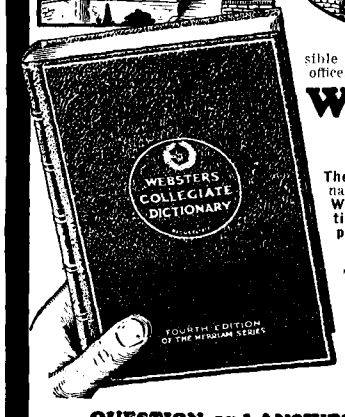


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*(Continued from page 51)*

"Nevertheless, one incident doesn't prepare one for another, always, does it?" He advanced into the room and she gave him her hand for a moment.

"Yet you are calm, collected, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened," she said. Her tone was still amused, but he wondered if he detected interrogation in her words.

"Some good fortune is so overwhelming that one is shocked into calm—if that is possible," he said.

"Good fortune? You are never at a loss for a pretty speech, are you? That indicates practice, doesn't it?"

He shook his head.

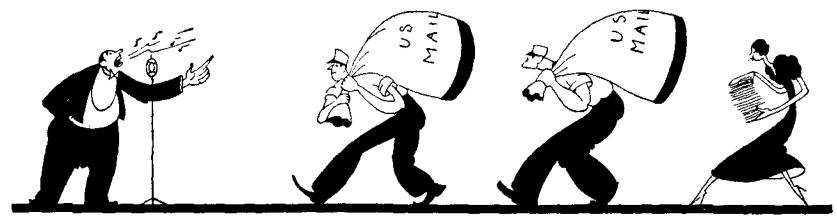
"Rather that I've saved them all my life for an appropriate occasion—or person," he said.

"Appropriate? That means proper, doesn't it? And this is hardly a proper occasion, nor am I, I fear, a proper person. Proper young ladies don't call on gentlemen at this hour, do they?"

"Some people make things proper by the mere fact of doing them," he said.

She shook her head as though she gave up an unequal battle.

"You're too quick," she said. "Do you know why I'm here?" she suddenly asked.




# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***A new*** thorn in the side of the broadcast advertising business is the faked fan-mail racket that has just started in New York City. Unscrupulous individuals employ these mail bureaus to send quantities of fraudulent letters to advertisers so they will believe that their programs have large and enthusiastic audiences.

***Despite*** the fact that the United States is the world's melting-pot, its families use a relatively small number of surnames. One tenth of the entire population uses only 25 different names, one quarter uses only 200 names and one half uses only 1,800 names.—*By Edith Pulver, New York City.*

***Undoubtedly*** the slowest moving piece of mechanism in existence is a certain wheel in the great clock of the former Imperial Palace in Potsdam, Germany. It revolves only once during a period of 400 years.

***Of*** all the energy used by the world today, 50 per cent comes from coal, 17 per cent from human labor, and 33 per cent from oil, gas, wood, water and the work of domestic animals.

***Owing*** to the high prices obtainable for game-birds that are shot out of season, poaching has grown to be an extensive occupation. Some of the larger gangs use gigantic scatter guns that are 12 feet long, weigh several hundred pounds and can kill as many as 125 birds with a single blast.

***Even*** in these days of hurry and commercialism, the great wine houses of Spain still frequently send special shipments of sherry on ocean voyages for the express purpose of mellowing it as only the sea is able to do.

***On*** August 5, 1933, 120,000 persons journeyed to Beauraing, Belgium, to hear a message that a peasant claimed to have received recently from the Virgin Mary when she appeared before him in a grotto and cured him of paralysis. He said she wished that a great shrine be built there and pilgrimages made to it. Now real estate is soaring, $50 plots already selling for $10,000.

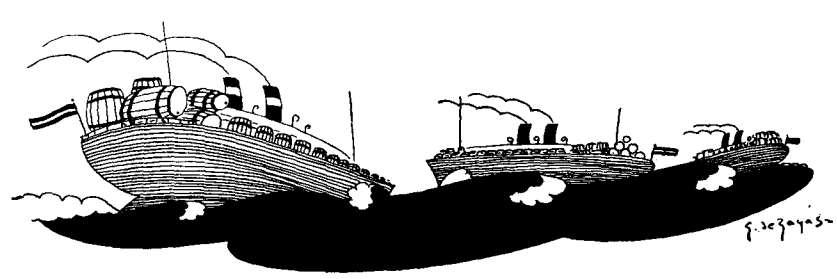
***Vienna*** has a unique telephone requirement. Every time a telephone is rung, both parties—the caller and the receiver—have to pay for the call, even when it is a wrong number.—*By F. N. Kini Kapo, Dairen, Manchuria.*

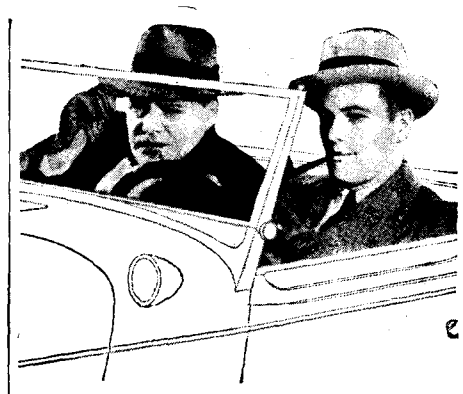
***Several*** countries, particularly Turkey and Switzerland, have laws that prohibit their citizens from bequeathing anything to an institution, fund, servant or friend. Every penny of every estate must be willed to relatives.

***Icebergs*** are not always white. Sometimes they are entirely green or even black, and not infrequently they have been found in combinations of these colors.—*By C. M. Scully, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

***Explorers*** still have much work to do. Approximately 10,000,000 square miles—18 per cent of the total land area of the earth—have yet to be visited by man. This is an area greater than that occupied by the entire North American continent from the Panama Canal to the Arctic Ocean.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**



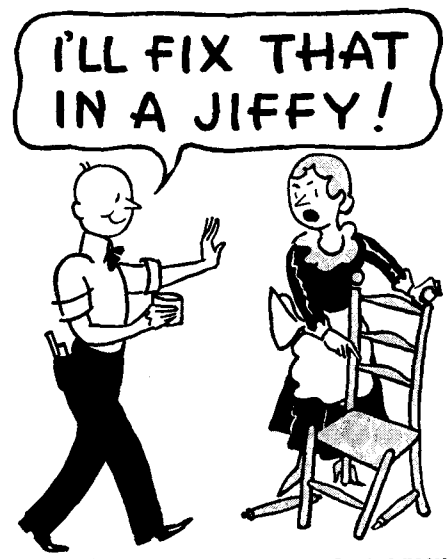



# One way to Comfort -

A chill is a red light set against your health. Colds often start when resistance is low. And colds sometimes lead to serious, costly illness. It is wise to invest in Duofold, the *only* underwear that is made of fabric knitted in two *thin* layers. Duofold gives you *warmth without weight.* It provides the *protection* you need with the *comfort* you demand. Inner layer next the skin, all soft cotton. Outer layer contains wool combined with Peruvian cotton, rayon, or silk. The wool can't touch you—can't itch or irritate. Try a few suits. All styles for men, women, children, and infants.

**Duofold**
***Health* Underwear**

DUOFOLD, *Inc.* Dept. B-2, Mohawk, N.Y.




**NEW CANNED WOOD MAKES HOME REPAIRS EASY**

Now if you have a **broken chair . . . loose caster . . . crack or nick in woodwork, floor, plaster or tile . . . loose drawer pull . . .** do a quick, expert job of repairing with this newly discovered wood—PLASTICWOOD—that handles just like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood—wood you can carve, paint and drive nails and screws into. Results will surprise you. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c. a tube, 35c. a can. Try it.

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**PLASTIC WOOD**

**Sell INITIAL PLAYING CARDS**

*Any Initial. Prices lower than ever. Many special bargains.*

Earn money taking orders among your friends and others for our beautiful new line of Playing Cards, *including the new Initial Card.* Unique, smart styles; popular low prices! Liberal commission.

**FREE Samples**

Send to manufacturer for free sample outfit. You can start earning money at once. Thousands doing it now. No experience required. Send name and address for full information and sample outfit—**free.**

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# STEEL PENS

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Each box contains 144 tested pens.
*"We Invite Comparison"*

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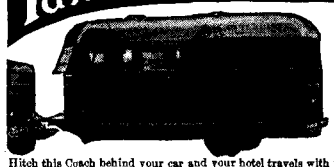
**ENDS ITCH ON FEET AND TOES**

**Quickly Heals "Athlete's Foot"**

The intense itching of ringworm infections of the feet and toes is immediately relieved by Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX! The germ killing power of this soothing, healing ointment quickly rids you of every sign of "Athlete's Foot", "Gym Foot", "Golfer's Itch", etc. and restores the inflamed, cracked or scaly skin to normal. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is a *guaranteed remedy* for these conditions. Also relieves Eczema and Tetter. Get a jar today. At leading drug, dept. and shoe stores. Price $1.00; trial size, 50¢.

**Dr Scholl's Solvex**

**Take Your Hotel Along!**



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For a moment he had a sick sensation in the pit of his stomach. Was she going to confess things to him, throw herself upon his mercy? If she did—what would he do, what would he say?

"Why—why, I can't guess," he replied.

"I hate to seem a liar," she said. "I told you that I was going back to Long Island and then—you saw me at the theater. I wondered—worried—what you'd think of me."

"Think of you? Why, I merely thought you'd changed your mind. You—why, you told me that a little while ago. You said that Mr. Fay had telephoned you—"

"Of course I did. I haven't forgotten. But—I was afraid—you acted as though you didn't believe me."

"I did? What a boor you must think me. But of course I believed you. And it was so unimportant, anyway."

"Was it?" Her black eyes were melting. Her voice was soft, seductive as he had never known a voice could be.

REASON and emotion fought a battle in Evans' brain. Reason told him that she lied. Certainly the girl who could do the thing that she had done, who could impose upon the Benedicts' natural craving for their lost daughter, who could present to the suffering parents a fabrication such as she had manufactured, would not hesitate about uttering so unimportant a lie as this.

But was it unimportant? In the great scheme which she had concocted, was tonight's slight event something that held an importance which he could not guess? Or was she, perhaps, acting as a decoy for others? Could she sit there, holding him in some sort of play, while other matters, so cruel that he shrank from guessing at them, were being set in action?

"Is it unimportant that one should hate to let a—a—person—whom one—likes—think harshly of one?"

"But how could I think harshly about such a trifle?"

She seemed to stiffen; without moving from her lovely pose she suddenly became remote.

"Then it was a trifle—to you? I'm sorry. I'd thought—you said—sweet things. I believed—you meant them. I was conceited enough to think that you might feel hurt—because—I hadn't told the truth."

Again reason fought against emotion in Evans. She had been a stenographer for years; she had had little contact with the sophisticated world—if her story were true—which it wasn't. But even the simplest maiden would know that it was ridiculous to lay such stress upon this matter. And a girl who had sat with Pelletiere while he killed and was killed would know even more certainly how ridiculous was her worry.

So she was lying—lying for some reason incomprehensible to Evans. Then, as her eyes seemed to hold a greater promise, he thought he understood.

But it was absurd! Only a terrific vanity, a ridiculous conceit, could make him think he read something in her eyes. Why, they'd met three times, unless one included these two meetings tonight. This was really the third time he'd talked with her. Luncheon today was the second. A girl like this, who must be aware that she was one of the most strikingly beautiful women in the world, who must know that if, for some strange reason, men had not been attracted to her when she was poor they must nevertheless be impelled to her when the glamour of wealth and romance was added to her beauty—such a girl would not be the type to surrender her heart at sight.

Such a girl might possess the most shrinking modesty in the world, yet she would know that she had not to offer, that she would be asked. Yet she mentioned the sweet things Evans had said to her, confessed that she had actually worried lest he misjudge her for her lie that was no lie. Only one thing in the world, his bewildered senses now told him, could make her like this: that was love.

But she was an impostor, was a woman whose wicked hoax had caused at least one death and might cause others. One part of him shrank from her. But she was also the loveliest girl in the world, the gayest, the sweetest, the most romantic. And he took her in his arms.

Twenty minutes later, when coherency had returned to him, he made no protest when she said that she must leave him. But he still held her.

"You'll really marry me?"

She smiled roguishly.

"I almost think a girl *ought* to marry a man who has kissed her—fervently, don't you?"

"Just so she will, I won't question her reasons," he replied. His unconscious choice of words reminded him of his doubts that had been lulled by the drug of her lips, her embrace. But those doubts merely lifted lazy heads, blinked sleepy eyes and disappeared.

"She will," she assured him.

"Soon?" he asked.

"Oh, not too soon," she replied. "I couldn't—Mother and Father need me so."

Those vanished doubts crept sluggishly back, evoked by mention of her parents. An impostor couldn't, at a moment like this, bring up a subject that required acting, misrepresentation. The doubts disappeared again.

"Of course," he conceded. "But we must prepare them for your loss. My God," he cried, "this is the most absurd thing in the world. Do you know—I haven't a penny!"

"Not a penny?" She was gay.

"Oh, an oil stunt that may amount to something. But you—you've millions, billions, quadrillions, haven't you? Phyllis, I'd honestly forgotten. A man," his voice was tender, "could forget everything when you kissed him. But I'm poor. And I'm not a fortune-hunter. Phyllis—"

"Now you're talking like some idiot in a book," she interrupted. "I won't listen to such nonsense. Anyway, your oil will come in. And must we talk of that—now?"

She wouldn't let him take her home.

"I've risked my fair reputation enough by coming here. To be seen leaving with you—I won't."

SO, PERFORCE, he let her go alone, although he did secure a cruising taxi, taking the man's number quite openly. That would make the driver circumspect. And he went back into his apartment and had got Degas on the phone at about the time Phyllis Benedict let herself into the great house on East Seventy-first Street that was the Benedict New York home.

In a little reception room Johnson Fay awaited her.

"Well?" he greeted her.

"Very well," she smiled.

"So Lisa Gundstrom said last night," said Fay. "She was sure he didn't suspect a thing. But he spends his evening with Jean Degas, and both of them got the wind up and left the Ambassador through a window. They gave the headwaiter some tale about an angry husband, but Degas wouldn't run from an angry elephant. I tell you, Degas was onto my men in the restaurant. You say, 'Well.' But how well?"

She touched her lips with a stick.

"He asked me to marry him. I said yes. Okay?"

Fay grinned at her.

"Okay," he said.

*(To be continued next week)*


# I Sold 4 Men Who Said "No" *A Week Before!*

**Amazing Little Book Brought Me An Extra $50!**

YOU know just as I do, what this selling business is like. If you're good, you're the biggest earner in the firm. If you aren't, you're just a cog in the machine.

I wasn't a good salesman. I knew it. But I didn't know why. One evening, however, when reading a magazine, I came to a page that made me jump. It was headed: "I Saved Six Orders—and Made $90 In One Day." It was the story of a fellow in just exactly my situation—and it told how he had quit being a second-rater like me. It told how two amazing little books had helped him—and it offered those two books, which were published by the biggest sales training institution in the world,—free!

## Just What I Wanted

Naturally, I sent for them. And was I thrilled when I got them! I don't know which one helped me more. The first was called "The Key To Master Salesmanship." And while this book furnished me with more ideas than I'd had in months, its companion-volume, "Mistakes Commonly Made In Selling," really bowled me over! It showed me in clear, plain English the mistakes *I* was making. What's more, it showed me how to end several of these errors that cost me money.

The very next day I tried some of those ideas out. I went back to four of the men whom I had failed to sell. Just following that little book's tactics was all I needed. Four unhoped-for sales—and they netted me $50!

## Amazing Easy Training

That settled it! I reasoned: "If this little booklet can help me so, the National Salesmen's Training Association can certainly help me more." That very day, I enrolled for training.

Today I'm a good salesman—a *trained* salesman. Certainly, I'm good enough so that my pay for the last 6 months has averaged four times as big as it was when I first read that lucky little book.

## You Need These Free Books!

No matter whether you are now trying to sell, without success, or worrying along in a futureless routine job, you should know how men are right now getting into the well-paid class you want to join. You want to know the plain facts about successful modern salesmanship. Let these books help you. They have shown thousands of men how to lift themselves out of the rut of poor pay and limited opportunities, into a world of big, regular earnings. There is no obligation. Use the coupon below—TODAY.

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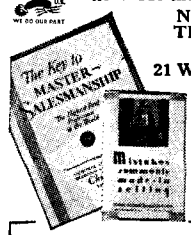


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Collier's

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# The Poor Ye Have

THE general improvement brought about within the past seven months is marvelous. Factories have reopened. At least two million men and women who were unemployed now have jobs. Wages have risen. Buying power has been increased. Business has expanded. We have taken long and courageous strides back to normal economic health.

As time passes the emergency will shrivel and vanish and the depression will be remembered as one of the major historic catastrophes which afflicted mankind. Meanwhile, however, there are vast numbers still in need of food, clothes, shelter, medical care and jobs. They must be helped this winter.

The federal government is dispensing relief upon an unprecedented scale. States, counties, cities, towns, villages are almost everywhere rendering some assistance to those unable to help themselves. The government cannot, however, carry the entire burden of relief.

Private charity must take compassion upon the needs of those who are not and cannot be cared for by public relief.

President Roosevelt very wisely pointed out the fact that the government could not and the government ought not to carry the full load of relief.

The plain truth is that in all times, good and bad, many need help. Unemployment did not begin with the depression of 1929. A certain number of men and women are involuntarily jobless at all times. They must be fed.

Other large groups are permanently in need of charity. Where old-age pensions have not been established, charity must contribute to the maintenance of old people. Children deprived of the normal support of working parents must be reared. The sick, the maimed, the unfortunate, all need aid.

Year by year public welfare agencies assume responsibility for relieving new groups, but laws are rigid and always lag behind human need.

The President has made a powerful plea to the states and to the local governments to share the burden of emergency relief with the federal government and with private charity. It is expected that $73,000,000 will be given this winter for private relief. The entire program of the national government is based on the expectation that the American people will continue to be generous.

Giving to the poor is a hardship to some, but on the whole it is the best method yet devised for caring for those unable to care for themselves. Certainly those who do contribute to the necessities of the less fortunate are better citizens and better human beings than those without compassion for poverty and misfortune.

In perhaps a majority of the states the funds for private charity are being raised through Community Chests. These are coöperative enterprises intended to support the larger and more important social agencies.

The Community Chests should be supported. In the old days religious men gave a tenth of their incomes to their churches. Millions now owe allegiance to no church. They do, however, owe a duty to humanity. Giving generously to those organizations which decently, sympathetically and understandingly are caring for the weak and helpless is one effectual way to discharge this obligation.

More than that, good citizens will insist that their state and local governments do their fair share and not depend upon the federal government to carry the entire responsibility. Too many states and cities have callously sought to shift their obligations to Washington. This is bad morality and bad economics.

The national government has quite enough to do under the most favorable circumstances. The sums now borrowed for relief must sometime be repaid through taxes. The larger the debt accumulated the heavier the future burden. Prudence now will pay large dividends in the future.

The federal government has expended millions to care for the Dakota farmers whose lands this summer were stripped clean of growing food by a blight of grasshoppers. Large areas in the South laid waste by drought also required prodigious gifts by the central government. These things, however, are what seamen call "acts of God," too vast and too destructive to be within human control and too extensive to be subject to relief by local authority or private charity.

The poor who have but little always share that little with those who have less. Being poor, they understand need and share their small possessions. If the story of the gifts and contributions made during these recent years by those themselves on the poverty line could be adequately told, it would compose one of the truly noble records of human achievement and generosity.

They who have more now have the opportunity to express good will, even to the point of personal sacrifice, by contributing during these weeks dedicated by the nation to raising funds to enable charitable agencies to do their work during the months ahead. We who have jobs or incomes have the obligation and the privilege of sharing.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters" is an admonition which goes far back in history, even to the times before Christianity arose. It was wise counsel two thousand years ago and it is the essence of wisdom today. Listen to the President's appeal and heed the pleas made in behalf of those who depend for life and well-being on their more fortunate neighbors. It may hurt to give but it hurts far worse to be deaf to the call of the helpless.



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But stop beside the pump that bears the Ethyl emblem every time you need gas and then you *know* what your car will do.

*It will run its best all the time!*

You don't always want top speed—or flashing pick-up—or the extra power it takes to zoom over hills in high. But when you do, you *want 'em!* And when you're driving at moderate speed, Ethyl makes the difference between real pleasure and just going some place. It brings back the *fun* you used to get from your car.

Stop at an Ethyl pump and discover what millions of others know today: *The next best thing to a brand-new car is your present car with Ethyl.* With oil companies selling Ethyl at only 2c a gallon over the price of regular you can't afford not to use it. The savings Ethyl makes in repairs and upkeep more than offset this new low premium. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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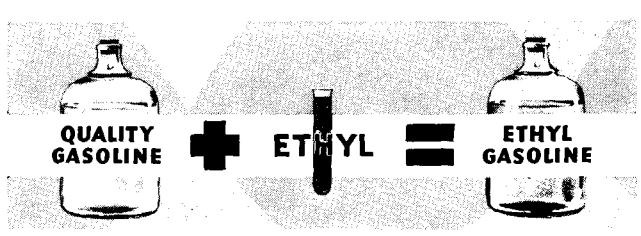


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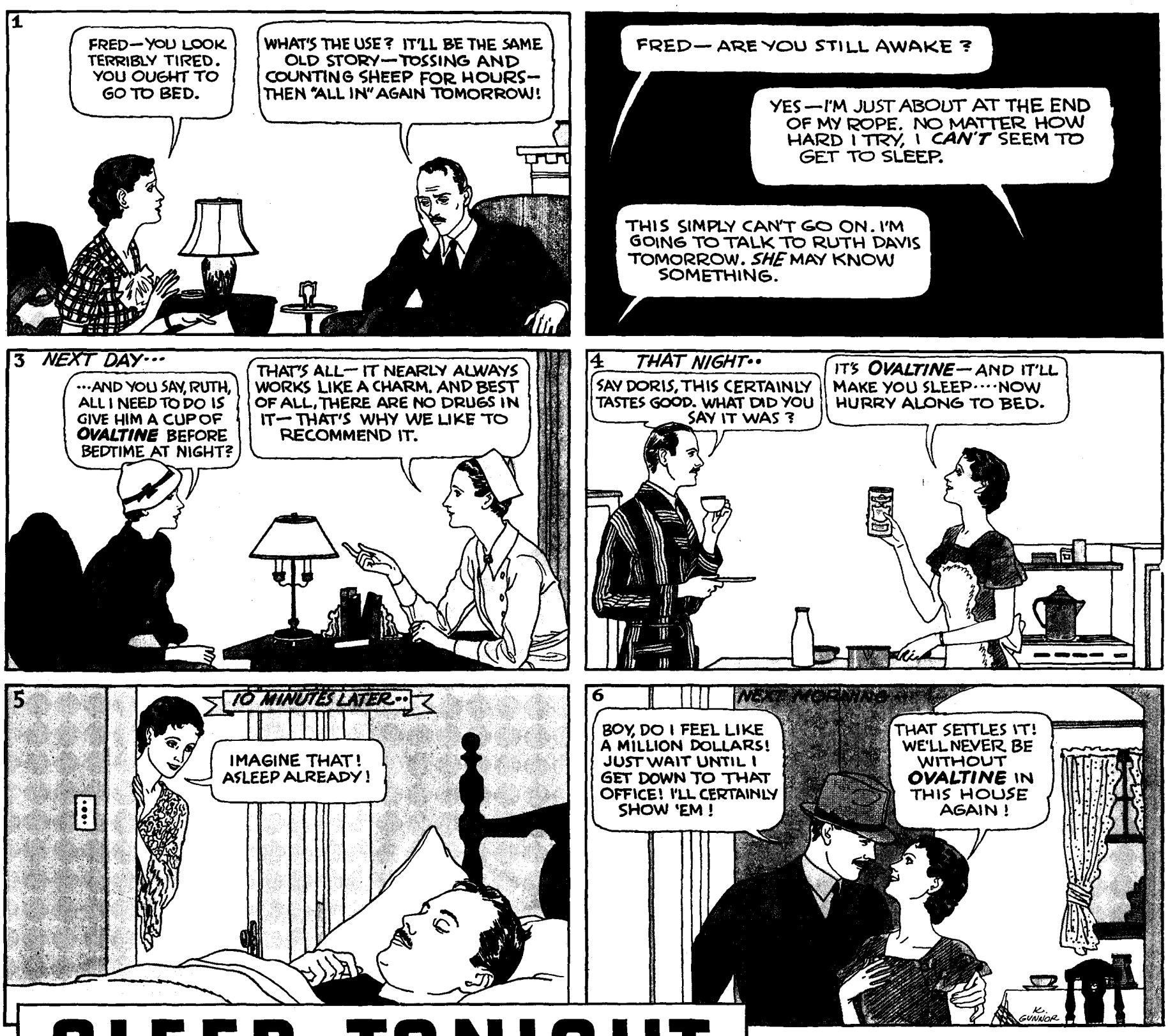
# GOODBYE TO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS..

## *Look and Feel Like a Different Person Mornings*


1
FRED—YOU LOOK TERRIBLY TIRED. YOU OUGHT TO GO TO BED.
WHAT'S THE USE? IT'LL BE THE SAME OLD STORY—TOSSING AND COUNTING SHEEP FOR HOURS—THEN "ALL IN" AGAIN TOMORROW!
FRED—ARE YOU STILL AWAKE?
YES—I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE. NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, I CAN'T SEEM TO GET TO SLEEP.
THIS SIMPLY CAN'T GO ON. I'M GOING TO TALK TO RUTH DAVIS TOMORROW. SHE MAY KNOW SOMETHING.
3 NEXT DAY···
···AND YOU SAY, RUTH, ALL I NEED TO DO IS GIVE HIM A CUP OF OVALTINE BEFORE BEDTIME AT NIGHT?
THAT'S ALL—IT NEARLY ALWAYS WORKS LIKE A CHARM. AND BEST OF ALL, THERE ARE NO DRUGS IN IT—THAT'S WHY WE LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT.
4 THAT NIGHT··
SAY DORIS, THIS CERTAINLY TASTES GOOD. WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
IT'S OVALTINE—AND IT'LL MAKE YOU SLEEP····NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED.
5
10 MINUTES LATER···
IMAGINE THAT! ASLEEP ALREADY!
6
NEXT MORNING···
BOY, DO I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS! JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE! I'LL CERTAINLY SHOW 'EM!
THAT SETTLES IT! WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT OVALTINE IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!
K. GUNNOR

# SLEEP TONIGHT

## This Natural, Drugless Way

HERE'S a way to get your 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs. A delicious food-drink that not only brings you restful sleep *tonight*—but, taken regularly, restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

This remarkable food-drink (called Ovaltine) acts to combat the three most common causes of sleeplessness in three different ways.

*First:* Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

*Second:* Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

*Third:* Ovaltine supplies important factors, the absence of which leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides, in easily digested form, the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep. That's why millions of people take it religiously night after night largely on physicians' advice.

Start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks and months. 978

***NOTE: Thousands of nervous people are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

OVALTINE

*The Swiss Food-Drink*

*Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula*

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